MY LONG LIFE IN MUSIC

LEOPOLD AUER

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My Long Life in Music

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Professor Auer and Mme. Stein at Lake George

MY LONG LIFE IN MUSIC

BY

LEOPOLD AUER

Author of
"Violin Playing as I Teach It"

WITH FORTY-SEVEN PORTRAITS

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My Long Life in Music

MY LONG LIFE IN MUSIC

INTRODUCTION

THE OLD WORLD CHANGES

Loss of My Material Souvenirs—The Revolution of 1917—Two of My Pupils Mount Guard Before My House—Lenin Harangues the Crowds in the Public Squares—I Leave for Norway—Travel in War Time—Christiania—The Democratic King and Queen Are Music Lovers—I Give Recitals with Mme. Wanda Bogutska Stein—Monuments of Edvard Grieg and Ole Bull in Bergen—The Bolshevist Advent Destroys My Past.

For years I have been intending to write my musical biography, to set down my recollections of a long and, I believe, interesting career. At various times I have made beginnings in this direction. Yet on each occasion an innate aversion to writing in general, a distaste against which I have struggled in vain all my life long, would lead me to take advantage of every trifling external reason

which might justify my laying aside what I had commenced. And I now regret my procrastination the more, because I find myself deprived of all documents, of all the actual material souvenirs of the career I hope to describe, having left the city they now call Petrograd—a name meaning nothing to me, who lived for nearly half a century in St. Petersburg—on May the twenty-second, 1917, perhaps never to return. When I finally left St. Petersburg agonizing in that first revolution which overthrew the throne of the Czars, I did so with the fixed intention of returning; all I had with me were two small trunks, containing barely enough for my summer needs, and my Stradivarius violin. I had gone to Norway in 1916, to spend the summer with friends and a few pupils—Scandinavians, Americans, and one or two Russians—hoping that the unfortunate struggle might come to an end as soon as possible. With the advent of autumn, however, it had become necessary to return to St. Petersburg, and once more resume my work, though hampered by all the anxieties incident to bad news from battlefields scattered all over Europe and parts of Asia. When, at times, the reports seemed more favorable, one could not help feeling that they were artificially written in a more hope-

ful vein in order to reassure the people, and revive their courage by holding out visions of a happier future.

The Revolution of March 17, 1917, burst like a bomb among the inhabitants of St. Petersburg, for in official circles nothing had been expected except possible small uprisings and trifling skirmishes with the workmen; and it was clear that the rapid success of the revolutionary movement came as a surprise, even to its leaders and instigators, who had brought about a revolt which was really based on the exorbitant price of bread and on the unsuccessful continuation of the war. It was a revolt without any underlying political plan, an explosion resulting from the general discontent which had so long been repressed.

From my window, across the way from a baker's shop, during these last few months preceding the Revolution, I could see early every morning a hundred or so poor women and children assemble, their empty bread-baskets hanging from their arms, watched by the police, who regulated their entrance into the shop by pairs. There were endless cries of "Bread! Bread! Give us bread!"

With Warsaw and Libau in the enemy's hands, and the whole of the Baltic in their possession, including Riga, which had been cap-

tured after a desperate resistance on the part of the Russians, it is easy to understand the people's despair. It is in no wise my intention to add to the history of the war, a task which is quite beyond my powers, and I will confine myself to describing what happened in St. Petersburg after the fall of the legal government. As is a matter of common knowledge, the new government had been chosen from among the opposition members of the Duma, and all belonged to the Liberal Party, a number of them, in fact, with Kerensky at their head, being Socialists. They were all well known for their patriotism, their honesty, and their ability. And, seeing persons of this character at the head of affairs, one thought: "Very well, let us have a republic!" After all, there was the French Republic, the Swiss, the Portuguese, the United States of America, to say nothing of the South American republics. But, alas, no sooner had the first proclamation of the Provisional Government, duly elected by the Duma, been issued, than proclamations appeared signed by the representatives of the workmen, soldiers, and peasants, ordering their followers to insist on the immediate ending of the war, the convocation of a National Assembly, the recall of political exiles from abroad and the release of political

prisoners in Siberia, and, last but not least, the breaking-up and distribution of the landed estates of the nobility. All these measures had been anticipated in the program of the Provisional Government, and had been printed and published for all to read. The Provisional Government even desired the National Assembly itself to regulate the distribution of the land. The Reds, however, in their impatience to assume control, would not allow the Provisional Government the time necessary to establish itself. Everybody asked with astonishment, "Are there then two governments?" And matters went on in this way from day to day. Meanwhile the regiments of the regular army, which had gone over to the side of the Revolution, together with the armed workingmen's battalions, fought pitched battles in the principal streets and squares of the city against the soldiers who were still loyal; while the police and the gendarmes swept the ranks of the rebels with machine-guns from the roofs of houses and public buildings. After the struggle had continued for some days the Revolution triumphed, the beaten police either hid themselves or were killed, and the mob, which had gained the upper hand, celebrated its victory by throwing open all the prisons, not only those which contained political prisoners, but

those as well in which thieves, murderers, and criminals of every kind were incarcerated. After having set fire to the prisons and to the Palace of Justice, in whose offices and archives were thousands of briefs and documents covering current as well as older cases at law, the mob, with and without arms, hastened to loot the great liquor warehouses and wine-cellars of private dwellings. The Provisional Government, finding itself not strong enough to enforce order and quite without police, applied to the higher educational institutions of St. Petersburg—the University, the Polytechnicum, the Conservatoire of Music, and others—asking that they send their young men to mount guard in the streets of the city, put an end to the saturnalia of vice, and protect decent people. Youth is always generous in spirit; the students, realizing the danger threatening the city, placed themselves at the disposition of the Provisional Government, and under the command of officers in civilian clothes, were sent by the thousand, with rifles slung across their shoulders, to patrol the streets night and day.

Though I lived far from the center of town, I nevertheless could hear the musketry volleys, and for the first few days did not venture out of the house. Later, when I learned from

the newspapers that order had been reëstablished, that the shops, and the academic institutions had reopened, and that the Czar and his family had been made prisoners and were held in the Tsarskoie-Selo, I went to the Conservatoire of Music. On passing my threshold I noticed, to my great astonishment, that two of my pupils, military caps on their heads and guns in their hands, were mounting guard before my house. Having agreed to do their share of police duty during the period of danger, their first thought had been to make sure of my safety, and without saying a word about it they had installed themselves before my door, intending to remain on guard there as long as might be necessary. I at once asked them in, and for more than two weeks entertained them as welcome guests, and it was due to them that I was able to attend to my affairs and make my preparations for leaving St. Petersburg.

Meanwhile the Provisional Government was rent by internal strife and friction. It published its bulletins in the official journals, but side by side with them might be read the non-official bulletins of the workingmen, soldier, and peasant delegates, and it was these last which were avidly perused by the crowd. Now and again was mentioned a certain Lenin,

who was said to harangue the crowds in the public squares preaching revolt against the government, which had ordered that the war be energetically carried on along with the Allies. At that juncture, however, Lenin found himself unable to make head against the popularity of Kerensky, the latter's speeches giving fresh strength to the wavering patriotism of the masses, whose idol he was at the time. That was in April. In October, after an attempt in July which proved a failure, the world witnessed the coming into power of MM. Lenin and Trotsky. The knowledge of what followed is common property.

When the examinations had been held at the Conservatoire, I left St. Petersburg for Norway—on the twenty-second of May, as I have said—provided with a passport furnished me by the Provisional Government. I assured myself that such a series of events as those which had recently taken place was bound to be followed by further convulsions; yet I hoped that by autumn, thanks to the Kerensky Government and the convocation of a National Assembly, order would at last be definitely reestablished, and that it would be possible for me to return to Russia. For many years past Russia had been my adopted country; she held my family and my past, and all my interests

were bound up with her. But it was fated that I should not return to her.

During war time a journey to Norway was at best a very uncomfortable affair. Leaving St. Petersburg, it was necessary to traverse the whole of Finland, from South to North, a matter of some thirty hours by train; and at Tornea, the extreme limit of the Russian frontier, began tribulations over passports, examination of baggage, search for paper money and for gold—at that time gold money still existed in the export trade. There was a law forbidding any one person to take Russian bank-notes exceeding 500 rubles into another country.

The little village of Tornea, I found, had become a place of the greatest importance. Since it was completely cut off from Sweden by the narrow river forming the boundary line between the two countries, its inhabitants had never dreamed of the harvest which circumstances had conspired to bring to their doors. A poverty-stricken, neglected strip of land before the war, its river, which formerly had no traffic, was now floating thousands of tons of baggage a day. It had been necessary to throw up hastily constructed provisional sheds to lodge the custom-house employees and the

railroad men, to erect barracks for the soldiers and restaurants for the travelers. Delivered from the Purgatory of the village proper, one crossed a bridge guarded by gendarmes, in the middle of which was the little wooden office of the government employees who examined the passports. You had to get in line and wait your turn in order to have your passport viséd. Then, this entrance to the nether world safely passed, a primitive sort of ferryboat, which looked as though it might hark back to the days of the Vikings, carried you across the river to Sweden.

No sooner, however, had you set foot on land, happy to find yourself once more in a neutral country, than the military was again in evidence, armed sentinels stationed everywhere, all of them, both privates and officers, in campaign uniform. Throughout the war Sweden, though a neutral, kept her army mobilized, since she distrusted her powerful neighbor and wished to be ready to act against her if forced to do so by the turn of events. The Swedish officers were most amiable, however, and answered in French and in English if addressed in these languages. Here once more we had to go through the program of precautions due to the war regulations, with a sanitary inspection for the finishing touch.

A doctor and a nurse asked delicate questions as to my health and my general physical condition; and when they had made note of my name and occupation, and felt my pulse, I was allowed to leave the medical office. This inspection was a precautionary measure to prevent the spread of epidemic and contagious diseases, which might be brought into Sweden from across the river. When all these ceremonies had been concluded, I could breathe freely once more. I enjoyed a meal and installed myself in a comfortable sleeping-car, which in the course of some forty hours deposited me in Stockholm.

Both in Finland and this part of Sweden nature wears a sad and monotonous aspect; there are forests of wretched little firs and pines, broken by clearings showing small hollows filled with muddy water, gray and leafless brush, and an occasional small lake, or some great rocks dating from the volcanic epoch. Remnants of unmelted, grimy snow bordered the ditches on either side of the railroad tracks. Here and there a lonely farm house, neat and well kept, appeared in the distance; but there seemed to be no villages, as in other European lands, and I rarely saw a church tower except when we were passing some small town. Usually there was just a clustering

together of houses—at the most three or four little cottages, set down at a distance from each other—which formed a small community, and the general effect was depressing. The sadness of the Finnish countryside weighed upon me.

It was not until the following day (we had begun our journey the night before), when we had ridden hundreds of miles in the direction of Stockholm, that the countryside assumed a more animated aspect. Now we passed picturesque spots where precipices lined the side of the railroad and waterfalls cascaded from lofty heights, their course broken by projecting rocks. The rays of the sun shone on this budding spring landscape with a special brightness, as though to make up for time lost during the long northern winter.

Stockholm, when I arrived there, made an agreeable impression on me: no traveler could help but feel himself again in a highly cultured land. In its hotels, filled to overflowing, one rubbed elbows with representatives of all nations—Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Roumanians, Italians, Norwegians, and Danes—for Stockholm lay on the only road of communication from Russia and Roumania to their Allies. While the war lasted all the languages of the Tower of Babel seemed

to be spoken during travel and in the hotels.

After a few days' rest in Stockholm I left, with Mme. Stein, for Christiania, at that time the great international port of embarkation for England, France, and the other Allied and Neutral countries (and vice versa), in spite of the German U-boats. Christiania was admirably situated for this function, with its great harbor, surrounded by high, wooded mountains. These were dotted with hundreds of cottages and villas of all sizes, and covered with pine forests from top to bottom. On one of the highest of the hills stood a great sanatorium, the "Voxenkollen," which was unfortunately destroyed by fire not long ago. From the sanatorium one had a splendid view of the city, and of the snow-covered peaks of distant mountain ranges; while at one's feet the fjords drew their capricious indentations along the coast-line surrounding the town. There are views which surpass this in grandeur, perhaps, in Switzerland and in the Tyrolean Alps; but nothing can surpass the charm of the picture from the "Voxenkollen" hill, seen in the last rays of the setting sun or on a moonlit night.

Although Norway is the land of the "Edda," and of other legends of a more definitely historic nature, the parts of it which I visited did

not seem to have guarded any remains of that distant past, with the exception of a Viking ship preserved in the Christiania Museum. The city itself is modern in its architecture, with large, broad streets and some handsome buildings, among them a fine theater, where dramas and comedies are given regularly, and, at times, opera with native singers. Before the theater stand monuments to Ibsen and Björnson. A park in the center of the town leads to a wooden hillock on which stands the Royal Palace, in the midst of a carefully cultivated garden that provides an enjoyable promenade for the inhabitants of Christiania, the royal family having reserved no more than a small enclosure surrounding the palace for its own use. The palace is occupied only during part of the winter, for the king also possesses a villa lying on one of the fjords, and a hunting pavilion on the "Voxenkollen" mountain. Norway is the only monarchy in which for many years there have existed no titles of nobility. It has neither dukes nor princes, counts nor barons; but in the rural districts the peasants who inherit their strip of ground from father to son call themselves "odel," that is to say, "noble," and are the conservatives of this democratic country. The king is merely the head of this democracy, and

lives the life of a simple private individual, except when he is exercising his official functions. In the theater the king has his own box; but in the concert halls two or three chairs are placed opposite the stage, for the royal couple and the aide-de-camp, without any pomp or ceremony. Since both the king and his wife are music-lovers, they usually attend all the good concerts given in Christiania, arriving on the minute, remaining as long as circumstances permit, and proving themselves enthusiastic auditors.

Matters in Russia went from bad to worse while I was spending the summer in Norway, so that I put off my return trip. It was impossible for me to obtain money from Russia while governments legal and illegal were struggling against each other—the more so because of the general embargo the authorities laid on Russian money during the war—and finding myself short of funds, I accepted the offer made me by a Norwegian concert agent to give some recitals in Christiania, as well as in some of the provincial towns, with an excellent pianist, Madame Wanda Bogutska Stein, who had also been my accompanist in Russia during the last concert tours I made in that country before the Revolution.

I must confess that these Norwegian con-

certs were most successful, and that the public, in spite of my age, everywhere accorded me the kindest reception. In Bergen, one of the loveliest of cities, intersected by handsome boulevards, having a fine park, and surrounded by tree-covered hills, I was interested in seeing monuments erected in memory of two famous musicians who were born there: Ole Bull, the virtuoso violinist, and Edvard Grieg, the genial composer who has ennobled the folk-music of his native land in his compositions, and thus led all the world to cherish it. It seemed to me worthy of note that the statue of Ole Bull, life-size, and showing him holding his violin in his hand, is raised high above that of Grieg. Grieg is commemorated only by a bust. The bust, it is true, is also life-size; but the small pedestal upon which it stands detracts from its appearance. It made a most depressing impression upon me, in view of the towering statue of his compatriot. Ole Bull lives only in the memory of his own countrymen, and even so has no great claim on their recollection. Grieg, however, is admired by the entire world.

In October, 1917, on my way back to Russia (for I had finally decided upon this step), I reached Stockholm, and secured a through passport to St. Petersburg. I intended leav-

ing Stockholm in two days' time, in spite of renewed disquiet regarding the situation in the interior of the country, for I thought that, in case of necessity, after I had arranged my private affairs, I could obtain another permit to leave the country without any difficulty. But when I was on the very point of going, some happy chance caused me to meet one of my friends, a Swedish sculptor living in St. Petersburg. After shaking hands, he told me he had just come from St. Petersburg, where the people were killing each other in the streets, that the Bolshevists were on the eve of overthrowing the Provisional Government, and that if they succeeded—which appeared very likely—he would not advise me to go back.

"Wait and see how matters turn out," he said, and that is what I did.

A few days later the Bolshevists were in complete control of the government. I need not recall here those tragedies with which the whole world is familiar; for me the Bolshevist advent signified the destruction of all I had dreamt of and hoped for during forty-eight years, the sweeping away of what the experience of a lifetime had built up in constructive musical work, the loss of my fortune, of my life pension from the Imperial Court, of my

library, of all the priceless gifts which I had received in the course of nearly a half-century of uninterrupted activity—the portraits which many of the greatest artists and composers of a day now past had inscribed to me, the letters, the manuscripts, the art objects, all gone beyond repair!

All that remains is my recollections, those memories deeply graven in my mind, an invisible cupboard lined with innumerable drawers, from which I have taken out and set down in the following pages whatever seemed worthy of recording for those interested in the musical life of Russia since the middle of the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER I

FROM VESZPREM TO PARIS (1845-1861)

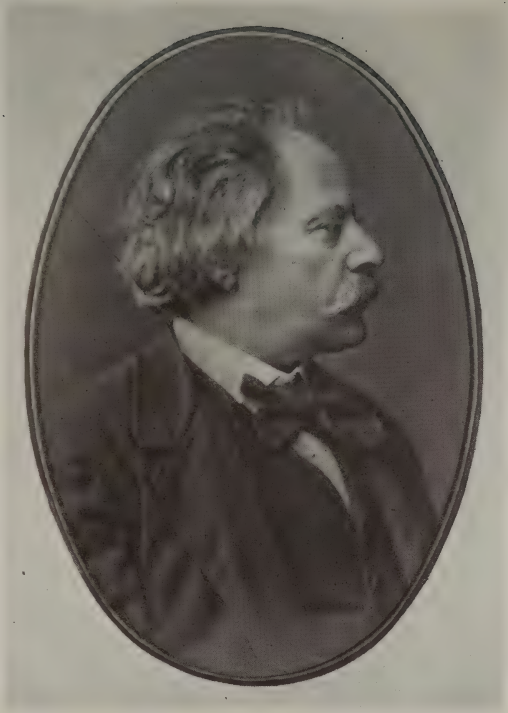
My Early Musical Training—A Roving Prodigy—Karl Goldmark—Vieuxtemps—Mme. Vieuxtemps on Glissando and Vibrato—Music in Holland—Liszt and Wagner Forbidden in Amsterdam and the Hague—Liszt and Wagner in Leipsic—Nikisch.

It was on June 7, 1845, that I was born, in a little Hungarian town named Veszprem. My father was a house painter. That is to say, he painted not only the exterior of houses but their interiors as well, a fact which I stress because, thanks to his craft, exercised at an epoch in which wall-paper was as yet practically unknown—at least in my natal town and its environs—he made the acquaintance of many people of superior social position, at a time when the world had not yet adopted the customs of our own more democratic times.

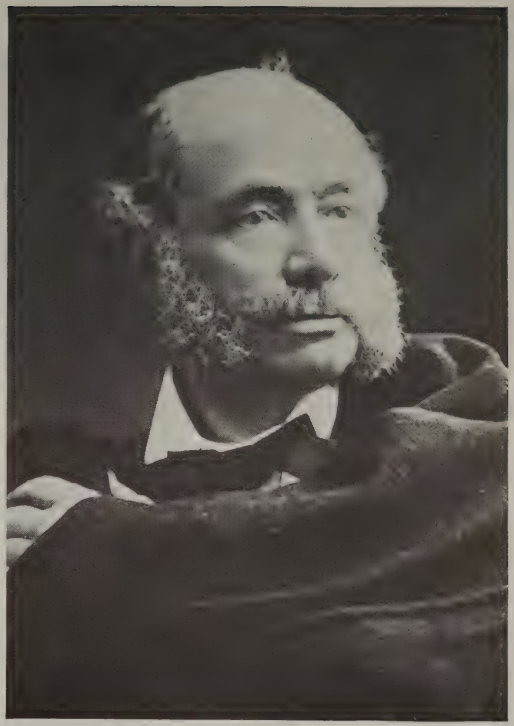
It was, therefore, due to my father's skill and popularity as a craftsman that he came into direct contact with the aristocracy and the rich bourgeoisie of the town, and in the countryside with the more highly placed prelates

and ecclesiastics. In the châteaux of the magnates and of the lesser nobility and in the churches and convents in the neighborhood of Veszprem the lordly or clerical proprietors constantly felt impelled to embellish their castles, and alter or renew the decorations of the houses in which they passed several months of the year—many of them living in Vienna during the remainder of the time, though this was long before the day of the so-called *Zinspaläste,* the "tenement palaces," which shortly before the war were built in that city on a magnificent scale, profusely adorned with painting and sculpture without as well as within.

When I was older my father would often repeat to me amusing conversations he had had with his clients regarding the work which they wished him to do. Speaking generally, he was very well received everywhere, despite his modest place on the social ladder, and held a sort of recognized position as the decorator and beautifier of these privileged homes. Sometimes in the course of his conversations with his aristocratic patrons, he would be questioned with regard to his life in general, and his family. It was then that he would mention me, and say that he had a son, a boy of five or six, who, according to those in a posi-



Karl Goldmark



Henri Vieuxtemps

tion to judge, had a gift for music. So it was during these conversations while he was professionally engaged that my father laid the basis for my musical apprenticeship, though the circumstance which first marked me out for a musical career, and placed a violin within my grasp, was slight enough.

A violin, incidentally, was the logical instrument for any Hungarian boy to take up. Of all instruments the violin was the one most easily obtainable by the poor, since it did not cost much, and was, in addition, the national instrument. A proof of the fact may be seen in the innumerable Hungarian Gypsy violinists, famous the world over, the Roumanian Gypsies being the only ones who equal these children of the Puszta in their natural talent for the fiddle.

According to what my parents have told me, it was while I was a boy of between three and four, during the Hungarian Revolution of 1848-1849, when the Hungarian Diet refused to acknowledge as King of Hungary the late Emperor Francis Joseph, who, a lad of eighteen, had just mounted the throne, because "without the knowledge and consent of the Diet no one could sit on the Hungarian throne," that my musical—or rather rhythmic—instincts were first disclosed in a somewhat

unusual manner. My natal town was alternately occupied by garrisons of Austrian and Magyar troops, according to the chances of war. The political situation was very similar to that existing between Ireland and England to-day, and the animosities of the Irish revolt recall those of that other uprising of which Louis Kossuth was the leader. One day we would hail the entry of the soldiers of the Hungarian national army who, in this struggle between Hungary and Austria, were defending my native land. On the day afterward they would make way for Austrian troops, who in turn would take possession of the town and its environs. We children of the town, however, had no preferences one way or the other, and no matter to which army they might belong, I was in the habit of putting on my little drum, a child's toy some one had presented to me, leading out my playmates to meet the soldiers, and returning with them at the head of the military detachment when they entered the town, beating my drum with rhythmic exactitude in imitation of the actual snare-drums of the soldiers.

Later I was told that the soldiers were so willing to follow me that the commander of one of the Hungarian detachments which I had thus led into town and drummed to their quar-

ters tried to induce my father to allow me to go along with his regiment, in order to awaken the enthusiasm of the national troops; but my father refused his offers.

As soon as Hungary had been subjugated by Austria, thanks to the Russian army which came to the aid of the Austrians at the battle of Munkacs, everything became normal once more. I commenced to attend the town school, where Hungarian was then regarded as a secondary subject, like French and Latin, with only a limited number of hours a week allotted it; the language in which instruction was given was German. At the age of eight I was taken to Budapest and entered in the Budapest Conservatoire, in the class of Professor Ridley Kohné, then regarded as the first teacher in the city, who was at the same time the concertmaster of the orchestra at the National Opera, together with the father of Jenö Hubay, the celebrated violinist and composer, with whom he played from the same music-stand. At the Conservatoire I attended only the violin class, and I no longer recall whether there were any classes for chamber music and the orchestra. I am inclined to believe, however, that at that time—it was during the years 1852-1855—all was in a more or less primitive state, and that later on, when

the country had recovered from its exhaustion, especially after the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, everything was reorganized. It was some nine years after this conflict, in 1875, that the Hungarian Academy of Music, of which Liszt was the first honorary president and Ernest von Dohnányi is the present director, was founded.

Professor Kohné also gave me private lessons every week while I was at the Conservatoire, though at the Conservatoire itself I played this, that, or the other without any very definite object or knowledge. At the same time I continued the usual school curriculum—grammar, mathematics, geography, and the rest—at a boarding school, where they treated me with a great deal of consideration, giving me a room apart for my studying and my music. My progress must have been satisfactory, for in the course of time my teacher had me make my début at the National Opera House in a great benefit concert. I played the Mendelssohn Concerto, at that time almost a novelty, and I remember perfectly well that in honor of the event there was made for me a new costume in the Hungarian style, of which I was very proud. My father turned everything topsy-turvy in his efforts to take part in the triumph of his son, and enjoyed himself

counting in advance the thousands of gulden which were to heap themselves up as a result of this first appearance, made under such brilliant auspices—a début at the National Opera House of Budapest seemed to the excellent craftsman to be the culmination of his most ambitious dreams for his child's success. Nothing of the sort, however, took place. I was given a few encouraging lines in some of the nationalist newspapers, and then life went on as before; not an offer was made me, and my poor father took his departure, quite crestfallen when he realized what his traveling expenses and my new costume had cost him.

The hope that I might be engaged to play at other concerts was not realized. In the first place, there were no musical societies in the country at that time, and there were no "managers" who could have given me a start. My first public appearance, however, did succeed in calling me to the attention of certain persons who interested themselves in me, and who sent me to Vienna for two years, so that I might continue my studies at the Vienna Conservatoire. At the same time I was entrusted to the guidance, in his own home, of Professor Jacob Dont, the author of several pedagogical works known throughout the musical world. It was he who gave me the

foundation of my violin technique. At the Conservatoire I attended the class of Professor Joseph Helmesberger, who was highly esteemed for his general musicianly gifts, and enjoyed a great reputation as a quartet player and interpreter.

At the Vienna Conservatoire also I took my first harmony lessons, and was an enthusiastic attendant at the orchestra ensemble classes which Helmesberger conducted twice a week. I have a vivid recollection of my first ensemble class session, and of the first composition I played, or rather, attempted to play, for I was so deafened and bewildered by the noise of the other instruments playing all about me that I was hardly able to follow the movements of the conductor's baton: it was Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture. Before long, however, I grew accustomed to the ensemble, and was able to play my first violin part without difficulty, supported by a comrade who was older and more experienced than myself.

In 1858, much to my regret—I was then thirteen years old—my studies at the Conservatoire and my lessons from Professor Dont came to an end, since the money necessary to pay for the continuance of my musical education was not available. My father appeared in Vienna one fine day, and I went off with

him to travel as an infant prodigy, giving concerts in the provinces in order to earn the money necessary to support the family in Hungary. Provided with my diploma from the Vienna Conservatoire, and with a silver medal—lost, alas, with all my other souvenirs in the Russian *débâcle!*—a medal then regarded as an award of the highest distinction, since it was only given to pupils who had completed their course with honors, we set forth. We had neither money nor any fixed plan, and knew nothing at all about conducting an enterprise such as the one we had in mind. My father, who was without the faintest conception of a manager's duties, decided to leave everything to chance. It is true that since he had nothing to lose, whatever might result by way of return would be pure gain. We found a pianist as needy as ourselves to share our scanty meals, and with this acquisition were ready to play the part of ambulant artists in search of a fortune in Hungary, a country at that time decidedly backward in all that regards art and, in addition, used up by the Revolution.

Our first stopping-place was the city of Gran, a few hours distant from Vienna, famous for its superb cathedral, then the residence of the Cardinal-Primate of Hungary.

I could not say how it happened that we stopped here; but I imagine it was because our limited monetary resources did not permit any long-distance traveling; and, seeing that Gran was a town of quite some importance, my father, in his managerial capacity, decided that we should give one—or several—concerts there, as circumstances might decree. Since it was not possible to find a music-store, and quite likely none existed there, we followed the custom and applied to the town pharmacist, who was invariably a man of more or less education, so that it became his duty to attend to all the details of arranging a concert and provide us with the addresses of the local music-lovers. Thus equipped, we paid calls on all of them, and introduced ourselves to those who set the fashion in Gran. Occasionally I played at a soirée in the home of one or another of the most important among them—gratuitously, of course—merely to demonstrate that I was a genuine laureate of the Vienna Conservatoire, a title which was held in high esteem in the provinces, and which was blazed forth on our posters as a great drawing-card.

Except for the posters, these private soirées were the only method of advertisement of which we could avail ourselves, since news-

papers at that time were very rare in the provincial towns, or if they existed had nothing whatever to say until after the first concert had been given. My father, aided by some charitable soul, had to attend to all the arrangements. Our expenses at the hotel increasing each day, the receipts we took in at any concert hardly sufficed to pay our bill and leave enough to take us on to the next stop. Because we avoided the large cities lying along the railroad, we were often obliged to travel in wagons, and at times in trucks. In most cases we secured two-horse wagons from the peasants and sat on bundles of straw across which a wooden board had been laid. At every stop it was necessary to feed the horses, so that the bundles of straw kept growing smaller and smaller as the horses ate them up, and the longer we went on the lower and harder our seats became. We were frequently exposed to rain and snow, and I would often heave a sigh of relief when I saw the church towers and house-roofs of the town which was to shelter us after our fatiguing voyage along the dusty roads.

As a rule we stopped in the cheapest hotels, but whenever possible at one provided with a raised stand of some sort which could do duty as a stage or a concert platform when the occa-

sion required. Then the visits to the pharmacist or the best-known physician in the place would begin all over again. If it happened to be a county seat of some kind we introduced ourselves to the principal magistrate, all in accordance with the program laid down by my father. Often it was impossible to find a printer in the smaller towns; so we carried with us bill-boards already printed which mentioned, as a special attraction, that not only had I graduated from the Vienna Conservatoire with the highest honors, but that I was also en route to Paris, then the El Dorado of which all the young provincials of Hungary dreamed.

For two entire years I kept up these peregrinations through Hungary and the countries adjacent to it, with the same dubious financial success, and my wanderings were only interrupted by an occasional return to Vienna to renew and improve my repertory, which was very necessary; or in the summer, by a longer stay in my natal town to visit my family. When I came to the home town on such occasions they made quite a time over me. The bishop of the Catholic Church would honor me by granting me an audience and would intimate that he wished to hear me play during the mass at the cathedral on the follow-

ing Sunday. This clerical advertisement invariably made it possible for me to give a concert with good receipts.

It was during one of my visits to Vienna that I met Karl Goldmark one evening at the house of a music-loving friend. Goldmark, who was later to be known as the famous composer of "The Queen of Sheba," the "Sakuntala" overture, and—what is of greater interest to violinists—of a violin concerto recognized as one of the best in the repertory—was then only a viola player in the orchestra of the Imperial Hofoper. We played a piano quartet or quintet of his that evening which seemed to be altogether novel in color and had already drawn a small following of admirers around Goldmark, at a time when Schumann, but little appreciated by the general public, was very largely discussed in conservative musical circles. Goldmark, most unassuming in his ways, was a little chap with a large head, crowned with the long and abundant locks then in vogue among young musicians, owing, I believe, to the example set by Liszt and Paganini. It goes without saying that I conformed to this fashion myself, and would have thought myself quite without talent had I not let my hair grow as did the geniuses in question. Goldmark and I re-

mained on a friendly footing until the day of his death.

One day, while on tour in Styria, we reached Gratz, the capital. And there my father saw an announcement posted that Henri Vieuxtemps was giving a concert at the Municipal Theater. It may be imagined with what emotion I discovered that his program contained several pieces included in my own repertoire, and, in particular, his "Fantaisie Caprice," which was, so to speak, my "war-horse." It was but a matter of minutes to buy tickets, and the following day I was sitting in the theater half an hour before the concert was to begin, trembling with excitement at the prospect of seeing the great artist appear on the stage. His program, so far as I can remember—this happened in 1859—included the "Fantaisie Appassionata," the "Fantaisie Slave," and some shorter numbers, among them his famous "Yankee Doodle." I was spellbound by the grandeur and breadth of his style in the pieces of a serious character. Ten or fifteen years later, however, when I heard him in London, I was still more deeply impressed when listening to his playing of one of his concertos. Having myself by then become more mature, I was better able to appreciate this great artist's superb gifts.

My father at once seized upon the opportunity offered by our accidentally finding the great violinist in Gratz and endeavored to have me introduced to the master. His secret hope was that Vieuxtemps, when I had played for him, would declare that I was a great genius, something which would have served to a nicety my father's advertising plans for our *tournées.* After having overcome many difficulties, not the least among which was Mme. Vieuxtemps' distaste for the idea of her husband's receiving a so-called infant prodigy, we were, nevertheless, accorded an interview, thanks to the intermediation of various friends of Vieuxtemps, who succeeded in arousing the author's interest in me.

On the day and hour set we drew near the hotel in which the Vieuxtemps were occupying a fine apartment. Entering, we were received very cordially by Vieuxtemps himself, and very coldly by his wife, who played the accompaniments at his concerts. After a few polite words regarding my studies had been exchanged, I was permitted to take out my violin—a poor enough instrument—and play. Mme. Vieuxtemps sat down at the piano looking decidedly bored. I myself, nervous by nature, trembling with emotion, began to play the "Fantaisie Caprice." I do not recall how

I played it, but it seems to me that I put my whole soul into every tone, though poorly supported by an insufficiently developed technique. Vieuxtemps encouraged me with an amiable smile. Then, at the very moment when I was in the midst of a cantabile phrase which I was playing all too sentimentally, Mme. Vieuxtemps leaped from the piano stool, and began to walk precipitately around the room. She bent down to the ground, looked here, looked there, beneath the furniture, under the bureau and the piano, as though she were hunting for something she had lost and could not find in spite of all the trouble she took. Brusquely interrupted by her strange action, I stood with wide-open mouth, with no suspicion of what all this might mean. I felt as though I had been cast down from illuminated heights by a fiery explosion rising from the abyss. Vieuxtemps, himself astonished, followed his wife's progress about the room with a surprised air, and asked her what she was looking for so nervously under the furniture. "One or more cats must be hidden in this room," said she, "miaowing in every key!" She was alluding to my over-sentimental glissando in the cantabile phrase. I was so overcome by the shock that I lost consciousness, and my father

was obliged to hold me in his arms lest I fall. Vieuxtemps turned the whole affair into a joke, patted me on the cheek, and consoled me by saying that later on everything would go better. I was then no more than fourteen.

The interview was at an end, and my father and I left the hotel with tears in our eyes, discouraged, unhappy, and crushed to earth. From that day on I hated all glissandos and vibratos, and to this very minute I can recall the anguish of my interview with Vieuxtemps.

We continued our wanderings, passing through South Germany, then Holland, always keeping in view our plan to reach Paris, where I was to resume my studies. In Holland I played for the first time with orchestral accompaniment, in concerts given by the "Felix Meritis" Society, dissolved some years ago; with the "Diligentia" at the Hague, and with the "Euradicio Musical" in Rotterdam. In the Hague, Jean Verhulst was the conductor, a man highly regarded in his native land both as a musician and a composer. He was, in addition, aureoled with the glory of having been the friend and companion of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and Robert Schumann. It is curious to note that, at the very time that the dawn of Liszt and Wagner was breaking

all over Europe, musicians of standing everywhere were conservative to the extreme in their views. Thus Verhulst, for instance, told me that in the contracts he entered into as conductor with the concert societies he directed in Amsterdam and the Hague, he had made the express condition that he should not be obliged to conduct works by Liszt or Wagner. It would also appear that Carl Reinecke, who conducted the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipsic for some thirty or forty years, had a similar clause in his contract. In his case I am not quite certain whether the condition had been made by himself, or by the committee in charge of the Gewandhaus Concerts. Yet the fact remains that until Nikisch appeared on the scene the works of Liszt and Wagner were not regularly played at these concerts, and were only heard occasionally with the advent of guest conductors, who were at liberty to make up their own programs. It is certain that this elimination of all modern works from the program aroused an opposition in the more liberal music camp which culminated in the organization of a new concert society in Leipsic, the "Euterpe," supported by the publishers who had brought out the works of the young composers in the new school. It carried out its object, which was

to give public performance to more modern works, beginning with those of Liszt, and remained in existence for a number of years, until replaced by the still active Leipsic Philharmonic Society.

CHAPTER II

THE PARIS OF NAPOLEON III

Alard—Joseph Wieniawski—Rossini on Wagner—The First Performance of "Tannhäuser" at the *Opéra*—Berlioz.

We at last arrived in Paris in the spring of 1861—it was a year or so after Wagner had completed his "Tristan and Isolde"—and our first step was to leave cards at the home of Jean-Delphin Alard, the leading professor of violin at the Paris Conservatoire, with a great reputation as a teacher. After hearing me play he declared himself willing to give me private lessons, with the idea of preparing me for public appearance in the autumn of the same year. Strange to say, I have no recollection whatever of these private lessons which I was supposed to take. The fact is, a few months later, prompted by some of our friends, Hungarians who were in touch with Joachim, we set out for Hanover, where Joachim lived, provided with a letter of recommendation to the Master and a few thousand francs earned in Paris by playing at private soirées and by giving a morning recital at the Salle Pleyel,

Napoleon

arranged for me by persons of influence in order to make it possible for me to continue my studies. At this recital I was assisted by the pianist Joseph Wieniawski, the brother of Henri, the great violinist, whom at that time I knew only by name. I had met the pianist Wieniawski in Germany, and he deigned to play a Sonata at my recital, a decided honor for me, who was no more than a young student with hopes that lay all in the future, whereas Joseph Wieniawski, aside from the imposing relationship with his famous brother, was himself a personality. The day after my recital, in order to thank him for his kindness, I went to call at his rooms in the Hôtel de Bade, which was at that time very popular with musicians. When I had explained the reason for my call, he received my thanks with dignity and a certain cordial coldness. Nevertheless I plucked up sufficient courage to ask him for his photo. The albums containing a number of small photos were then at the height of their popularity, and every young student then —just as he does to-day—yearned to add to his collection the autographed photos of the artists most in the public eye. To possess an album of this kind had long been my hottest desire; so after my recital, when my father made me a present of one as a little reward, Joseph

Wieniawski was the first person to whom I turned for a pictorial contribution, because of our collaboration. I timidly explained what I wished of him. This is what happened.

Wieniawski, stretched negligently on a lounge and employing the tone of a superior addressing his subordinate, asked: "Have you a photo of Liszt?"

I answered that, alas, I had none.

"Very well," said he, "have you a photo of Thalberg?" (Thalberg was at that time a successful rival of Liszt on the concert platform.)

Once more I replied in the negative, adding that I had not as yet had an opportunity to meet either Liszt or Thalberg.

Thereupon Wieniawski, in a tone which mingled pride and regret declared, "Then I cannot give you my portrait."

I opened my eyes wide, and left in discomfiture. In spite of my youth, however—I was hardly sixteen—I could not help thinking that this was no way for a great artist to treat a young colleague who had not as yet firmly established himself.

Many years later, when I was dining with Henri Wieniawski in a London restaurant, I told him the story of his brother Joseph and the portrait.

"And what answer did you give him?" Henri asked me.

I admitted that, quite dumfounded and realizing how humble was my own position as compared with that of his brother, I had not known what to say.

Then Henri, looking very serious, told me, "You should have said to him, 'Sir, if I had the portraits of Liszt and Thalberg I should not have done you the honor of asking for yours.'" Whereupon he burst out laughing as though he would never stop.

Henri Wieniawski was delightful company; he was always saying something which provoked laughter, always full of plays on words and of anecdotes. He was never serious save when, his violin in his hand, he commenced to practice; but he practiced several hours a day. One day he told me of an amusing incident which had taken place during the first years of his stay in St. Petersburg, where he had been engaged as soloist to the Imperial Court and where it was one of his duties to play the violin solos in the ballets, especially when the Court was present. Later, after the Conservatoire of Music had been founded and he had been made Professor of the finishing class, he seldom occupied his professional chair, often going away for months at a time on concert

tours of Russia and other countries. As regards the Court, he was such a favorite there that no serious objection was made to his prolonged absences; but these were the despair of the director of the Imperial Theater, who was obliged to have all the great ballet solos played by some substitute drawn from the orchestra. A few years later, when Wieniawski was traveling almost all the time, he was compelled to give up playing the solos in the ballets, and I was appointed to replace him in the position, one which I held for some thirty-five years.

But to return to the incident he told me. It seems that one evening he had been asked to play at a *soirée musicale* in the house of one of the richest bankers of St. Petersburg, a Baron X—— (I shall not mention the Baron's name, since descendants of his are still living). At these affairs the Baron was accustomed to entertain the most aristocratic society of the capital. The day after the soirée Wieniawski received a letter from Baron X—— containing a bank-note for a hundred roubles, and the Baron's card on which he had written, "With a thousand thanks!" Wieniawski, furious, at once put the hundred-rouble note in an envelope, together with his own card, on which he scribbled: "I should have preferred 1,000

roubles without the 100 (*sans* 'without,' and *cent,* 'one hundred,' are pronounced in almost the same way in French) compliments." Baron X——, delighted with Wieniawski's witty rejoinder, sent him the thousand roubles the following day.

It was during my stay in Paris that I was presented to Rossini, the "Swan of Pesaro." The composer of the "Barber of Seville" was then at the height of his fame, and it was through the mediation of Felix Moscheles, a son of the famous Ignace Moscheles, and a painter of great talent, that I was able to meet the Italian master. We were admitted to see him at his home one morning, and found Rossini seated before an immense bowl of milk and a roll in the dining-room of his magnificent apartment in the Chaussée d'Antin. Much stress has always been laid on Rossini's delight in the pleasures of the table, and he himself once said quite frankly:

"I know of no more admirable occupation than eating, that is, really eating. Appetite is for the stomach what love is for the heart. The stomach is the conductor, who rules the grand orchestra of our passions, and rouses it to action. The bassoon or the piccolo, grumbling its discontent or shrilling its longing, personify the empty stomach for me. The

stomach replete, on the other hand, is the triangle of enjoyment or the kettledrum of joy. As for love, I regard her as the prima donna par excellence, the goddess who sings cavatinas to the brain, intoxicates the ear, and delights the heart. Eating (note that Rossini puts eating first!), loving, singing, and digesting are, in truth, the four acts of the comic opera known as life, and they pass like the bubbles of a bottle of champagne. Whoever lets them break without having enjoyed them is a complete fool."

That the musician who could make such a frank gastronomic confession of faith, who once declared that "The truffle is the Mozart among the mushrooms," was an accomplished gourmand cannot be denied. Yet on the morning when I saw him, he seemed quite content with his bread and milk. As soon as I entered, he held out his hand to me in the most cordial manner, and when Moscheles informed him that I was a violinist, he said:

"Why, then, we are colleagues, for I too play the violin."

After a few moments of conversation, he invited me to come to one of his monthly receptions. At these monthly soirées of Rossini's one rubbed elbows with representatives of all the higher social circles of the Paris of

Eugenie

the Second Empire: the diplomats, the leading figures of the world of high finance, the court functionaries of the Emperor Napoleon III, the painters and sculptors and literary men, the most distinguished artists of the *Opéra,* and the musical lions of the concert stage. To be asked to play at one of these affairs was the highest distinction to which an artist might aspire—and Rossini asked me to do so! For a boy like myself such a request could only gratify the highest ambition, and my friends all congratulated me when, after I had played the Vieuxtemps "Rêverie," Rossini thanked me in the kindest and most gracious manner.

Rossini was no more an admirer of Wagner than were most other Parisians of his day. I recall an anecdote which was current later on and which shows quite clearly that Wagner's music was not understood by the great melodist. A friend who entered his study found him studying the score of "Tristan and Isolde," and asked him what he thought of it.

"Ah," said the master, "it is a beautiful work! I never expected to find such grace of expression, such power of invention in the music of the reformer of our old dramatic operas, the scores of Mozart, Gluck, Cimar-

osa, Weber, Mercadante, Meyerbeer—and my own."

His visitor, coming closer, was dumfounded when he observed that Rossini was reading Wagner's score wrong side up.

"You are reading the music upside down," he cried.

Whereupon, inverting the score, Rossini said after a glance, "Alas, now I cannot make head or tail of it!"

But this was just the way nearly every one in Paris felt about Wagner when his "Tannhäuser" was first given at the *Opéra* on March 13, 1861. I was an eye-witness of the terrible fiasco it made.

The fact is that the Paris failure of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was due quite as much to political as to musical reasons. Wagner had the support of the Court; the Empress Eugénie, in particular, had been won over to his cause by the Princess Pauline Metternich, whom Hanslick, the celebrated critic, once called *Notre Dame de Vienne,* and who died only recently, having long survived the society and the epoch in which for years she played so brilliant a part. An enthusiastic music-lover, Princess Metternich, the grand-daughter of the Austrian statesman, Prince Clemens Metternich, who dominated the famous Congress

of Vienna, had married her uncle Richard, and when the latter was appointed Ambassador of Austria at the Court of Napoleon III, accompanied her husband to Paris. She soon became an intimate friend of the Empress Eugénie, and eagerly aided and abetted the latter's endeavors to turn the Paris of the "citizen king," Louis-Philippe, which had grown somewhat bourgeois during the reign of the monarch whose scepter was an umbrella, into *la Ville lumière*—"the city of light." She was, perhaps, the most radiant star of the Parisian social firmament in that heydey of the last Napoleon's rule, when every existing talent and celebrity of the time was drawn to the city and to the Imperial court as moths are drawn to the flame.

It was Princess Metternich who induced the Emperor to "command" that "Tannhäuser" be given at the *Opéra,** and thus

* In Princess Metternich's reminiscences she explains how she secured Tannhäuser's performance in Paris: "Tannhäuser, Richard Wagner!" said the Emperor musingly, stroking his mustache in his habitual manner. "I have never heard of the opera or the composer. And you think it is really good?" I said I did, and the Emperor turned to his Lord Chamberlain, Bacciochi, who had charge of the Imperial theaters, and said to him, in his off-hand way. "Oh, Bacciochi, Princess Metternich is interested in an opera, called 'Tannhäuser,' by one Richard Wagner, and wants to see it performed here in Paris—will you arrange to have it done?" Bacciochi bowed and replied, "As Your Majesty commands." And that is how "Tannhäuser" found its way to Paris.

linked her name for all time with that of Richard Wagner. It is possible that in obliging the brilliant and witty wife of the Austrian Ambassador, and the Empress' intimate friend, the Emperor also saw an opportunity to flatter Austria and thus help carry out his idea of making her less susceptible to Prussian influences. In those days, as well as in centuries past—will it be the same in centuries to come?—in the world of politics all means were sanctified by the end to be attained. Naturally, the "commanded" performance, and the very evident imperial favor shown the composer, aroused the political opponents of the government to the highest pitch. The antagonism of the press in the months of rehearsals —including the final dress rehearsal, there were 164 of them—continued with unabated violence, with the evident hope of indirectly discrediting the government by discrediting the work which the government had stamped with its approval.

Then, too, Wagner's insistence that Albert Niemann, the famous German tenor, who was then in Hanover, and who was later to be the first Bayreuth Siegfried, should sing the rôle of Tannhäuser cast oil into the flames. The journalists did not neglect to call attention to the fact, and Frenchmen in general were irri-

tated to think that on all the three lyric stages of Paris Wagner could not find *one* French tenor to sing the rôle. Thanks to all this, and to the thousand and one difficulties encountered by the French composers of the time in getting one of their scores accepted at the *Opéra,* the opposition against Wagner assumed truly formidable proportions; and he himself, his score, and Niemann's French, sung with a Teuton accent, were all torn to pieces before the curtain ever rose on the work.

The house was crowded on the evening of that first Paris "Tannhäuser" performance on March 13, 1861. The Emperor and Empress, with a brilliant suite, occupied the court boxes, and the whole world of fashion was present. I had been invited to a seat in one of the boxes, and followed the performance with feverish attention. No sooner had the overture been played than one could literally sense the current of hatred sweeping through certain sections of the hall. Yet in spite of hisses and catcalls the "Venusberg" scene in the first act, with the pantomime ballet, was received with an applause which drowned out all opposition. Wagner had added this ballet on the insistence of Royer, the Director of the *Opéra,* who pointed out that the friendly relations existing between the members of the Paris "Jockey

Club," made up of the *jeunesse dorée* of Paris, and the ladies of the *corps de ballet* made an interpolation of the sort a necessity. Besides, at that time a grand opera without a ballet was something unthinkable. Wagner lent himself with no very good grace to the necessity upon which the "to be or not to be" of his work on what was then the first stage in Europe in a measure depended. His idea was a choreographic scene which presented living pictures based on the antique bas-reliefs showing actual Bacchic processions. The idea of the *balleteuses* was to dance in a manner which would attract the favorable notice of the sportsmen in the boxes. Wagner's idea was not carried out, but the young aristocrats of the "Jockey Club" were, naturally, informed of the position taken by the German composer with regard to their friends, and immediately became active enemies of his opera. It was still a far cry to the days when at Bayreuth the Master could carry out his ideals in their every detail. Still, every good Wagnerite owes Royer a vote of thanks for the "Bacchanale" in question, for it is one of the pearls of the whole opera.

The "Entrance March of the Guests into the Wartburg" was also well received by the audience, but the opposition had managed to excite the laughter of the crowd, and thereafter all

Berlioz

Rossini

was lost. The combat of Wolfram and Tannhäuser was greeted with cries of "Assez!" accompanied by whistling, hissing, and the stamping of feet; and at a signal from the imperial box the curtain was lowered shortly before the end. Princess Metternich is said to have broken her fan against the balustrade of her box in her indignation. I did not see her do so, though I could see her clearly from where I sat, and I believe she herself has denied the report. However, the historic words she spoke when she descended the great stairway of the *Opéra* after this performance have been literally fulfilled:

"You laughed at Wagner to-day; but twenty-five years from now you will cheer him here in Paris."

Rossini, who attended this première, was reported as smiling ironically when he was asked how he liked "Tannhäuser," and saying that "it contained some happy moments, but some very sorry quarters-of-an-hour."

The performance of March 18, in spite of the presence of the imperial couple, was marked by the most scandalous scenes. For this occasion the members of the "Jockey Club" had provided themselves with hunting whistles, with which they made such a racket that both music and applause were completely

drowned. Though the Emperor signified his indignation quite unmistakably, and the more respectable portion of the audience cried, "Throw the Jockeys out!" the whistling continued until the curtain fell. On the last performance, March 24, before the opera was withdrawn, the whistling and yelling were renewed, and that part of the public which had come to listen to the music—the stage action went on calmly, as though nothing out of the ordinary were taking place—engaged with members of the "Jockey Club" in hand-to-hand combat, and no one could tell whether Niemann was singing or not.

What a change has taken place since! Long years before the war the "Ring" and the "Meistersinger" had been included in the repertory of the *Opéra,* and the Concerts-Colonne and the Concerts-Lamoureux took in their best receipts whenever they played orchestral extracts from Wagner's works and Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

Berlioz was another of the great musicians whom I encountered while I was in Paris. At the time he was very little appreciated and led a retired existence, earning a livelihood by writing criticisms for the "Journal des Débats." I had the honor of being presented to him at an orchestral concert given by a

society known as the "Concert des Jeunes Artistes," which had been founded by Pasdeloup and was conducted by him, and of meeting him in the Salle Hertz, where I had played Spohr's Eighth Concerto. These "Concerts populaires" marked the beginning in Paris of concerts at popular prices, afterward continued by Colonne and Lamoureux. Pasdeloup's idea was to popularize good music. The orchestra was made up of quite young first and second prize-winners of the Conservatoire, and the soloists were chosen among young native and foreign artists of talent, who played without any recompense, satisfied with the opportunity to be heard in public by a distinguished audience and representatives of the entire press, before attempting to gain such modest emoluments as their art might offer. For various ones among these artists, both singers and instrumentalists, such appearances were the first steps taken in a career later to be crowned with success.

After meeting Berlioz, I called on him at his modest lodgings and was received in the most cordial fashion. Berlioz was fond of strangers, since he was far more highly valued outside the borders of his own country than within them. He gave one or two great concerts with grand orchestra in Paris every year,

concerts devoted to his own compositions. He was greatly admired by all the young musicians whose trends were modern, but little supported or encouraged by the majority of his contemporaries, who, at the *Opéra,* lay under the spell of Meyerbeer, Auber, and Rossini, and at the symphonic concerts pledged their allegiance to the German classic composers.

As for myself, I have since taken all the pains in the world to learn to enjoy Berlioz's music, and must confess that I have not succeeded. While admitting that Berlioz's great merit lies in his augmenting the means of orchestral color, his blazing of new trails, his enlarging the musical horizon in such works as the "Symphonie fantastique" and "Harold en Italie," both settings of poetic programs, a species of composition unknown before his time, he has never moved me. His "Requiem," at the first performance of which four small orchestras were placed in the four corners of the Invalides to sound out in union at a given moment—I think it is in the "Dies Irae" or the "Sanctus"—with the great mass of the chorus and the whole body of the full orchestra, produces an almost overpowering effect. Yet the heart is untouched by all this sudden terrific inundation of sound. I have always preferred the works of his two con-

temporaries, Liszt and Wagner, whose divine melodies and whose rich and colorful instrumentation have made my very heartstrings vibrate. Yet Berlioz had the allegiance of three of the best orchestra conductors of our time, who were great admirers of his music: Felix Mottl, of Bayreuth and Munich; Felix Weingartner, formerly of Berlin but now of Vienna; and Jan Mengelberg, the famous director of the Concertgebouw Orchestra in Amsterdam. It is curious that three of the great French composers—Berlioz, Gounod, and Bizet—were never appreciated in their native land until they had scored notable successes abroad. Germany, for example, was the first to take "Faust" to her heart, while the success of "Carmen" was really established in Vienna, where an American singer was the first to create the title-rôle. It was not until after the triumphal reëntry of these works into Paris, after they had made a name for themselves abroad, that the earlier works of the masters in question were produced, Gounod's "Mireille" and Bizet's "Pêcheurs de Perles"; while Colonne played "Faust" and the Berlioz Symphonies at his concerts. Wagner, too, encountered formidable opposition in his own country to begin with, but when a German monarch, King Ludwig II of

Bavaria, placed his private fortune and the court theater at his disposal, he was at last able, with the aid of international partisans, to realize his cherished dream, the creation of the Bayreuth *Festspielhaus.*

CHAPTER III

WITH JOACHIM IN HANOVER

Music at the Court of the Blind King—Joachim the Master Teacher—Brahms, David, Gade, Clara Schumann—I Play with Brahms at Hamburg—Music in Germany before the Franco-German War.

After a stay of a few months in Paris, my father and I left for Hanover, with letters of introduction and recommendation to Joachim. He was considered to be the greatest among the virtuoso musicians who practiced the aphorism, "Music first, and then the virtuoso." It held good not only for his playing, but also for his programs, which contained nothing but good music. He received us very cordially upon our arrival in Hanover, and accepted me as a pupil, a real distinction, since he would never engage to teach more than five or six young students, selected by a rigorous examination.

Hanover was then the capital of an independent kingdom which still, as a province, bears the same name. George V was king.

It was a quiet city with a few handsome squares: the Ernst August-Platz, with a bronze statue of King Ernst Augustus; the triangular Theater-Platz, with statues of the composer Marschner and others; and the Georgs-Platz, with a statue of Schiller. The historic *Schloss* of the king stood in the very middle of the town, overlooking a large square used as a market every morning, when the *hausfrauen* of Hanover went there to purchase their fresh vegetables, and used at other times for official fêtes. The king and his family lived outside the city in the famous *Herrenhausen,* really an overgrown cottage, surrounded by a park which included an open-air theater and an orangery and was embellished with beautiful walks and rare plants. King George was totally blind, having lost one eye through illness when he was a child and the other by an accident when he was fourteen, so that he lived only by the senses of touch, smell, and hearing, the last in particular. I lay stress on this because it is an established fact that the blind are gifted with a marvelous auditory sense, and are especially fond of music.

It was for this reason, in all probability, that the king of Hanover had one of the best opera companies in all Germany, one of the

artists being Albert Niemann—to whom King George, at Wagner's request, had granted leave of absence to sing "Tannhäuser" in Paris while I was in that city. The orchestra of the Royal Opera was excellent in every respect. King George, who had succeeded in attaching Joachim to his Court by giving him unrestricted liberty to travel as much as he liked, and by salary appointments altogether exorbitant for the period, endeavored to make life at Hanover more interesting for him from the artistic point of view by entrusting him with the direction of the symphonic concerts —there were six to eight of them each Winter—given by the Orchestra of the Royal Opera, and entitling him Concert Director of the Royal Court. King George and the entire Court never failed to appear at these symphony concerts, which were given in a hall of the Royal Theater especially designed for the purpose—a superb building, both in its architecture and in its site. Joachim's chief duty, however, was to play privately once or twice a week for the King. At times, when my finances were at their lowest ebb, Joachim would take me with him to these *concerts intimes,* and we would play Spohr's Duos and the Bach Double Concerto. The King and the members of his family were always most

gracious to me on these occasions, and a few days later I would receive from the Marshal of the Court an envelope containing ten gold pieces, worth about five dollars apiece, which would enable me to live without monetary worries for a few weeks longer.

Life in the city of Hanover was quite patriarchal. The centers of interest were the Royal Theater and the Court, and the great events were the occasional visits paid King George by foreign princes. At such times the King reviewed the garrison on horseback, guided by an aide-de-camp, who by means of inconspicuous signals let him know at what moments he must, as the supreme chief of the Hanoverian army, acknowledge the acclamations of his faithful subjects by the military salute. Aside from these distractions, the days passed quietly, without the noise of street cars or autos, which did not exist; no more than a dozen cabs, stationed in the leading squares of the town before the hotels, furnished the sole means of wheeled locomotion. Practically every one walked, and when the noise of wheels was heard on the streets, all craned their necks, eager to see whether a minister of state or some diplomat accredited to the Court were passing. Occasionally a Court equipage would roll by, easily distinguished by its

lackeys and coachman in the red royal livery, its appearance a genuine event in the monotony of our daily existence—a monotony very conducive to work, however.

It was in Hanover that I heard Gounod's "Faust" for the first time. Not only the city, but the whole countryside was in a state of excitement for weeks before the première took place. Several of the newspapers were opposed to its production, filled with suspicion because a French musician had ventured to set Goethe's masterpiece to music. Where the great Spohr and other German composers of lesser talent had not succeeded, was it conceivable that a Gallic composer would do justice to the Teuton genius' drama? Others, influenced by the success of "Faust" in Berlin, and on some of the other great lyric stages of Germany, were optimistic, and anticipated a sensational triumph. It was said that the publishers, Bote and Bock, had purchased all the German rights to the score for twelve hundred dollars. I cannot confirm this statement, however, having no documentary evidence, but I believe it quite possible that Gounod, after the non-success of his work in Paris, was willing to dispose of his German rights in "Faust" for a trifling sum, since he was anything but wealthy in 1861-2.

The name Gounod meant nothing to me. I knew nothing he had written, not even the popular "Meditation" for voice, organ, and violin on a Bach prelude. On the evening of the première I slipped down among the orchestra players, beside a double-bass who was a friend of mine, and, screened by these enormous instruments, waited breathlessly for the performance to begin. The Royal Theater was crowded; and the Court, which was expected to attend, made its appearance on the minute, accompanied by the princes of various neighboring countries. When King George entered the royal box the whole audience rose, and a few moments later the orchestra began the overture, which impressed me deeply. Albert Niemann sang the title-rôle, and Mlle. Ulrich, an excellent lyric soprano, the part of Marguerite. I shall not dwell on this opera, which is familiar to everybody; but I cannot forbear mentioning a surprise the stage manager introduced into the third act, in Marguerite's garden scene. The moment the curtain rose on this scene, the agreeable fragrance of flowers was wafted from the stage, and filled the entire house. The effect of this faint breeze of fragrance was magical. Throughout the love duo, the artificial flowers on the stage, bound by Mephisto's spell and

Joseph Joachim

obeying his command, thus intoxicated not only the lovers but the entire audience as well. This scene assured the success of the work. I have often wondered why so natural and charming an effect has not been employed in other similar scenes: in the balcony scene of "Romeo et Juliette," which takes place in the garden of the Capulets, for instance, or in the second act of "Parsifal," where the Flower-Maidens dance in Klingsor's enchanted gardens.

The lessons I received from Joachim were not fixed in advance. He was often absent on short concert tours, from which he would return to remain in Hanover for several weeks, and it was his custom to send a servant to his pupils, in turn, to let us know the hour and day on which we were to take our lessons. He was an inspiration to me, and opened before my eyes horizons of that greater art of which until then I had lived in ignorance. With him I worked not only with my hands, but with my head as well, studying the scores of the masters, and endeavoring to penetrate the very heart of their works. I played a great deal of chamber music with my fellow students, and we would listen to one another's solo playing, criticizing the defects. We also took part in the symphony concerts which Joachim conducted, filled with pride at being al-

lowed to do so, though we sat in the last row of the violins.

Joachim occasionally gave quartet matinées on Sunday mornings, to which we, his pupils, were also invited. These were always a source of the greatest artistic enjoyment for me; it was at them that I first began to grasp the wonderful beauty, the inexhaustible depth of Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann, as well as the flowering of an unknown genius named Brahms, whose first Sextet for strings was introduced to the world of music by Joachim and his colleagues at one of these matinées. The young composer himself was present, a small, slight, beardless man with a fine head of blond hair, parted à la Liszt. He seemed awkward and ill at ease, and hid in a corner of the room.

Since Hanover lay on the main railroad line between Berlin and Leipsic, Cologne and Holland, Paris and London, many distinguished artists stopped over in town to visit the great violinist. In Hanover I met Ferdinand David, Niels Gade, the greatest composer Denmark has produced, Mme. Clara Schumann, the widow of Robert Schumann, Ferdinand Hiller, at that time the highly esteemed director of the Cologne Conservatoire and the conductor of that city's symphony orchestra,

a composer much appreciated in the conservative camp, and many others. At one of the Joachim Sunday matinées I heard for the first time the Beethoven Sonata known as the "Kreutzer," played by Mme. Clara Schumann and Joachim. Whenever I have played this Sonata since, and I have played it hundreds of times during my life, I have recalled the deep impression it made on me at this first hearing, as well as the marvelous execution of those two great artists. During one of the little concert-playing excursions which, thanks to Joachim's recommendations, I was able to make while I was in Hanover, I was engaged to play in Hamburg, Brahms' natal city, where he conducted a woman's chorus and lived in a very modest and retiring manner, though already he had a small group of partisans. After I had played at the symphonic concerts, my friends encouraged me to attempt a recital. Brahms, who recalled having seen me in Hanover at the master's house, was kind enough to consent to play the "Kreutzer" Sonata with me. This precious souvenir unhappily escaped from my memory at some time during my continual journeys; much later, on the occasion of one of my rare meetings with Brahms, and after I had already been living in Russia for a number of years, he recalled

my début in Hamburg, and then I remembered the generous readiness with which he had offered to play with me.

One who, like myself, lived in Germany before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, is in a position to testify to the tremendous influence the sovereign princes of the various independent countries of which Germany was composed exercised on the development of the arts and sciences. The reigning kings and dukes envied each other the great painters, sculptors, and musicians attached to their courts, and vied with each other in securing their services. One need only think of the courts of Munich, Dresden, Stuttgart—the capitals of Bavaria, Saxony, and Württemberg—of the capitals of the little duchy of Weimar and of the minuscule one of Meiningen. And what treasures of art were heaped up in the cities where the rulers dwelt! There was the famous Grüne Gewölbe (Green Vault) of the Royal Palace in Dresden, with its unequaled collection of precious stones, pearls, and works of art in gold, silver, amber, and ivory, including the regalia of Augustus II as King of Poland, and the largest onyx known; the splendid picture gallery and the great library in the so-called Japanese palace. In Munich there

were the two Pinakotheks, with their wonderful collections of pictures and sculptures, in Berlin the great museums. In Weimar, "the German Athens," whose golden age, from 1775 to 1828, has left an indelible impress on the character of the town, Liszt held a court of his own, thanks to the Grand Duke. Encouraged by this prince, the influence Liszt exerted in Weimar was far-reaching. It was he who first discovered and produced the works of Berlioz, and Wagner's "Lohengrin," and who did all he could to further young Saint-Saëns. Under his magic impulsion talents like Hans von Bülow, Eugène d'Albert, Emil Sauer, and many others sprang up and flourished.

Munich, during the reign of young King Ludwig II, whom Catulle Mendez describes so sympathetically in his "Le Roi Vièrge," was the metropolis of the new musical dramatic art created by Richard Wagner. It was there that Hans von Bülow, who was the sincere admirer of Wagner and was devoted to his father-in-law Liszt, laid the foundation for the future success of "Tristan and Isolde" before the establishing of Bayreuth, by producing it at the Royal Opera at the King's command. He had been given entire liberty to engage the artists he thought best fitted to sing the leading

parts; the orchestra had been augmented; he was not limited in the number of his rehearsals, and they were innumerable. He himself, sitting at the piano, coached the singers in their parts.

A lack of consideration for individuals when it was a question of establishing the artistic truths of some great work, was one of von Bülow's characteristic traits. The Schnorrs, from the Dresden Royal Opera, husband and wife, had been engaged to sing the two leading rôles in "Tristan." It was said that one day Mme. Schnorr received him alone. With some embarrassment she informed him that her husband was not feeling well and could not rehearse that day, and that she feared, seeing his health was endangered, that singing "Tristan" would prove too severe a strain for him. She added that if he insisted on wearing himself out in the part, he might fall dead on the stage. Whereupon von Bülow, with a few chilling words of regret, declared that he himself considered such a death worthy of an artist like Schnorr von Carolsfeld. I cannot vouch that this story is true, but my long acquaintance with von Bülow persuades me that it aptly emphasizes his characteristic point of view and his biting tongue. Though the Schnorrs did sing "Tristan and Isolde," and

Brahms

though the opera was admirably given under von Bülow's direction, it had but a qualified success at the time. Schnorr von Carolsfeld died in Dresden a few years after this Munich première.

Also under the direction of Hans von Bülow was an orchestra of sixty to sixty-five men supported by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, which was the delight of all Germany and the neighboring countries for more than a dozen years. When von Bülow resigned, he was succeeded by Fritz Steinbach, afterward director of the Cologne Conservatoire. And, in fact, all the German princes, little and great, were patrons of music and of musicians.

After two years spent in Hanover, years which I never forgot and which had been invaluable to me, my father and I, having exhausted our resources, took leave of the great master Joachim in order that I might try to make my début at one of the big Leipsic *Gewandhaus* concerts, which Mendelssohn had founded. At that time (1864), Leipsic was more important, from a musical point of view, than Berlin and even Vienna. Paris only, with its famous *Opéra,* with the great composers who lived there, and, above all, with the concerts of the Conservatoire, at which the most celebrated virtuosos considered it an honor to

play without remuneration, Paris only, which was also the political center of Europe, could be compared to Leipsic as regards its musical influence. In the course of my life I have had ample opportunity to observe how the capital of the country which plays a dominating part in world politics, becomes at the same time the center of attraction for finance, art, and even science. Napoleon III having overthrown the Republic in 1852, Paris was dominant until 1871; then came the turn of Berlin, which held first place until the German breakdown in 1918. And now it would seem that the United States is destined to succeed to the world leadership.

I was invited to play at the *Gewandhaus* by Ferdinand David, Mendelssohn's friend, who had heard me play in Hanover. He is said to have aided the composer in revising the solo part of the celebrated violin concerto which to this day is included in the repertoire of every violinist. David was all-powerful as regards the management of the concerts, though the youthful Carl Reinecke was the titular conductor-in-chief. I myself saw David, who was, after all, only the concert-master, conduct with head and bow, maintaining the Mendelssohn traditions in performances of the classics; while poor Reinecke, an

excellent conductor, had the choice of submitting to this dictation or of resigning. He preferred the former alternative.

It was in November of 1863 or '64 that I appeared in the *Gewandhaus*. The day of the concert I was so nervous that I could not eat a thing. My father, in despair, brought a bottle of seasoned Bordeaux wine along with him to the hall, and at the moment when I was about to step out on the stage, made me swallow a tiny glass of it. It produced the effect desired. I stepped out, full of courage, and actually scored quite a success, for not only did David and the other artists congratulate me warmly, but the press was kind as well. As a consequence I secured several other engagements, and soon, having to play in Düsseldorf, I signed a contract to act as concertmaster—I was then only nineteen—for the concert society of that city, agreeing to serve as first violin at their eight annual concerts, and to appear as a soloist once or twice a season. This was happiness indeed. It seemed to me that I had attained my life's greatest ambition. At last I had a title, I was a genuine concertmaster. An official title of some kind, or a little decoration from some one of the reigning German princes, was the height of every young musician's ambition at that

time. Incidentally, this thirst for decorations was general, even among the great artists, with the sole exception of Joachim, perhaps. A little later I hope to tell a few amusing stories in this connection.

CHAPTER IV

DÜSSELDORF, HAMBURG, AND THE MÜLLER QUARTET

Music Festivals at Düsseldorf, Cologne, and Aix-la-Chapelle—Jenny Lind—I Play for the Last Time at these Festivals in 1902—Richard Strauss—Elgar—Joachim is Made Director of the New *Hochschule für Musik* in Berlin—Solos and Chamber Music in Many Cities.

THE acceptance of this position in Düsseldorf, which was not a very taxing one, offered me great advantages. After years of constant wandering, it gave me a firm footing in most artistic surroundings, and held out the prospect of my being able to work and perfect myself without constant material preoccupations. Geographically Düsseldorf offered every convenience. At a period when traveling by rail was far from being comfortable, it was situated practically on the banks of the Rhine, half an hour distant from Cologne, a musical center; four or five hours distant from Holland and Belgium; twelve to fifteen hours from Paris; and eighteen hours from London. At that time Düsseldorf was one of the most

charming of German towns, with its handsome boulevards, notably the *Allee Strasse* and the *Königs Allee,* bordered with old trees, its lovely parks, and its buildings, modern for their day and very attractive, most of them the dwellings of the celebrated painters of the period, for Düsseldorf was famed for its Academy of Painting, which attracted hundreds of young painters from every land. It was the home of the brothers Andreas and Oswald Achenbach, of the famous Hungarian painter Munkacsy, of Knauss, Baur, Tidemand, Vautier, and many another whose name I no longer recall. In Düsseldorf one breathed art in through every pore; it was the sole subject of conversation, and no one had any other but artistic aspirations. The monthly and annual art exhibitions were the great events of the city, and several of the painters kept open house for their friends and colleagues. At the Artists' Society, or *Malkasten* ("The Paint-Box") as it was called, situated in the *Hofgarten,* one could always encounter the great masters, seated at old oaken tables and surrounded by youthful disciples, eager to glean praise or adverse criticism of the paintings they exhibited. Sometimes, in the winter, a little music was played; in the summer the artists played cards, each

player keeping a small bottle of dry Moselle beside him on the table. The climate was so mild that these open-air reunions lasted from April to October.

There was even a sort of minuscule Court in Düsseldorf. The Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, it is true, was a mediatized prince, a relative of the king of Prussia, to which country he had turned over his territories; yet he had a small château, the *Jägerhof,* in which he lived with his family a little out from the center of the town. One of his daughters was the mother of the present king of Belgium. She was then known as Princess Marie, a charming young girl, who later married the Count of Flanders, heir to the Belgian throne. She was extremely fond of music, played the piano passably well, and I often had the honor of playing sonatas with her. The town was one of a union of three Rhenish cities—Cologne, Düsseldorf, and Aix-la-Chapelle—in which music festivals were given turn and turn about during the season of Pentecost. The mixed choruses were famous for their fine voices and perfect training, and the choral organizations of all three cities united on these festival occasions and were directed by some distinguished composer or some conductor of prominence. Many well-known musicians

came from other parts of Germany, from Holland, Belgium, and France, to attend these festivals, which offered what was then a rare opportunity to hear great choral works well performed.

In the year 1866, a few weeks before the outbreak of the Austro-Prussian War, it was Düsseldorf's turn to be the festival city. On this occasion the Swedish singer, Jenny Lind, was the great attraction, and though she no longer possessed all the charm of her once marvelous voice, she nevertheless proved herself a great artist in a few oratorio airs—I believe they were from Haydn's "Creation." The festivals always lasted three days—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday—the dress rehearsals occurring in the morning and the concerts in the evening. Pentecost was a holiday observed as a kind of general vacation, and the visitors, most of whom came from abroad, filled the great hall for the dress rehearsals, for which admission was charged, as well as for the evening concerts.

The programs, as regards their general style, were uniform for all three cities. On the first day a Händel oratorio, a Bach mass, or some other larger choral work by a master, perhaps by Haydn or Mendelssohn, would be given. On the second day there would be a

cantata, an overture, and a symphony—most commonly Beethoven's Ninth. On the third day the soloists who had been heard in the concerts of the preceding days would sing airs and romances; there would be a number for orchestra alone, and usually a concerto for violin or piano, played by some instrumental virtuoso.

In the other two cities either Joachim or Mme. Schumann or another artist of renown had been the solo player during the past few years. At Düsseldorf I had the honor of playing a violin concerto, the youngest artist ever included on these programs.

I played for the last time at one of these festivals in 1902. On that occasion Richard Strauss and Elgar conducted performances of their works, the latter his "Dream of Gerontius," and I played the Brahms Violin Concerto.

In 1866, only a few weeks after the festival, the armies of Austria and Prussia met on the battle-field of Sadowa, in Bohemia, and as a result of her defeat Austria lost all influence in German affairs. Many of the princes who had favored the Austrian cause were dethroned and their territories annexed by Prussia, among them the king of Hanover. The grand-duke of Hesse-Darmstadt was saved from a

similar fate only by the intervention of the emperor Alexander II of Russia, whose empress was the sister of the grand-duke. The blind king of Hanover transferred his residence to Gmünden, that lovely summer resort in Upper Austria, and never again returned to his native land. Joachim left Hanover and was made the director of the new *Hochshule für Musik* in Berlin, a position which he occupied until his death in 1907. The only son of the blind monarch became reconciled to the Court of Berlin a few years before the outbreak of the World War, and married the only daughter of the ex-emperor William II. He was unable to succeed to the heritage of his ancestors, the duchy of Brunswick, which was proclaimed a republic in consequence of the German Revolution.

After the Düsseldorf festival I was offered several engagements, and accepted one tendered me by Julius Stockhausen, director of the Hamburg Philharmonic Society, under the same conditions existing at Düsseldorf, with the further advantage of being the first violin of a quartet which the society wished to organize to give chamber-music soirées of a popular character, at reduced prices. This offered me a new field for cultivation.

I had already played some séances in London, with artists like Piatti; but these had been occasional quartets, made up of musicians meeting for one or two rehearsals, each letter-perfect in his part, and playing only a special repertoire calculated to please the taste of Mr. John Ella, director of the "Musical Union," and of his arch-conservative subscribers. At one of the matinées of this society we had played for the first time in London Robert Schumann's famous quartet for piano and strings, the piano part entrusted to a player celebrated in those days, Alfred Jaell. The "Quartet" scored a moderate success at the concert. The following day Mr. Ella showed me several letters from his subscribers, in which, while expressing their admiration for the manner in which the work had been played, they begged him to drop this *confusing* composition from his programs! Nevertheless, the letters unanimously admitted that the slow movement was "appreciable." The quartet is now a universal favorite.

Hamburg now offered me a chance to study the "great repertoire" of chamber music at my ease, and with the advantage of calling for as many rehearsals as I chose. After some weeks of assiduous labor, our young Quartet made a brilliant début before a crowded con-

cert hall. We played two quartets, beginning and closing the program; and Stockhausen sang some romances between the two larger works. These sessions were continued throughout the winter season, and invariably drew a large audience. During my stay in Hamburg I filled this post for two successive seasons; and among my other engagements was one at the Breslau symphonic concerts, conducted by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, the father of Frank and Walter Damrosch of New York.

As a consequence of the success of my Hamburg quartet sessions, I received, to my great surprise, a pressing invitation from the Müller brothers, then a very famous quartet, to take the place of their first violin, who had become ill on tour. I was asked to come to Berlin to rehearse for the first concert, which was due a few days later in that important city. It was naturally a source of great satisfaction to me to feel that I was able to stand on a footing of equality with so remarkable an association, and that, young as I was, I could make my first appearance in chamber-music work with artists of such experience. We worked together most harmoniously, and soon there existed the most perfect understanding among us, quite aside from the music. I became especially intimate with the youngest of the

brothers, the 'cellist Wilhelm Müller, who was always gay and cheerful; while the two older brothers, the second violin and the viola (the last-named was manager of the quartet), were rather solemn and serious, especially when the receipts in one or another town did not come up to expectations, for both were fathers of families.

All in all, things did not go so badly. After two soirées in Berlin, we turned to Königsberg, playing also in Stettin and Dantzig, a city now much in the public eye because of the political quarrels between Germany and Poland. It was then a wealthy commercial city, rich in historical associations, and filled with buildings whose architecture, dating back to the days of the Hanseatic League, recalled the events of centuries dead and gone. We also visited many of the lesser provincial towns, lying between the larger centers and not connected with them by rail, to reach which we had to take post-chaises, large carriages holding six persons and drawn by four horses. Wrapped in furs, we would roll along for many wearisome hours, occasionally making short stops to change horses and snatch brief and wretched meals in the small, smoky rooms of the Royal East Prussian Post. Reaching our destination, however, we would be received

by delegates of the musical societies, by all the wealthy music-lovers, who would promptly install us in their sumptuous houses, where, aside from the cordial hospitality extended to us, we were spoiled by their friends and overwhelmed with all sorts of little remembrances. At the concert the hall would be filled to overflowing by those who had come from far and near to hear the famous Müller Quartet, with its youthful and savage Hungarian leader.

At times I was obliged to interrupt our tour in order to return to Hamburg to attend my duties as concertmaster of the Philharmonic Society, or to play one or two quartet performances with my Hamburg colleagues. Having complied with my obligations, I would hasten to rejoin the Müller brothers in some town agreed upon in advance, and would sometimes arrive with barely enough time to change from my traveling costume to evening dress before I made my way to the concert platform. While we traveled, nevertheless, our rehearsals were never dropped; thus we perfected our ensemble, and enlarged our repertoire so that we could vary our program in places where we gave several concerts, as quite frequently we did.

While we were on tour in the middle of Germany, we received an invitation to play

at the ducal court of Meiningen. At this period the same ceremonial was observed at all the courts, the very smallest imitating the largest; the same solemn pomp and etiquette characterized the entrance of the sovereigns at Saxe-Meiningen and Weimar as attended those in St. Petersburg and Paris. The day after we had played for his Highness the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, and while I was still under the influence of the function, there came a knock at my door, and a lackey entered in the gold-embroidered livery of the court. He placed in my hand a large envelope, sealed with the Saxe-Meiningen seal of state, and with it a small red morocco case. After his departure I opened the envelope with trembling hands and beating heart. It contained a certificate in which his Highness the Duke conferred upon me the small cross of the family "Order of Ernest" (which the dukes of Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Saxe-Meiningen conferred in common), and the little red morocco case contained that signal decoration itself. Decorated! I was decorated, and now had the right to wear in my buttonhole a narrow red ribbon, bordered with green! I had realized the dream of all young artists of my day, and of many who were well matured. At once I bought a yard or so of

the proper ribbon to ornament all the button-holes of my wardrobe, including that of my overcoat; the cross itself was used only on great occasions. And then, for several nights in succession, I carefully locked the door of my room, lit every available candle, and, standing before the mirror, fastened the cross to my evening dress that I might admire its effect. Ah, those glorious happy days of youth!

CHAPTER V

MUSIC AT THE SPAS (1864-1865)

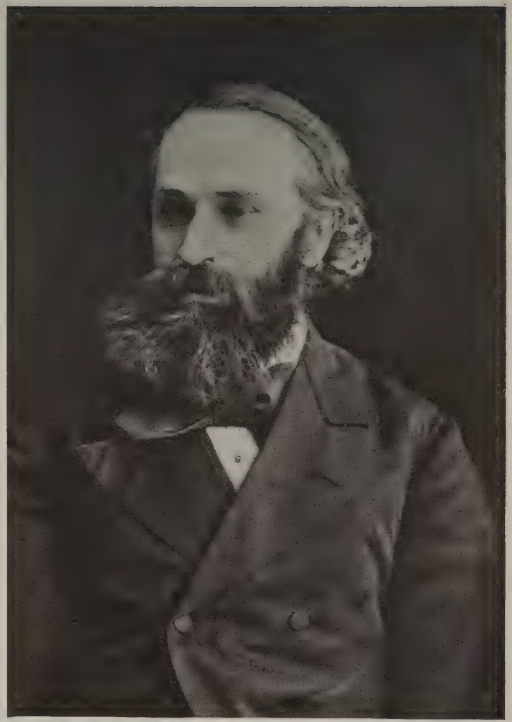
Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden—Henri Wieniawski—Nicholas Rubinstein—Anton Rubinstein—Johann Strauss the Waltz King.

Two spas—Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden—both favored with springs whose waters were highly appreciated by physicians for their curative properties in a number of disorders, were also, in the early part of the second half of the nineteenth century, most fashionable centers, whose extensive pleasure grounds, promenades and gardens, luxurious gaming houses, together with the brilliancy of their social life during the season, drew throngs of visitors from all parts of the world. The gaming places, in the sumptuous Casinos (*Kurhaus* or *Conversationshaus*) of both resorts, with their outfits for roulette, baccarat, and *trente et quarante,* rivaled those of the present Monte Carlo, for the latter is superior only in its beautiful natural situation dominating the Mediterranean. At that time, however, Monte Carlo was still no more than a barren rock, known only to such travelers as might

happen to stop at Nice; François Blanc did not obtain his concession until 1861. There were also gaming rooms in such spas as Ems, Homburg, near Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and Nauheim. In fact, it was only after the closing of the gaming casino at Nauheim that it really became a health resort universally known for the value of its mineral springs in the treatment of heart disease.

Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden were rivals: the former had in its favor the fact that it was but three miles from the Rhine; the latter boasted an ideal location on a hill 600 feet high in the heart of the beautiful Black Forest, with historically interesting environs—Roman ruins and a medieval castle with subterranean dungeons — and picturesque promenades. Weisbaden had the advantage because of its mineral springs; it was much frequented by the English and the Russians. Baden-Baden, on the other hand, attracted the French, Italians, and Latins generally; and these languages were heard there far more often than German. At the gaming tables French was the only language spoken, and that in the very heart of Germany, although Strasbourg, at that time belonging to the Napoleonic France of the third empire, was but three hours distant by rail. From Wiesbaden you took a

Henri Wieniawski



Charles Davidoff

small two-horse carriage to Biebrich, and in about fifteen or twenty minutes found yourself on the right bank of the Rhine, opposite Rudesheim with its famous vineyards, and all round you that lovely and fantastic scenic beauty which has been so often described. The Duke of Nassau, then the ruler of a duchy which passed to Prussia in 1866, had a castle overlooking the river, which served as an objective for strangers on excursion from Wiesbaden. The castle also had a specific interest, inasmuch as Richard Wagner, so rumor runs, lived in it at the time he composed the "Meistersinger."

The management of the Casino, both in Wiesbaden and in Baden-Baden, arranged for concerts during the season, for which were engaged not only virtuosos of the greatest fame but young artists of promise as well. In addition to the regular concerts, Baden-Baden held musical festivals in which French composers conducted their works and French artists assisted. It was there that Berlioz once conducted his opera "Béatrice et Bénedict" and his "Romeo et Juliette" Symphony. It goes without saying that both these spas had admirable orchestras.

Baden-Baden also had international horse races. In other words, there was something

for every one, however different his taste might be.

Though only an unimportant Düsseldorf concertmaster, I had managed to secure a Wiesbaden engagement, and was very proud of the fact, which at once seemed to place me on a level with other young virtuosos of promise, and in the company of the great artists who had already arrived. When I reached Wiesbaden I stopped at one of the best hotels, and having removed the stains of travel, directed my steps toward the Casino. I was much impressed by the Grand Square, which boasted, at one side, a handsome building with two columned wings, containing large shops whose windows made a sumptuous display of all sorts of luxuries. In the middle of the Square were two fountains, surrounded by parterres of multicolored flowers, which, when they played at night, were brilliantly illuminated. In the shops beneath the colonnades everything that man or woman could desire might be purchased at *double* the customary price. There the occasional lucky winner coming from the gaming table would spend with reckless profusion the gold and silver he had won so easily; while the unfortunates who had lost—and they were always in the majority—would pass by with heads

hanging low, and give never a glance to the attractive articles exposed in the windows.

Upon entering the Casino, whom should I see in the distance, coming toward me from one of the gaming tables, but Henri Wieniawski, a tall figure, with his black hair hanging down upon his neck, à la Liszt, and his great dark eyes full of expression. Conversation in anything above a whisper was strictly forbidden in the Casino, sacred to the devotees of chance, lest the croupier's announcement of the winning number, red or black, even or uneven, should not be heard. Having, with his little rake, drawn in the bank-notes and the gold and silver pieces scattered over the table, and paid the winners, the croupier once more recommences with his *"Messieurs, faites votre jeu!"* For the greater convenience of the croupier and the gamesters, then, all conversation was conducted mouth to ear. Since we could not talk in the Casino, we walked out upon the terrace, which fronted a small lake, and there recalled our first meeting, a couple of years before, in Copenhagen, where Wieniawski had been most delightfully kind and cordial to me.

He told me that he had played the week before at Caen, that he had come from St. Petersburg with Nicholas Rubinstein, and that at

the moment he had caught sight of me he was *working* at one of the gaming tables, using a "system" which made winning such a certainty that he expected to break the bank of the Wiesbaden Casino in a very short time. Nicholas Rubinstein and he had pooled their funds, and since Nicholas was more calm and sedate by nature, and more reserved in character, it was he who was doing the actual playing. Wieniawski disclosed to me all the details of his "system," which he declared to be infallible; and told me that since their arrival two weeks before each of them had put 1,000 francs into the joint enterprise, and that from the very first they had made 500 francs a day. Of course it was rather hard work for Nicholas Rubinstein, he added, to have to sit for six or eight hours at a gaming-table, only once in a while shifting his position to another, when fortune seemed to favor the bank too consistently. They had decided to continue with their "system" in Ems, Homburg, and Nauheim, and were quite certain that they were far more likely to make a fortune with it than by giving concerts. An additional advantage was the fact that they did not have to weary themselves practicing their scales every day.

Nor was this all. Wieniawski, filled with

his golden vision, said that in the future he would give himself up to composition, and would play the violin only for his own amusement, as an amateur. Then bringing his face close to my own, he declared:

"The difference between an amateur and a professional musician is that the former plays only for his own pleasure; while the latter has to play for the pleasure of his audience!"

Whereupon he burst out into a peal of his habitual frank laughter, in which I could not help but join.

Soon there came up to us a thick-set man, with a blond mustache and closely cropped hair, who wore a large broad-brimmed gray fedora on his head, carried a heavy cane in his hand, and had between his lips a thick cigarette from which rose voluminous puffs of fragrant tobacco-smoke. Every detail of his exterior appeared heavy, weighty, and solid, and his step was slow and meditative. He was Nicholas Rubinstein, founder and director of the Moscow Conservatoire, opened not long before, and conductor of the concerts of the Moscow Symphonic Orchestra. Wieniawski at once presented me to him, and like the genuine artist he was, Rubinstein showed himself most encouraging and amiable to the unknown

young colleague whom chance had thrown in his way. I was at once accepted as a member of their party.

There was nothing about Nicholas Rubinstein's personality which recalled his brother, Anton, unless it was his hands, hands which were enormous, and his great thick fingers, each finger-end upholstered on its inner side with a veritable cushion of flesh. He was gay and cheerful, not with the easy, open frankness of Wieniawski, but rather as though the important position he occupied in his own country prevented his letting himself go. Later, when I was myself living in Russia, I met many similar characters among the high state functionaries. Nicholas, like his brother Anton, was very generous by nature, and regarded money merely as a convenience for giving pleasure to others and to himself.

Since Wieniawski was living in the same hotel in which I had registered, while Rubinstein was quartered next door, in the Hotel Nassau, I took advantage of the opportunity presented, and every morning hunted up the former in his room, where, in spite of his new philosophy as to the ideal manner of making a living, he would practice the violin for hours at a time, like a great artist—for his own pleasure—disclosing to me the hidden treasures of

his genius. Meanwhile poor Nicholas Rubinstein was seated at one of the Casino gaming-tables, using the famous "system" to the greater disadvantage of the bank.

For several days in succession the "system" of the associates operated with such flourishing results that when they proposed my joining their bank-breaking company, I accepted with enthusiasm, in the hope of making my fortune too without the drudgery of practicing scales. I turned 500 francs, all the money I had, into the common treasury, with the prospect of another 500 francs, my fee for the concert at the Casino several weeks later, to invest, once I had played. In the meantime we led a gay and carefree life, dining in the French restaurant attached to the Casino, ordering the choicest food and drinking the best vintage wines, without regard to price. Matters continued after this fashion for a few days more; I was already receiving my share of the spoils, and was thinking of resigning my position in Düsseldorf in order to settle permanently in Wiesbaden or at Baden-Baden, working a few hours a day with the "system" at the Casino, and playing the violin like a good amateur, only accepting a few highly-paid engagements from time to time.

One evening, however, as I was returning

from a walk with Wieniawski, we saw Nicholas Rubinstein walking alone with sedate and measured pace. As we drew near him, we could not help remarking his pensive and preoccupied air; even the fat cigarette between his lips seemed to droop disconsolately. We wondered what might be the meaning of this little digestive promenade *before* dinner. Did he intend to fly in the face of every rule of hygiene? Inwardly, nevertheless, I was already growing very much worried. When we caught up with him we said at once:

"Well, what is it?"

And he replied with the greatest calmness, "Oh, nothing at all! All is over. They have sent me and the 'system' flying sky-high, and I lost our whole capital in a few turns of the wheel."

Hereupon I asked, "But what will we do?"

"Do?" he answered. "Do? Why, we will go to dinner!"

This is what we did, and ate a good dinner in the best of spirits. After dinner we took counsel together. In view of our common disaster it was decided that we had better separate, each of us to take up his former occupation again. Farewell to those happy dreams of independence founded on our infallible "system" and our hope of breaking the

bank at Wiesbaden, Ems, Baden-Baden, and Bad-Nauheim!

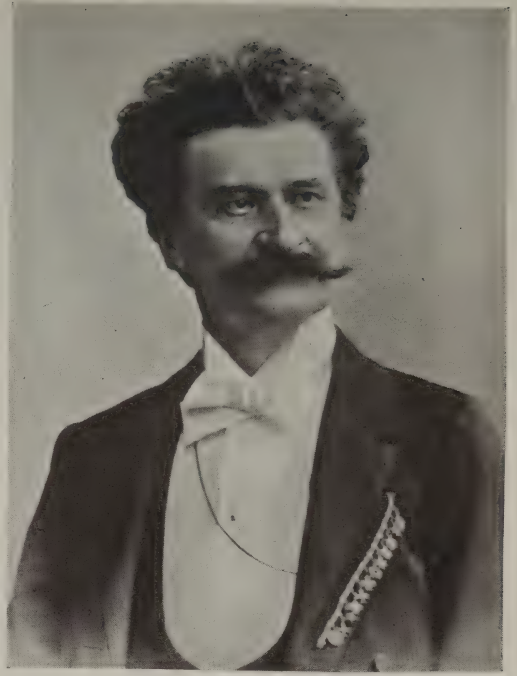
We then collected all our monetary reserves, and saw with despair that when we had paid our hotel bills we should have absolutely nothing left. In order to secure funds, Wieniawski said he would sell his fantasy on themes from Gounod's "Faust" to the music-publisher Schott at Mainz, for as high a price as possible, which would enable him to return to Russia. Nicholas Rubinstein, who still had a few Russian bonds with him, made up his mind to sell them and make the return journey to Moscow on the proceeds. I could only telegraph to Düsseldorf for an advance on my salary, my engagement at the Wiesbaden Casino not falling due for several weeks.

We took leave of each other in the most cordial manner, and not one of us then imagined that three years later we should meet again in Russia, and often recall, with hearty laughter, our great financial conquests in Wiesbaden and the collapse of the infallible "system." Before leaving Wiesbaden we made a little excursion to Biebrich together, and there I was presented to Anton Rubinstein, who was at that time on his honeymoon with the young wife he had married in Baden-Baden and who received me in the most cordial way.

In the year 1873 I agreed to play two summer engagements in Baden-Baden, one in the month of June and the other in the month of August. In the interim between the two concerts I made my first trip to Switzerland. I remember that at Lucerne, where I was delayed for several days by continuous rain, I did not wish to leave without having climbed the celebrated "Rigi Kulm." In those days there was no funicular railroad, such as takes you to the summit to-day, comfortably seated, while you ascend such peaks as the "Rigi," "Pilatus," and "Jungfrau." You had either to clamber up by yourself, or pass on mule-back along the innumerable precipices, or else simply not go.

For my own part I had decided to make the ascent on foot. At the Hotel National, where I was stopping, were other victims of the bad weather, especially English and American tourists. On the wharf where the steamers discharged their passengers after making the tour of Lake Lucerne, there was a high column with a barometer and a thermometer, which we sallied out to study several times a day. The rain continued to fall, however, and the mountains were still invisible, shrouded in clouds. After each inspection of the column we would return

Richard Strauss



Johann Strauss

to the hotel, where every succeeding train deposited new visitors, until finally it was necessary to make up beds in the billiard room and in the bath-rooms in order to accommodate them all.

Since I was quite alone and friendless in this enormous building, whose inhabitants changed twice a day, my sole distraction consisted in observing the arrival and departure of the international crowd of tourists in the over-loaded hotel omnibuses. The *table d'hote* afforded excellent material for making a physiognomic and even a psychological study of this mixed gathering which had come from all parts of the world: men and women, girls and boys under the wing of their parents, governesses and their charges, young couples on their honeymoons. Yet I must admit that my interest soon flagged. But the weather cleared at last, and I was able to make my first ascension of the Rigi-Kulm, with two Englishmen and a guide. I shall not attempt description; I could add nothing to what has already been said by those far more authorized and able to speak than myself. The following day, after enjoying an unforgettable sunrise which transfigured all the giant peaks of the Oberland, we made our descent in a few hours'

time. I packed my trunk and departed for Interlaken to greet the "Jungfrau" . . . but to return to Baden-Baden.

It was still fifteen days to the time set for my second concert, and I needed the time to get my fingers and arms in shape once more after the interval of three weeks in Switzerland, where I could not very well take out my violin while I played the part of a mountain-climbing tourist. The first place I visited in Baden-Baden was the Casino. The picture was invariably more or less the same as in the other spas, yet it was always a striking one.

Coming out again, I met the 'cellist Cossmann, one of the most remarkable of German artists on his instrument, and a professor at the Moscow Conservatoire, for the moment on vacation like myself. Walking beside him was a man with a kindly face, to whom he introduced me. It was Johann Strauss, the famous Viennese "king of the waltz" and composer of a number of comic operas, among them *Die Fledermaus* ("The Bat"), which at that time was a repertory number on every German comic opera stage. Strauss had been engaged by the management of the Baden-Baden Casino to conduct their fine orchestra twice a week in open-air concerts, for a fee of 3,000 francs a performance, a fabulous figure in those days.

These afternoon concerts were free to all, and drew an enormous crowd from all the cities and towns of the countryside. More than giving pleasure to innumerable auditors, they were very useful to the Casino administration, for though admission to the gaming tables was possible only by "special permit," these "special permits" were distributed in profusion to all men and women who asked for them, so that the management, in spite of the honorarium paid Strauss, reaped a rich financial return from the presence of the thousands of visitors he attracted. Strauss told me that he himself lost practically all he made conducting the concerts at roulette and *trente et quarante.* This, however, did not prevent his being always in the best of spirits, and he invariably showed his appreciation when musicians present at the concerts congratulated him. I must admit that I was one of his sincerest admirers; but he had others as well, and among them some of the greatest musicians. One was Clara Schumann, who, with her two daughters, occupied a small house in Lichtenthal, practically a suburb of Baden-Baden, a charming spot after which was named the superb Lichtenthal Alley, known to every one who has visited Baden-Baden. Their old friend Johannes Brahms, then visiting Mme. Schu-

mann, Cossmann, and several others, shared this admiration for the "king of the waltz."

No sooner did Strauss mount the platform (which was always amid acclamations) and bow to the crowd, than he seemed to magnetize them with his personality. When he took up his violin and gave the signal to the orchestra with his bow, the auditors were breathless. He conducted the first few measures of every composition; then he would suddenly seize his violin, place it against his chin, and while he played carry his orchestra away with him, leading them with movements of the head, and beating time with his foot. After every number played came a great wave of applause. When he conducted it the orchestra was infinitely flexible; it would play with the most subtle shading and the most delicate modifications of rhythm; it discoursed art-music. Then only did I realize all the genius which lay in these dances, these marches and overtures, whose instrumentation had been made by the hand of a master.

Brahms never missed one of these afternoon concerts by Johann Strauss. It is said that Mme. Strauss once asked Brahms for an autographed photo of himself. In the course of a few days he presented her with a picture on which he had jotted down the first measure

of "The Beautiful Blue Danube," beneath which he had written his signature, preceded by the exclamation, "Alas, *not* by Johannes Brahms!"

CHAPTER VI

DECORATIONS—AN ULLMAN TOUR

Decorations and Musicians—Carlotta Patti.

In the course of my life I have received many decorations from many sovereigns, including the Legion of Honor conferred on me by the French Republic, but not one of them ever gave me half the pleasure I took in the little Meiningen cross in 1867. Not even the grand cross of the Order of St. Stanislas, with the star, a high distinction which I shared with no more than two other musicians in all Russia —Vassili Safonoff, director of the Imperial Conservatoire of Music in Moscow, and Edouard Napravnik, the first conductor of the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg. It was presented to me in St. Petersburg in 1908, by the unhappy Czar Nicholas II, on the occasion of my forty-year jubilee in the service of the Conservatoire.

I do not know, now that the Great War is over, how decorations are regarded in Europe, Germany and Austro-Hungary having become republics; but before the year 1918, especially

in France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy, every tenth man one met in the streets wore in his buttonhole a ribbon of one or another color, or, in France or Belgium, the much-desired rosette to indicate the higher degrees of officer, commander, and so on. In Russia, on the contrary, decorations were worn only on official occasions, and then the decoration itself was displayed. It was some thirty years ago that the great Anton Rubinstein was awarded the grand cross of the Order of St. Stanislas, after having been made an "actual" counselor of state, with the title of "Excellency." The whole musical world was deeply moved by the news, and inundated Rubinstein with letters and telegrams of felicitation, for he was the first musician to receive such a distinction from a Russian monarch. Rubinstein himself had been born at a time when, in all that did not concern his art, Russia still regarded a musician as a pariah. The artist was received and his genius admired; but this had nothing to do with his social position, unless he happened to be of noble birth, or else occupied a position in the official hierarchy which carried noble rights with it.

Rubinstein himself was so deeply impressed by the signal honors conferred upon him that he no longer thought them compatible with the

exercise of his profession as a musician, that of playing before the public for money. At the Hôtel de l'Europe, in Dresden, he withdrew from public life, receiving only a few friends, and giving fewer lessons—gratuitously, of course. Josef Hofmann was one of the best known and most widely recognized of the pupils who came to him there. But after he had lived the existence of a musical hermit for two years, his ardent soul rebelled. He could no longer resist the appeals of his friends, nor the temptation to preach the gospel of the great in art to multitudes only too happy to acclaim him. Yielding to the solicitations of his friends, he took his way to cities like Berlin, Leipsic, and Vienna, in order to play for the poor, everywhere attracting great throngs, and amassing a small fortune for the needy, while he placed the revenue from his own modest personal fortune at the disposition of his family in Russia. Rubinstein himself was anything but rich; he lived on a pension of 3,000 roubles which the Czar's government had allotted him in recognition of the services he had rendered the art of music in Russia, and of the innumerable concerts he had given for the benefit of Russian charitable societies. It was due to his aid that the monument to Glinka in Smolensk, his natal town, was

erected. He once told me that he had refused an offer of a million francs, at that time a very large sum of money, tendered by an American agency for a hundred concerts to be played in six months' time, because he had decided that the strain of traversing the Atlantic a second time, and of traveling like a post package from city to city, would prove too much for his strength.

I have heard that Liszt, who was Court Chamberlain at Weimar before he became the Abbé Liszt and who possessed the highest decorations of nearly every country which conferred any, was most appreciative when Napoleon III invited him to Paris and made him a commander of the Legion of Honor, not until then included in his collection.

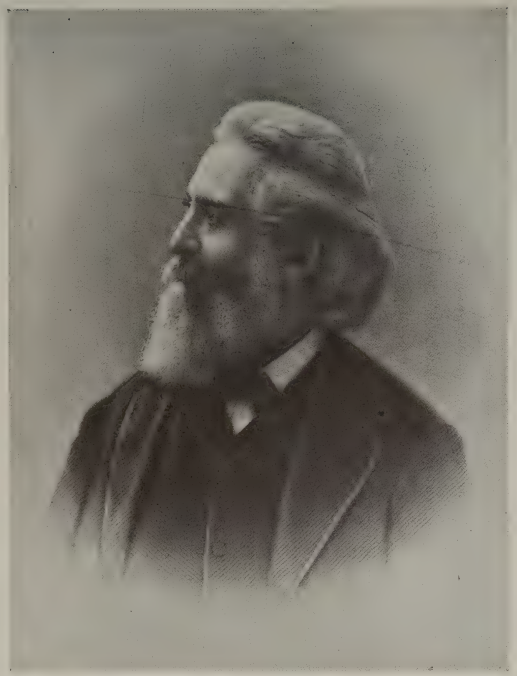
Henri Wieniawski, always jocose and full of witty anecdotes, even when he was at the point of death, once told me a story of Servais, the famous 'cellist, which is in order here. It seems that Servais, after an absence of several years, arrived one day in response to a royal invitation at the Château de Loo, in Holland, where King William, father of the present Queen Wilhelmina, held court and received the great artists of the time in true royal fashion. The king welcomed him cordially, shook hands with him, and said:

"What, you've not changed a bit, my dear Servais?"

Upon which Servais, pointing to his buttonhole, where gleamed the small chevalier's cross of the "Eikenkron" ("Order of the Oak Crown"), replied with a bow, "Alas, Sire, I am still the same!"

The king smiled and a few days later sent him an officer's certificate, together with the rosette.

Another anecdote current in the musical world at that time concerned the Chevalier Antoine de Kontsky, a once celebrated pianist, and composer of "The Awakening of the Lion," which piano piece has been thumped out by thousands of girlish hands in the drawing-room, and by as many hirsute hands on the concert platform. Kontsky, wishing to pay his respects to Liszt, came to Weimar and presented himself at the latter's home in a black frock-coat with a white cravat, his breast covered with decorations. Liszt, in his plain black abbé's soutane, received him in the most amiable manner, as he did all who visited him. But as soon as he noticed that Kontsky was hung with all his decorative regalia, he excused himself, retired into another room, and slipped into his uniform as a grand-ducal chamberlain, a uniform plastered with gold braid and



Leopold Damrosch

Josef Hofmann and A. Lambert

starred with half a dozen orders. Thus attired he returned to Kontsky and said:

"And now I am altogether at your service, my dear M. de Kontsky!"

And thus the tales go on, endlessly. Among the great of the earth I have known one only, Richard Wagner, who was altogether immune to the lure of titles and decorations; his genius aside, it was his own way of distinguishing himself from the rest of mankind.

I believe one Parisian custom has maintained itself to this day, the one that provides that when an artist, musician, painter, designer, or sculptor receives the cross of the Legion of Honor—or, if already a chevalier, is elevated to a higher rank—his friends and comrades offer him a banquet to celebrate the event.

In 1867 rumors began to spread, and soon afterward were published in the German and Austrian papers, of a concert enterprise on a grand scale, something calculated to cast into the shade everything of the kind hitherto attempted. The general public as well as musicians everywhere were highly curious to know what it was to be. Toward the beginning of summer I received a letter from Mr. Ullman of New York—at that time the correspondence with artists, owing to the lack of concert

agencies, was carried on through the big music publishers—proposing that I take part in a concert tournée which was to begin in the first days of September, to last for six weeks, and to traverse Austria, Austria-Hungary, the adjacent province of Galicia, in which Lemberg and Cracow were the principal cities, and the duchy of Bukovina, of which Czernovitz was the capital. I was offered 250 guilders per week—a guilder representing about two crowns—and my traveling expenses. The offer appealed to me and I accepted it. All I had to do was to play at each concert either the second movement, the "Andante con Variazioni," from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, or the violin part in Mendelssohn's Trio in C Minor for piano, violin, and 'cello (second and third movements), and a solo number.

During the summer all papers carried full-page advertisements to the effect that Mr. Ullman, the famous New York impresario, had decided to bring to Europe the great singer—the queen of all female throats—the incomparable Carlotta Patti—to appear with a phalanx of other artists of the highest rank, including Leopold Auer, the violinist, Jules Lefort, the Paris baritone, David Popper, the celebrated 'cellist, and Rudolf Wilmers, the

eminent pianist. The walls of Vienna, Budapest, and other cities were covered with posters of unheard-of size, and the illustrated papers were filled with our photos and with legends about each of us. With regard to Carlotta, insinuations were made that it was she who was the real genius of the two sisters, Adelina and Carlotta Patti; that having suffered an accident in her earliest youth whereby one of her feet had been crushed (which ever since she had dragged when walking), she had been compelled to give up the stage; and that as a result Adelina (who also had a fine voice) had taken the place of her elder sister. The better informed Viennese and inhabitants of the other cities had heard vague reports—the cable or telegraph service regarding opera and concert "stars" was either lacking completely or very rare at the time—respecting another Jenny Lind, by the name of Patti, of Paris and London; was suspicious of a hoax in the American style; and hesitated. But the crowd everywhere literally fought for tickets long before the days set for the concerts.

Our impresario, counting on the curiosity of the multitude, had announced only two concerts for each city, holding the program of the third in reserve, but ready for distribution. As soon as the two other concerts had

been sold out, he would announce the last "farewell" concert, which was always "by request," and seats for which were invariably sold out before the date fixed for it.

If the methods of the management did have some resemblance to a "bluff" after the Barnum model, already familiar on the other side of the Atlantic, the playing of the virtuosos announced complied with all the demands made by concerts of this type. Though Carlotta Patti had only a little thread of a voice, it was as clear as a bell; her staccatos were delivered in a finished manner, and her intonation was perfect. She created a sensation in countries where good singers were the greatest rarity. Jules Lefort—he had a fine baritone voice—was also highly appreciated in the French romances he sang; Wilmers was a virtuoso pianist who copied Thalberg; young Popper was on the way to gain the heights of fame as a 'cello virtuoso-composer; while I myself was on the eve of being called to St. Petersburg. If these concerts did not stand for the highest ideals as regards programs, and appealed mainly to the naïve mass of the general public, it must be remembered that they had not been organized to make propaganda for classic music, and that, such as they were, they achieved their aim. The audiences which

we attracted were invariably content, and expressed their satisfaction by endless ovations.

Johannes Brahms, whom I met during this tour in a little restaurant in Vienna where he ate his modest meals, said to me in his sarcastic way: "Well, you have arrived here with your army like a conqueror, to put us all under contribution," after which he sneered and buried his face in a mug of good Vienna beer.

Our tour was made under the most pleasant conditions, and was not fatiguing. Carlotta Patti did not have to sing more than three or four times a week, and never traveled at night, owing to the lack of sleeping cars. Mr. Ullman, in view of the excellent receipts, was in the best of humor, and we were all of us young and gay. When we arrived in Czernovitz, on the evening before our first concert there, I felt ill, having caught cold. I took to bed shivering, although it was the middle of summer. The doctor came, examined me, said that I had a violent fever, and prescribed some drugs and complete repose. Jules Lefort, good comrade that he was, cared for me like the best of nurses, and it was he who next day informed our manager of my indisposition. Ullman at once came to my room, and inquired very frigidly after my health.

"I am afraid that I shall not be able to play this evening," I told him.

He replied in a surly tone: "What do you mean, not play to-night? You know that the concert has been sold out to the very last seat, that the usual prices have been tripled, that I cannot change the program nor put off giving the concert. I can cut your solo, but I must insist on your playing the first number, the 'Kreutzer' Sonata, which serves as an introduction to Patti's first entrance. I must positively have this first number, and so far as the public is concerned, it is a matter of absolute indifference to it whether you play it well or ill!"

After this tirade there was nothing left for me to do but to drag myself to the theater that evening, supported by my friends Lefort and Popper. When the moment came I literally slid into the chair before my music-stand, and finished the piece I had to play as best I could. Then I rose without acknowledging the meager applause which greeted my playing, was placed in a carriage by my comrades, and returned to the hotel, where I went straight to bed. I had four or five days in which to recover for the last two concerts. We left for Budapest, and soon after the tour was at an end. We had the gayest sort of a farewell

supper at Carlotta's, at which the entire company appeared, and then we all separated, much to our regret.

I set out for Hamburg, to resume my work there, and to continue my winter tours with the Müller brothers, the last trips I took with them; for the following autumn I was in Russia. I have already noted how great an influence these quartet tournées exerted over all my future activities; not only did I gain a profound knowledge of the sublime repertory of the classic masters, but thanks to playing and studying these works continually, for the concert platform, I learned to gauge those tonal effects which one cannot acquire save in a hall and before an interested audience, one which is in sympathy with the work as well as with the artists who play it.

CHAPTER VII

ST. PETERSBURG IN 1868

Anton Rubinstein—I Am Called to Russia—Life in St. Petersburg.

THE year 1868 was one of the richest in events of importance of my entire career, for it exerted a decisive influence on my whole life as an artist. During May and June of this year, having been engaged for a series of concerts in London, I took part in a séance of chamber-music at the "Musical Union"—where I had already played in preceding years—with Anton Rubinstein. It was the first time I had heard this great artist play. He was most amiable at the rehearsal, which commenced with the Beethoven Trio in B Flat, the one known in France as the "Archduke," Beethoven having dedicated it to his protector the Archduke Rudolf of Austria. To this day I can recall how Rubinstein sat down at the piano, his leonine head thrown slightly back, and began the five opening measures of the principal theme which precedes the entrance of the violin and the 'cello. (The 'cello part was played by Alfred Piatti.) It seemed to

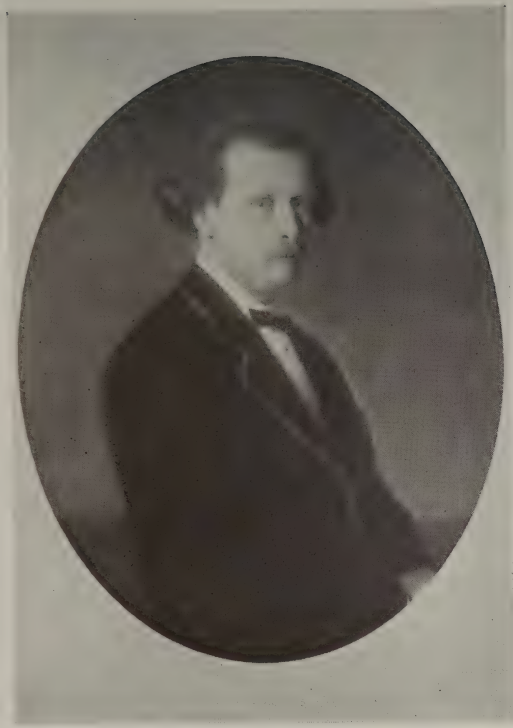
me I had never before heard the piano really played. The grandeur of style with which Rubinstein presented those five measures, the beauty of tone, his softness of touch secured, and the art with which he manipulated the pedal, are indescribable. Whoever among my readers was so fortunate as to have heard Anton Rubinstein will understand the astonishment and enthusiasm I felt. Very simple in his manner, without any affectation of importance, he was charming in his relations with all artists, and, indeed, with all whom he regarded as devoted to the true cause of music. In the little French hotel where he resided, near St. James' Hall, then the largest concert hall in London, he usually kept open house for his friends in the good old Russian style of bygone days, transplanting the hospitality of his native land to English soil. His unostentatious manner of life, his daily receptions, unheralded and unadvertised, nevertheless had a touch of the lordly, emphasized perhaps by the cordiality with which Rubinstein received his guests.

When the London season was over, I took advantage of an invitation to pass my vacation at a summer resort in the Black Forest—a delightful little spot named Petersthal, situated on a little hill, buried in a vast expanse

of woodland, and containing only a few hotels. There I lived the composite life of a gentleman and a musician, practicing on my violin, and reading and studying scores for my repertoire. One morning, when I opened my mail, I found a letter from Louis Brassin, the pianist, then professor at the Royal Conservatoire of Brussels, who was a few years later to occupy the same position at the Imperial Conservatoire of St. Petersburg. It contained a clipping from the Cologne Gazette, one of the most widely circulated newspapers in Germany, of a prominently displayed announcement:

"The violinist, Leopold Auer, is requested to send his present address to the Kreuznach music shop (Kreuznach was a watering-place, and the proprietor's name followed) in view of an important communication to be made to him."

Having telegraphed my address to Kreuznach, I received from Nicolai Zaremba, who had just been appointed director of the St. Petersburg Conservatoire of Music, a request for an interview. It was agreed that we should meet in Petersthal, and Zaremba arrived a few days later. He turned out to be an extremely amiable person, who had been professor of harmony at St. Petersburg while



Nicholas Rubinstein

Anton Rubinstein

Anton Rubinstein was director. The latter's resignation had followed misunderstandings with the management of the Russian Musical Society, of which the Grand Duchess Helena was the president. Always Rubinstein's most devoted admirer, she had used all her influence at the court to enable him to carry out his dream of creating in St. Petersburg a musical institute which, as regards artistic importance, need yield nothing to the conservatoires of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin.

What Zaremba had to propose to me was a three-year contract as a professor at the Conservatoire and a soloist at the court of the Grand Duchess Helena, where there were biweekly musicales whose programs included both solo and chamber music. Anton Rubinstein had begun his career as soloist at this court: do I need to add that my deliberations were brief?

I arrived in St. Petersburg one fine afternoon at the beginning of September, well satisfied to leave the traveling coach in which, seated in a first-class compartment, I had spent more than the thirty consecutive hours scheduled to cover the distance between the Russian frontier and the capital. When I stepped from the vestibule with the porter who carried all my hand-baggage. I was at

once assailed by a dozen or more functionaries recommending hotels, furnished rooms, and boarding houses, each of whom thrust a card on me that promised every convenience in the world to the traveler wise enough to stop at the address indicated. I chose the Hotel Bellevue, which had been recommended to me by friends in Berlin, waited half-an-hour for my trunk, and was about to enter the hotel omnibus, when a multitude of small one-horse vehicles drew up around me. They were built very low, without hoods, and their coachmen sat on tiny seats, with their feet dangling. Each was wrapped up in a sort of cloak which might originally have been blue in color, and each wore the kind of barret affected by all Russian droshky-drivers. The droshkies were equally dirty, as dusty within as splashed with mud outside, and all their drivers were equally at my service. Of course I did not understand what they were saying, but my guide informed me that each was lowering the price for the ride, thinking I could not decide between them.

The Bellevue Hotel was situated on the Nevsky Prospect—the Broadway of St. Petersburg—opposite the Anichkoff Palace, the residence of the Grand Duke Heir Presumptive. Below my window the life of the city

circulated under my eyes. Elegant equipages drawn by two horses rolled by at a speed unknown to the cities of occidental Europe; little one-horse wagonettes for one passenger only, known as *egoistzkas*—the derivation of that word is simple—very narrow, with just space for a driver in front and the master behind, careered in their flight; hundreds of the dirty little droshkies, their horses in a jog trot or standing about the street corners, were ready to pounce on any isolated pedestrian their drivers spied.

Just as in the Orient, however, the drivers invariably asked double what was offered them, and there was little to be done about it, since there was no charge fixed by law. Many years later an energetic chief of police did introduce a fixed droshky charge, but with a sliding scale, based *not* on the distance covered, but on the time consumed, beginning with a unit of fifteen minutes. This gave rise to innumerable disputes between coachman and customer. The former, in order to make as much as possible out of his fare, would drive so slowly that the droshky hardly moved from the spot, for all that the law said he must cover ten kilometers an hour. The customer, growing impatient, and unwilling to lose time, would offer to double the fare,

whereupon the coachman, with a traitorous smile, would whip up his horse and move at top speed.

At the time of my arrival in St. Petersburg there were no traffic regulations in the city. As is the case in the United States to-day, where every one has his car, the private equipages were in the great majority, and most of them were drawn by blooded horses. Society people and high dignitaries of state rivaled each other in a contest of vanity over sumptuous harnesses and the splendor of their coachmen's livery. Coming as I did from the more stolid Germany of those days, I was impressed by the splendor of the great shops, the broad streets and vast empty public places, most of them well-nigh without trees, the palaces of the grand dukes and of the various Ministries, the Grand General Staff Building, the Ministry of War, the Admiralty, the Senate Building, that of the Grand Synod, and, above all, by the Winter Palace, in which the Czar, the Czarina, and their children ordinarily resided during the winter. It lay with one front giving on the Neva, while the other faced a great square in which military reviews were held.

An aerial bridge connects the Winter Palace with the Hermitage Museum, which contains one of the greatest picture galleries in

the world; and the whole building would cover some eight or ten square blocks in New York. All these buildings were comparatively new, dating from the end of the eighteenth century, or later, and were without an especially pronounced architectural style. They were merely large and spacious, with immense halls and galleries adapted for official receptions and balls, and great chambers admirably decorated, furnished with art objects scattered about on the rich furniture imported from Paris. Few of the paintings had any great value.

Two churches stood out among a multitude of others. The cathedral of the Virgin of Kazan, on the Nevsky Prospect—erected in honor of the miraculous image, the "Black Virgin of Kazan," found in the city when the Russians delivered it from the Tartars and transferred to Moscow in 1612—has an exterior colonnade which recalls St. Peter's Church in Rome, of which it is a somewhat ugly imitation. The cathedral of St. Isaac, which stands in the middle of St. Isaac's square, overlooking one of the Neva wharfs, is an imposing structure famed for the immense and gorgeous columns of yellow marble—in the worst possible taste—which surround it and for the splendor of its altars, one

of which is encrusted with columns of malachite and the other with columns of lapis lazuli. The icons it contains were all made in Russia, and date from the end of the eighteenth century. Among other artistic institutions there is a special Academy of Arts for instruction in painting those icons or images of the saints which play so important a rôle in the cult of the orthodox Greek Catholic Church, the state church of which the Czar was the supreme head. Such icons are to be found in the poorest huts as well as in the most splendid palaces inhabited by the faithful. In the homes of the very pious you will as a rule find a small praying-stool surmounted by one or more icons.

In spite of its brilliant exterior, I found that St. Petersburg, from the hygienic point of view, was still in a very primitive state. Water conduits existed only on paper; the streets were sprinkled by rolling a barrel of water into the middle of the road, where the street-cleaner used a watering-pot to lay the dust, splashing the equivalent of several bottles in one place and renewing the process until the barrel had been emptied. Every house-owner was supposed to keep clean the street in front of his own house at his own expense; but the cleaners were often busy with

other duties, the streets remained dry, and became almost impassable with the dust-clouds raised by the first step. Great hot-water and steam-bathing establishments, highly appreciated by the people, were to be found in every quarter of the city; the majority of peasants and factory workers, dirty enough to all outward seeming, crowded these establishments once a week; whereas the more comfortably situated classes could obtain private baths, their subscription to a private bathing room, always rented at a high figure, being regarded as a great luxury.

One of St. Petersburg's chief charms is its "Isles." To reach them you pass the Quay of the Neva, a granite embankment so named because it borders this beautiful river along its entire length through a part of the city adorned by handsome private dwellings, several grand-ducal palaces, and the Admiralty, built in the reign of Peter the Great, Falconet's statue of the greatest of the Romanoff's, erected in 1782 by order of the Czarina Catherine II, ornaments one of those numerous open places which later became a public square planted with handsome trees. Following the Neva Embankment, you cross the wooden bridge which unites the city itself with Vasilyevski Island. This is the commercial port

of St. Petersburg, and here the great ships come in from the Baltic to take on and unload their merchandise; while numbers of smaller and larger vessels crowd the river between the two banks. Shut off from all communication by sea during half the year, the port enters upon the most intense activity from the moment navigation sets in, a moment which the Government announces several days in advance in the most solemn manner, while to the thunder of cannon, the Governor of St. Petersburg passes from one bank of the Neva to the other in his barge, flying the banner of the city. Then the vessels, which have come on one side from Lake Lagoda and on the other from the Baltic, hold themselves in readiness to enter the river.

From Vasilyevski Island you proceed by a long avenue to reach Kamennyi Island. In 1868 this island was half country, and was covered for the most part with small wooden houses; but nowadays it is one of the main arteries of communication, having been connected with the other part of the city by a very handsome and spacious bridge. Continuing along this avenue, you pass beautiful alleys of old trees, with small lakes in the perspective, and charming villas, carefully kept up, some of them belonging to members of the

Imperial family, others the summer residences of ministers of state whose duties compel them to pass the season in the city, and still others held by members of the diplomatic corps and by wealthy commoners.

Still following this avenue bordered with trees and flowers, you come to the end of *terra firma* at what is called the "Point," a tongue of land which projects into a bay and from which you can see the Gulf of Finland, the sea opening before the eye through a frame of wooded coast. In my time this was the objective of all the summer promenades both of the upper and of the lower classes of St. Petersburg. Ordinary mortals reached it by boat on the water and on land by droshky, though the socially elect used handsome carriages. In the winter, of course, everybody went by sleigh. The "Point" provided everything for the amusement of the public: there were several gardens with vaudeville theaters of every kind, even to open-air grand opera with ballets and character dances, jugglers, acrobats, and what not.

But the prime attraction was the small restaurants, very select, in the Parisian style, each known only to its initiates. There the gourmets and the wealthy merchants from the provincial towns went to enjoy their evening

meal in merry company. Each cabaret had its own *Tzigane* (Russian Gypsy) orchestra in its main dining-room; but in its smaller cabinets the Gypsies, men and women clad in their richly picturesque costumes—the women and young girls seated in a circle, the men standing behind them—would sing in chorus, the "conductor" fronting them with a guitar slung across his shoulder and directing them with movements of his feet and head. Among these Gypsies were to be found splendid racial types, such as you see in the paintings of Spanish artists. They sang music whose melodies were original, but whose choral harmonization was traditional, having been handed down for centuries. At times their tone-combinations were poignantly beautiful and moving. Little by little, they would pass from deepest pathos and tenderness to an augmented movement which would terminate in a dance of the maddest gayety. Then from the midst of the circle of *Tziganes* a single couple, a young girl and a young fellow, would step out and commence to dance, miming a whole love-story in their steps.

It is impossible to describe the effect. The present simply ceased to exist. You were back in the enchanted gardens of the Alhambra in the days of the Moor. The audience,

their heads warmed by the music, the dancing, and the champagne everybody drank in profusion, would break forth into frenetic applause; the conductor, seeing that the psychological moment had arrived, would send one of the prettiest of his dancing girls to take up the collection in a dish covered with a napkin; and soon a heap of gold pieces and bank notes of ten, twenty-five, and a hundred roubles would pile the dish.

In winter, when sleet had hardened the snow, it was customary after dinner or the theater to send for a *troika.* This is a large sleigh, about the size of a touring car, capable of holding six persons and drawn by three horses each hung with a bell, the horse in the middle moving at a rapid trot while the two outriders gallop, the coachman always standing inside the sleigh. There was something fantastic about these equipages when encountered on a fine starry night, darting off to the "Isles," or on their return stopping that the revelers might warm their frozen limbs and faces at a restaurant where the *Tziganes* lay in wait for merry parties.

In winter as in summer St. Petersburg society kept late hours, and was gay far into the night. The majority of bureaus did not open before ten in the morning, and the higher

government functionaries rarely received before twelve. Rubinstein, however, during his incumbency of the directorship of the Conservatoire, was always in his directorial office at nine o'clock sharp, which made it morally obligatory for each one of the teachers to be at his post on the hour he had set.

CHAPTER VIII

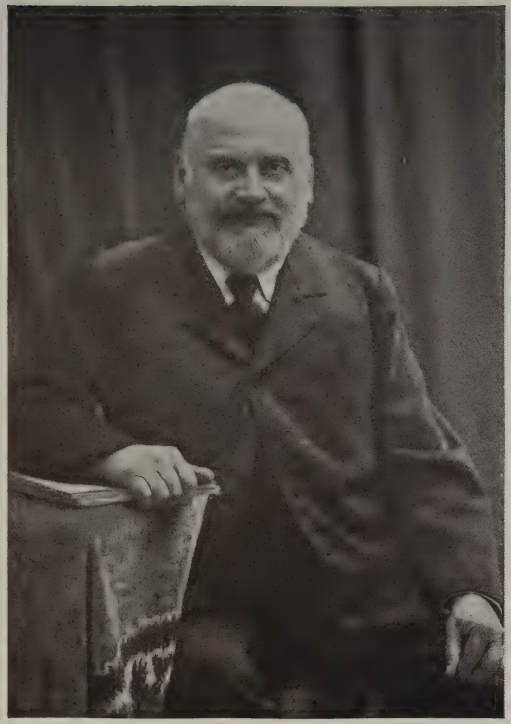
MUSICAL CONDITIONS IN ST. PETERSBURG IN THE '60's

The Two Imperial Theaters—The Russian Musical Society—Grand Duchess Helena—The Conservatoires of St. Petersburg and Moscow—The National Movement in Music—Glinka—The Famous "Five," Balakireff, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Cui, Borodine, and Moussorgsky—Dargomyzhsky—Davidoff—Imperial Russian Quartet (Auer, Davidoff, Pickel, Weichmann)—Tchaikovsky—Glazounoff—Leschetiszky—Brahms—The Rubinsteins—Taneieff—Siloti—Scriabine—Sergei Rachmaninoff—Lhevinne—Imperial Ballet School—Ballet Russe—Sergei Diaghileff—Pavlova—Nijinsky—Grand Duke Constantine a Great Patron of the National Movement in Music—His Views on Wines—The Musician and the Privileged Classes—Restrictions for Jews—Musicians Elevated to Nobility—Great Singers—Brief Life-span of Many Famous Russians.

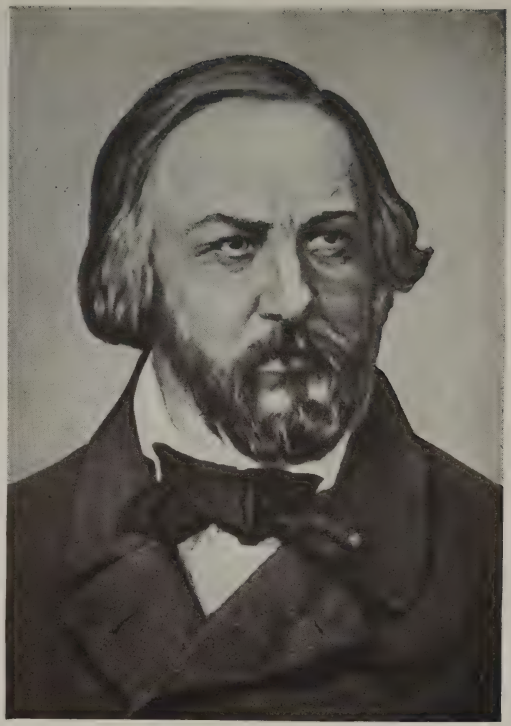
THE two Imperial Theaters, in St. Petersburg and Moscow, were controlled by a single director, who resided in St. Petersburg, and who had the monopoly of all theatrical performances and private concerts given in the

two capitals during the winter season, which lasted from September to Lent, in March. Private concerts and theatrical performances could take place only during the five Lenten weeks, the Imperial Theater being closed at that period of the year. The Imperial Director's monopoly with regard to private concerts even extended to posters and program notices. These could be printed only by the press of the Imperial Theaters, and the notices were distributed to the subscribers like a newssheet. Each music-lover who subscribed to the concerts received an announcement every morning which acquainted him with the theatrical event of the day, and the repertory at the Imperial Theaters for the week.

The only exception to this monopoly was the Russian Musical Society, which was privileged to give concerts of orchestra and chamber music every Saturday evening throughout the whole of the winter season, the court theaters being closed on Saturday. Thus the Russian Musical Society occupied an exceptionally favorable position, and took advantage of it, on behalf of the art of which it was so powerful a representative, to engage famous artists from all parts of Europe to give recitals, but always under the ægis of the Russian Musical So-



Balakireff



Glinka

ciety, and in the guise of its "supplementary concerts."

The conservatoires of St. Petersburg and Moscow were members of the Society in question; and that of Moscow, with Nicholas Rubinstein (brother of Anton) as its chief, had branches in other large cities, such as Kiev, Kharkov, and Odessa, their number increasing year by year. When I left Russia in 1917, the Russian Musical Society had already from thirty to forty branches, including various conservatoires and musical academies. They richly encouraged that love for music which is rooted in the Russian heart; and they provided the far-flung arteries which enabled the two great educational institutions, the conservatoires of St. Petersburg and Moscow, to attract to the musical centers the larger number of their pupils, who represented all the nationalities of the vast Russian empire.

Until the year 1865 the only advanced school of music in Russia was the School of Church Song, conducted exclusively for the choir of the Imperial Chapel, and maintained at great expense for the ritual services in the court churches. Otherwise there were a few private piano schools, and a number of teachers who gave private lessons in the houses of

the nobility and in the academic institutions supported by the Imperial ministries.

All who wished to study music seriously—and their number at that time was not so very great—went to Germany, France, and Italy, or tried to obtain private lessons from some good musician living in Russia. With the opening of the conservatoires in St. Petersburg and Moscow, music took on a new life throughout the country. Faculties of notable artists, foreign and Russian, were soon attracted to the two institutions. In St. Petersburg there were: Anton Rubinstein, Theodore Leschetiszky, Alexander Dreyschock, for piano; Henri Wieniawski for violin—he handed in his resignation at the same time Rubinstein did, in spite of the endeavors of the Grand Duchess Helena, President of the Russian Musical Society, and of the other members of the managing board—and Charles Davidoff for 'cello; while Mme. Erica Nissen Saloman and Everadi were the vocal teachers. Zaremba and Johannsen taught theory, counterpoint, and fugue; and Anton Rubinstein, unless I am mistaken, orchestration. Moscow followed the example set by St. Petersburg. After a few years of feverish activity, inspired by the two Rubinsteins, a swarm of young musicians received their diplomas,

and went forth to bear musical science and musical enthusiasm to every corner of the vast Russian land.

The very year in which I arrived in St. Petersburg, Tchaikovsky had just brilliantly completed his course at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire; and a few years later it was Arensky's turn. Both graduates were at once attached to the staff of the Moscow Conservatoire. Somewhat later, Safonoff and many others who have since grown prominent completed their courses. Safonoff was at once engaged as professor of piano and, after a few years, made director of the Moscow Conservatoire.

The trend was all in favor of Russian youth, the youth of the country, which was no more than right, and there was a general desire to depend no longer on artists from abroad. With the number of pupils increasing every year, the young artists graduating from the two great institutions with special honors were retained to join their respective faculties, and so no violence was done to the older traditions. Thus encouraged and supported, the new elements were assimilated without difficulty, and, little by little, a body of professors was formed at each conservatoire which any other institution might well have envied.

At the time of my arrival a serious crisis had developed in the Russian world of music. During the last years of Anton Rubinstein's directorship, a young Russian musician, Mili Balakireff, a pupil of Glinka—the father of Russian music, the younger element called Glinka—became discontented with the principles, based on the classics, by which Rubinstein had directed the Conservatoire, as well as with the symphonic programs of the Russian Musical Society, which Rubinstein conducted after the fashion of the great orchestral concerts in Vienna, Paris, Leipsic, and Berlin. Balakireff succeeded in grouping about him some young amateurs—they were scarcely professionals—who were filled with patriotic enthusiasm for the idea of founding a new school in music, the "young Russian school" they termed it, which should be based on those principles of nationality of which Glinka—the composer of the two grand operas in the national style on folk subjects, "A Life for the Czar," and "Russlan and Lioudmilla"—was the god, and Balakireff the prophet.

Rimsky-Korsakoff, a young officer in the Russian Navy; César Cui, a professor of military engineering, with the rank of lieutenant-general, on the Grand General Staff of the Russian Army; Borodine, professor of chem-

Grand Duke Constantine

Borodine

istry at the St. Petersburg University; Moussorgsky, a young officer in the Preobraschensky Regiment of the Imperial Guard —these, with their leader Balakireff, were the outstanding members of the little group of nationalists in Russian music who came to be known by the name of the "Five." Balakireff, the only musical specialist in this sailor-soldier-chemist group, often brought them together in his own home, where the compositions of the young enthusiasts who were feeling their way were played and considered. Balakireff himself, who was a pianist, presented them at the piano, and reviewed critically the various vocal and instrumental works submitted to him for judgment. Little by little, thanks to the energy of Balakireff, their one and only teacher, they ended by acquiring the principles of harmony, counterpoint, and orchestration. It was Rimsky-Korsakoff who, abandoning all thought of a career in the Imperial Navy and devoting himself exclusively to music, in time made such account of his genius and his capacity for hard work that he became the recognized chief of that little clan which has produced many of the greatest Russian compositions.

César Cui is known in this country chiefly by a little violin piece, "Orientale," but most

unjustly. It is quite true that he has composed too many works in too many different styles, and that they are decidedly unequal in value. All the same, he wrote a number of charming romances, several operas, piano compositions, and other pieces which unquestionably contain pages worthy of being known and heard. He was, however, the least "national" member of the group to which he belonged; that is to say, his works are those which hark back least to Russian folk-lore as a source of musical inspiration.

It may be that, as the child of a French father and a Polish mother, he grew up in an intellectual environment altogether different from that of his companions, and that this is the reason, though he was a Russian by birth and in spirit, he was never able to write music which could move the Russian soul, nor deeply stir the enthusiasm of auditors in other lands. Cui was a man of letters and assumed the rôle of music critic in the interest of his party. He wielded a mordant pen, which was always busy overturning the altars erected in honor of the classic masters. For instance, he maintained that Beethoven's first eight symphonies were not very successful, and that the ninth alone was valid; that Chopin's music was written for the ladies only, and Mendelssohn's was

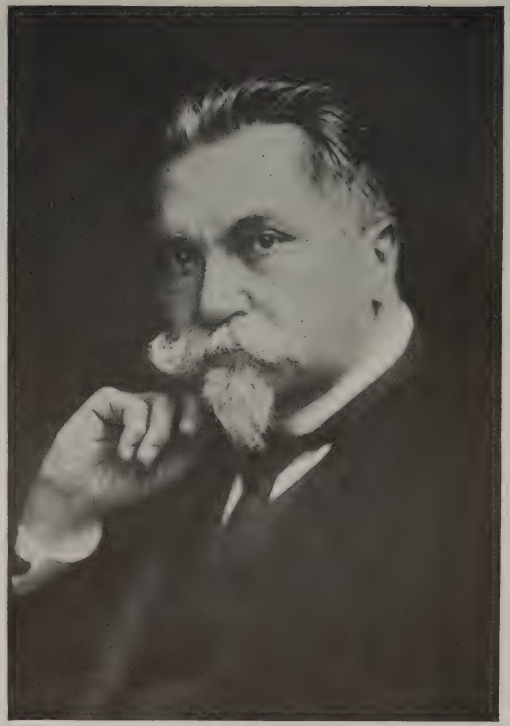
at best fit to tickle the ears of small shopkeepers, who delight in the sentimental; that Mozart and Haydn were "played out" and too unsophisticated. This line of argument, however, did not meet with the approval of the public and only served to increase the mistrust with which the young Russian musical revolutionaries were at first regarded.

Another composer of the period should not be forgotten: Dargomyzhsky, the contemporary of Glinka, his source of inspiration. He availed himself of the whole-tone scale which Glinka had discovered and used for the first time in his opera "Russlan and Lioudmilla." This scale Dargomyzhsky introduced into the lyric scenes of his "Kamenoi Gost" ("The Stone Guest"), based on Pushkin's cycle of poems, "Don Juan," which he used as they stood instead of turning them into a conventional libretto. The work brought Dargomyzhsky most intimately into touch with the "Five," in fact, it was the unqualified approval the "Five" had given his theories anent melodic recitative which had led him to write it. He was successful in his endeavor to make the "music interpret the words" (as he himself put it), and his score was familiarly known to the "Five" as "The Gospel." Cui, the official spokesman of the group, said:

"This last work of Dargomyzhsky is for us the foundation-stone of a new Russian school of opera." Dargomyzhsky died before "The Stone Guest" was entirely completed, and Cui finished one scene after his sketches, while Rimsky-Korsakoff orchestrated it for its first performance in St. Petersburg, in 1872; but his employment of the whole-tone scale was destined to have important consequences. Debussy, who lived for several years in Moscow as tutor in a wealthy Russian family, was later on much influenced by the music of the neo-Russian school, and profited largely by this scale, which he used in the works he wrote on his return to France, works which have served as models for so many of the younger French composers of our time.

Such, roughly, was the estate of music in Russia when I arrived there. After I had called on several of my colleagues, I was finally presented in due official form to the director and the whole faculty of the Conservatoire at a dinner. (Such an official dinner was given on September 8 of every year, at the opening of the institution.) At once I struck up a warm friendship with Charles Davidoff, the great 'cellist, who was only a few days older than I was, and who introduced me to his home and his charming wife on the

Rimsky-Korsakoff



Vassili Safonoff

occasion of our first quartet rehearsals. In the course of time these rehearsals became historic, for every new chamber music work of the day, for piano and strings, was played by our quartet, and was given its first performance by us. The second violin was Jean Pickel, the first concertmaster of the Imperial Russian Opera Orchestra; and the viola was played by Weickmann, the first viola of the same orchestra. It was this organization which first played Tchaikovsky's, Arensky's, Borodine's, and Cui's earliest quartets in manuscript, and, in the same form, the new compositions of Anton Rubinstein. What glorious days those were! And the gayety, the laughter, the flood of anecdote unloosed after the rehearsals, when we gathered about the hospitable table of the Davidoffs' for a simple lunch! I regret that I can quote no official documents, nor programs. All my papers, my library, my souvenirs, my correspondence with artists, and so on, I had to leave in St. Petersburg, and I very much fear that they have been irrevocably lost.

In my mind's eye I see once more the great figures of those days. There is Tchaikovsky, with the personality and the manners of a French marquis of the eighteenth century; but very modest, with a modesty which could not

be mistaken for a pose. He was too intelligent ever to attempt playing a part among his artist comrades, to whom, incidentally, he was always most cordial. There was Arensky, small in stature, puny, very timid and very laconic; he hardly uttered a word during or after the performance of one of his works. And Borodine, jovial, amiable, and full of appreciation whenever one of his quartets was played. Anton Rubinstein, during his frequent visits to Russia, where his family occupied a superb villa near Petershoff, would often bring us a quartet, a quintet, or a trio for piano, violin and 'cello; sometimes a new sonata for piano and violin or 'cello. His works were at that time widely circulated and much played. Young Glazounoff,* in Gymnasium garb, was also frequently a guest at these affairs. I well remember the day Glazounoff, who was then no more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, followed by his teacher, Rimsky-Korsakoff, arrived to attend

* In Russia the students who attended any institute of learning, including the university, were obliged to wear a uniform, varying according to the character of the school to which they went. Hence in the street or in any public place, the theater, concert-hall. or café, a glance was enough to show to which school the student belonged. I believe that this was a police measure, intended to make it easier to keep an eye on the student body, among which were to be found many radical elements, a source of continual trouble to the Czar's government.

the rehearsal of his first quartet, scheduled for performance on the program of the next public concert. Both seemed very timid and retiring, the young composer in particular, who, notwithstanding, had very definite ideas regarding the manner in which his music should be played.

Rimsky-Korsakoff had become head of the composition class at the Conservatoire, so that I had frequent opportunities of observing him when he attended the sessions of the faculty meetings. He rarely spoke; but when he did speak, he expressed himself with decision and was absolutely fixed in the ideas he advanced on any pedagogical question. Leschetiszky, then a man of forty or forty-five, highly esteemed by Rubinstein and his other colleagues at the Conservatoire, was adored by his pupils. He had been accorded the privilege of deferring his return to the Conservatoire for a month or six weeks after the opening, and had spent the summer at his villa in Ischl, near Salzburg.

Ischl was the favorite summer resort of many of the great musicians of the time. For a number of years Brahms spent his summers in a small farm-house lying on the outskirts of that place. Who knows how many of his masterpieces were first conceived in that little

rustic cottage on the bank of the narrow Traun, which takes its rise in the mountains surrounding the Ischl valley! Maria Theresa built a fine parish church in Ischl, which was renovated in 1877-1880, and what was in those days the Imperial Villa—for Ischl ever since 1822 had been the favorite summer residence of the Austrian Imperial family and of the Austrian nobility—was surrounded by a magnificent park. But neither church nor park drew the musicians living there as did the Esplanade. The Esplanade was a promenade situated on the bank of the Traun, in the very middle of the town, and on this delightful promenade was to be found the Café Walter. Here it was that after dinner, at the approved German hour between one and two, every one repaired to drink his *demi-tasse*. Brahms was to be found there nearly every day, and also Ignaz Brüll, then a young and happy composer, for his opera "Das Goldene Kreuz," had become widely popular. Carl Goldmark lived not far away, at Gmünden, on the Gmünden Lake, one of the loveliest spots in all Upper Austria. David Popper and Leschetiszky, too, would often descend from their villas on the hill to greet their colleagues.

How far away all that seems to-day, and

César Cui

Moussorgsky

how radiant in retrospect! We were all young, all happy, all content with life. Laughter was continuous, evoked by the perpetual flow of personal reminiscences, and the hours went by unnoticed. The séance at the Café Walter over, each of us went home to work. I believe Brahms was one of the hardest workers, though he never mentioned his work to any one. When some one who knew him intimately stepped up to his table and asked him what he was writing, he would invariably say, with an ironic smile:

"Oh, nothing at all, absolutely nothing!"

Leschetiszky, who, as I have said, did not return to the Conservatoire until some six weeks after it had opened—that it to say, in the middle of the winter season—had a frank, cordial nature, and an altogether Viennese quality of gayety, for in spite of his Polish descent, he had passed his youth in the Austrian capital. He kept open house in the most hospitable St. Petersburg fashion; and his first wife, Mme. Anna Friedbourg, an admirable singer of romances, which she interpreted admirably with a contralto voice of rare beauty, did the honors at his table. Before her marriage she had been attached to the court circle of the Grand Duchess Helena, for whom Rubinstein and Leschetiszky often played.

I was the youngest among the Conservatoire professors, but when I first appeared in this sympathetic environment, I was received by all in the most friendly manner. One evening, at the Conservatoire, I happened to meet Leschetiszky with a young lady whom he presented to me as his best pupil. It was the youthful Annette Essipoff, who a few years later had become one of the most famous pianists on the concert-stage and the second wife of her former teacher. A few years before the beginning of the Great War she consented to become a professor at the Conservatoire in which she had received her musical education, and there, thanks to her great gifts as an artist, she occupied a unique position. For several years I derived much enjoyment and satisfaction from the series of sonata recitals which I gave with her in St. Petersburg and in other Russian cities, and they are among my most cherished musical memories. Mme. Essipoff died during the year preceding the Revolution.

Nicholas Rubinstein often came to St. Petersburg, where he gave annual concerts, though since he was director of the Moscow Conservatoire, and conductor of the Russian Symphony Concerts in that city, besides teaching his own special piano class, he was con-

tinually engrossed with the administrative affairs which brought him to the head of the Imperial Russian Musical Society in the capital. He was young, jovial, generous, but in him were united the most opposite traits of character, for in his office at the Conservatoire, on the conductor's stand, and at the piano he was the serious and entirely capable artist, conscientiously devoted to the task in hand, for all the world like his brother Anton. He was an exceptional musician as well as a master pianist. Anton was always full of admiration for his great talent—he often remarked that Nicholas was the better pianist of the two —and vice versa. There was never a hint of jealousy between them, and to tell the truth, there was no occasion for it.

Once Nicholas had seen his official chiefs, however, once he was through with the day's work, he became the best of jolly comrades, fond of a merry party, of good dinners, and of cards. At the time of which I am speaking all the world entered into these amusements, nor was there in all Europe a country which offered more opportunities for diversion than Russia, together with so large and liberal a hospitality. Strangers still came to Russia in limited numbers, for transportation was far from offering the conveniences which are a

feature of modern travel; naturally representatives of the arts and sciences who came from abroad were given the most cordial reception.

Moscow surpassed St. Petersburg in hospitality, if such a thing were possible. Every Sunday Rubinstein gathered his friends of the Conservatoire faculty and elsewhere at his table for lunch. He occupied a large flat, as was the custom in Russia at that time, where he kept bachelor's hall. As though he divined that he was not to live long, he drank deeply and largely of life's cup. In my frequent visits to Moscow, where I played either at the Symphonic Concerts, or at quartet sessions and recitals, I was always the guest of Nicholas Rubinstein. The Symphony Concerts in Moscow took place, as in St. Petersburg, on Saturday evening, and I could attend the monthly reception the following day. There I would meet Tchaikovsky, or young Sergei Ivanovitch Taneieff. Taneieff, one of Nicholas Rubinstein's best pupils, afterward became a most distinguished composer, the author of several remarkably musical string quartets, of an opera trilogy, "Oresteia," which was included in the St. Petersburg operatic repertory (1895), and of a suite for violin and orchestra, which he dedicated to me, as well as of a notable and highly appreciated treatise on

GLAZOUNOFF

"Imitative Counterpoint in Strict Style," in two volumes. When I undertook my first Russian concert tour, Taneieff, who had just left the Conservatoire, was my pianist, accompanying me on Rubinstein's recommendation. It is much to be desired that one or another of Taneieff's fine string quartets be taken up by the concertizing quartet organizations, for they deserve to be publicly known.

Alexander Siloti, a very fine pianist who afterward gave his own series of symphony concerts at St. Petersburg, was also a graduate of the Moscow Conservatoire, as were, at a considerably later period, Scriabine and Sergei Rachmaninoff and Lhevinne, to mention three men known and appreciated in the United States. Another frequenter of the Nicholas Rubinstein receptions was Vassili Besekirsky, an admirable violinist, who played the solos in the Imperial Theater in Moscow at the ballet performances.

The ballets were given twice a week in both capitals, and took up the entire evening, attracting a special public of dance lovers, or balletomaniacs, as they were called. After Besekirsky gave up his position as concertmaster at the Moscow Imperial Theater, to become professor of violin at the Conservatoire of the Philharmonic Society, it was taken by

Henri Wieniawski, who was engaged under the title of "Soloist to His Majesty the Emperor" to play the solos expressly composed for the ballets. In 1872, when Wieniawski resigned, I succeeded him, and held the position until 1906, when I retired, with the right to retain my title of "Soloist to the Czar."

Both in St. Petersburg and in Moscow the *corps de ballet* was very superior, each capital having its own Imperial Ballet School, to which children of both sexes were admitted when they had reached their tenth year; having passed a rigorous examination as to their physique and their rhythmic sensibility, they were lodged, nourished, and taught without expense, until the girls were seventeen or eighteen and the boys twenty. They were then engaged for a few years at a modest stipend. If they later displayed real aptitude or a decided talent for the art, they were advanced in rank, the girls to *prima ballerina,* and the boys to *premier danseur.* The whole membership of that famous *Ballet Russe* which Sergei Diaghileff has conducted through the principal cities of Europe and America, together with Pavlova, Trouhanova, Nijinsky, Bolm, and many other famous terpsichorean artists, all came from the Ballet Schools of the Imperial Theaters of St. Peters-

burg and Moscow. Composers such as Minkus and Pugni—this was in my time—were especially engaged for these two theaters, on the understanding that they were to write the music for a new ballet every year, on a book furnished by the management; and virtuosos such as Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, and myself played the solos. Tchaikovsky wrote three grand ballets for these stages, including "La Belle au Bois Dormant," which is one of his master-works; Glazounoff also embellished the repertory with a ballet "Raymonde;" and ballets by Saint-Saëns, Delibes, and others were given.

The year 1871 marked some notable changes in the administration of the Imperial Russian Society of Music. The president died; and the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the Czar Alexander II, who succeeded the Grand Duchess Helena, was a man remarkable in many ways. A great lover of music, he was very kindly and democratic in his manners, as a great lord should be. He lived in the famous Marble Palace, which dates from the reign of the Czarina Catherine II, when it was the residence of her favorite, Prince Potemkin. In one of the vast halls of this palace, known as the Library, was a great organ; and the large cupboards which line the walls contained

a splendid collection of Russian opera scores. The Grand Duke was both very patriotic and a great patron of the national movement in music, so that little was given except Glinka's "A Life for the Czar," Dargomyzhsky's "Russalka," and "Judith," by one Seroff, a fanatic admirer of Wagner's music, then but little known in Russia. This was practically all.

These scores, and some not included in the repertory of the Imperial Russian Opera in St. Petersburg, the Grand Duke Constantine had had arranged for organ and string quintet; and when he was in town they were played every Friday afternoon, from four to six, at his home. To interpret these works he engaged the best musicians of the Imperial Opera Orchestra; their admirable conductor, Edouard Napravnik, whose great talent was recognized by all musicians, played the organ. The Grand Duke, seated with a 'cello between his knees, his music-stand next to that of his teacher, would play bass at these concerts, always deeply interested, wrapped up in the music, and scraping away at his instrument with the utmost devotion. After six o'clock there was more or less general talk touching on the music which had been played; and at six-thirty, when the Grand Duke's majordomo announced that dinner was served, all present

were requested to follow the host into one of the magnificent rooms near the library, where an exquisite meal would be served by a dozen lackeys in court dress, though there might be no more than twelve or fifteen guests present. At these dinners the Grand Duke took pleasure in telling of his trips around the world—they were still rare experiences—and in relating his experiences as the proprietor of a Crimean vineyard. Wine-growing in Russia was then in its infancy, owing to the lack of communication between other countries and the North. He would explain how the French came into the Crimea by way of Odessa to buy the wine of the peasant proprietors for a few francs, and having shipped it to France and manipulated it in their own way, then decanted it into Bordeaux bottles and sent it back to Russia to command high prices in St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Grand Duke drank nothing but the wine grown in his own vineyard, though the best French and Spanish wines were offered his guests.

Besides the death of the Grand Duchess Helena, various other changes, both at the Imperial Conservatoire and in the administration of the Symphonic Concerts, marked the year 1871. That fine and honorable musician, Zaremba, died after a brief illness, and his

place as director of the Conservatoire was taken by a young man, Michael d'Asantchevsky, who had received his musical education in Paris. His high cultural attainments led him to endeavor to place the St. Petersburg Conservatoire on a level of equality with those of Paris and Brussels. The entire scheme of instruction was remodelled, and a whole phalanx of young native Russian musicians was attached to the staff of the institution. It was he who, to the great astonishment of the faculty council, suggested and even insisted on the election of Rimsky-Korsakoff as professor of the composition and orchestration classes. How happy a choice this was has been amply evinced by the results. If only a few among the Russian composers who studied with him and who are known in America be mentioned, we have Alexander Glazounoff, Ippolitov-Ivanoff, Tscherepnine, Stravinsky, and Liadoff, and there were many whose names have not crossed to this side of the Atlantic. Asantchevsky peopled the conservatoires and music schools in the Russian cities with directors and professors who had graduated from his own institution, and many of the operatic and symphonic conductors throughout the country (down to the Revolution, at least) came from the St. Petersburg Conservatoire while he was

Sergei Rachmaninoff

its director. Able and kind-hearted as Asantchevsky was, he lacked the robust health demanded to support the arduous duties of his position. After a few years his ill health compelled his resignation (1876), and Charles Davidoff was unanimously chosen to succeed him.

Davidoff was a musician-virtuoso of the first class. He enriched the 'cello repertory with several concertos and other compositions of real merit, some of which are still, nearly forty years after his death, holding their own on concert programs and in 'cello teaching, and will, it seems to me, continue to do so for many years to come. He was a man gentle and timid by nature, yet gifted with a fund of concealed energy which disclosed itself only on rare occasions. At the least opposition or resistance he would withdraw himself, and shut up like a clam. Owing to him and to its president, the Grand Duke Constantine, the Russian Music Society and the Conservatoire became Imperial institutions, and although the Czar's government assigned no more than a nominal appropriation—some 15,000 roubles annually —for the support of the two conservatoires, the members of their faculties, and the students who completed their course with a diploma became, in first instance, state functionaries of

the first rank, with the right to a pension; and in the second, were awarded the title of "free artist," which gave them civic rights throughout the empire.

This privilege was no negligible one, in view of the internal social situation in Russia, where everybody was obliged to belong to one or another of the various social classes into which the state was legally divided, a condition which existed up to the moment of the Revolution. Even subsequent to the creation of the Duma, the Russian parliament, in 1906, so ardently advocated by Witte, and imposed upon the Czar after the Treaty of Portsmouth ended the Russo-Japanese War, the old social order was not disturbed; and the Czar, in his proclamation to the people, used his title of Absolute Czar and Autocrat of the Russian Empire. Hence, at the time of which I speak, only a few years after Alexander II had abolished serfdom, the custom of classifying a man according to birth, or according to his functions in the state hierarchy, was so deeply rooted that the desire to belong to one of the privileged classes—there were thirteen of them—seemed altogether natural. In addition, there was the question of financial advantage. All government functionaries and officials were exempt from direct taxation by the state, un-

less they owned lands, city residences, or coupon-bearing investments. And even these had been taxed only since the end of the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. Hence, thanks to the measure which placed the musical membership of the Conservatoires under the protection of the Imperial eagle, all the professors and the directors were unquestionably ranged in one of the social classes privileged to advance, and were, moreover, assured a pension after a certain number of years of irreproachable service.

The privilege of empire-wide civic rights was especially valuable to Jewish Conservatoire students, for the Conservatoire diploma gave them the right to settle in any city throughout the empire, including the two capitals. According to a rescript law the Jews were only allowed to live in certain territories, "within the pale." St. Petersburg and Moscow were closed to them, and it was only conditionally and by special permission that they could establish a residence there. Lawyers, physicians, and men of science, men who had matriculated in the colleges and universities, were of course admitted into the capitals; but the Imperial theaters, as a general rule, excluded scenic artists and musicians of Jewish origin, and it was only in very exceptional cases that their ancestry was ignored. In the

higher institutions of learning—the University, the Academy of Fine Arts, the Polytechnic Institute—Jews were forbidden to make up more than five per cent of the total student body, while they were absolutely excluded from the two institutions for the sons of the nobility, the Lyceum and the School of Law. What the Jewish race lost quantitatively it gained qualitatively; the five per cent admitted to the colleges had to pass the most severe examinations, and only those who obtained the highest marks among hundreds of competitors were allowed to enter; once their courses terminated, then, they were likely to become ranking figures in the sciences and the arts.

The St. Petersburg Conservatoire, thanks to the initiative displayed by its director and president, was in a position to admit any number of Jews; but on the other hand, the parents did not share the civic privileges accorded the students, which at times placed these young boys and girls of superior musical talent in poignantly dramatic situations. I have been told of two or three cases of this kind myself, which were said to have taken place with pupils in my own class, and I remember one which was quite amusing, and which happened only a few years ago.

Jascha Heifetz, his parents, and his little

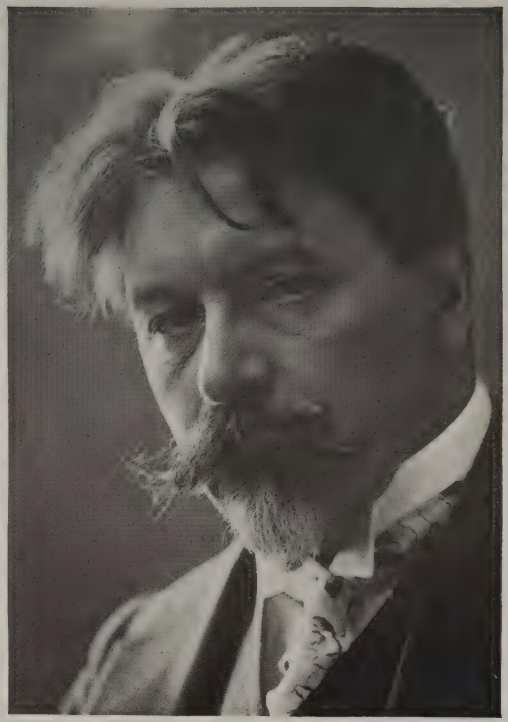
sisters were involved. The boy, then ten or eleven years old, was admitted to the Conservatoire without question in view of his talent; but what was to be done with the family? Some one hit upon the happy idea of suggesting that I admit Jascha's father, a violinist of forty, into my own class, and thus solve the problem. This I did, and as a result the law was obeyed while at the same time the Heifetz family was not separated, for it was not legally permissible for the wife and children of a Conservatoire pupil to be separated from their husband and father. However, since the students were without exception expected to attend the obligatory classes in solfeggio, piano, and harmony, and since Papa Heifetz most certainly did not attend any of them, and did not play at the examinations, I had to do battle continually with the management on his account. It was not until the advent of Glazounoff, my last director, who knew the true inwardness of the situation, that I had no further trouble in seeing that the boy remained in his parents' care until the summer of 1917, when the family was able to go to America.

For the faculty, the rank of a state functionary brought with it occasional decorations, orders, whose importance was carefully meas-

ured in accordance with the official class to which the recipient belonged. New Year's Day and Easter were occasions which always fluttered the professional heart, for these two days of the year were those destined to fill the souls of my colleagues with the liveliest joy or the most bitter disillusion. The path of decorative progress began with the small crosses of different orders, but since the Czar was all-powerful, he could, when he wished, ignore the established rules of advancement and confer an order of a more elevated kind, or even a virginal *boutonnière.*

I remember that, thanks to the good offices of the Grand Duke Constantine, the brothers Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein, Davidoff, then director of the Conservatoire, and Edouard Napravnik, conductor of the orchestra of the Imperial Opera, were decorated with the Order of St. Vladimir of the Fourth Class, a decoration which made nobility hereditary in the family of its possessor and his children in line of direct descent. The honors granted these four chevaliers excited much commotion in the musical world, and they were overwhelmed with congratulations from all sides. It seems to me that a colossus like Anton Rubinstein, who in his own country was nothing more than a pianist, without rank, without

LESCHETIZKY



ARTHUR NIKISCH

title, and therefore enjoyed no more rights and privileges than a small shopkeeper, and who was exposed to passport difficulties whenever he crossed the frontiers of the Russian Empire, coming or going, on his concert tours, had every reason to be pleased with the cross of St. Vladimir, which—in spite of his being a personal favorite with the Czar Alexander II and Alexander III—for the first time placed in his hands the key which opened to him every official door.

It had been due to the intervention of the Dowager Empress Maria Feodorovna, the mother of the unfortunate Czar Nicholas II, that Anton Rubinstein had obtained the old Grand Theater in which to establish the St. Petersburg Conservatoire in 1861. It was the building in which the troupe of the Italian Opera had always given their performances. I have heard the greatest singers there: Adelina Patti; Christine Nilsson; Marietta Alboni, the famous contralto, and only pupil of Rossini; the dramatic tenor Ernest Nicolini, who afterward became Adelina Patti's second husband; Marcella Sembrich; the tenor Masini; Capoul, who created the tenor rôles in so many French operas of the middle nineteenth century; Giuseppe Mario, Count of Candia, whose interest in the ballet (in the person of a charm-

ing *balleteuse*) in 1836 led him away from the Italian regiment in which he was an officer and was responsible for his becoming one of the finest operatic tenors of his time; Francesco Graziani, who sang in New York (1855) as well as in St. Petersburg; and many others.

This Grand Theater, which was made an unconditional gift to Rubinstein for the establishment of the Conservatoire, was superbly situated on one of the finest squares of St. Petersburg, and aside from its public usefulness as an institution for musical education, was a precious architectural heritage of an epoch which, considered from some points of view, may be most adversely criticized. Yet where is there a government in any civilized country at the present time which is not subjected to the severest strictures, and which is not confronted with the most strenuous opposition? The same law which has always ruled the world is still in force, the principle which may be most concisely expressed as: "Make way for me, that I may take your place!" At any rate, during the entire period of which I speak and even before that time, Russia gave to the world poets of the caliber of Pushkin and Lermontoff; novelist-philosophers such as Tourgueneff, Tolstoi, and Dostoievsky; Belinski the critic; story writers like Gogol,

Tchekoff and Arzibasheff. Her music, the youngest of her arts, since it dates back, so to speak, only to the middle of the nineteenth century, has produced geniuses recognized the world over—the names of Glinka, Anton Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Moussorgsky, Scriabine, Rachmaninoff, each of whom has an individual note which marks him out to posterity—are sufficient to establish the fact.

Unfortunately, it would seem that a strange fatality has always carried off Russia's greatest poets and musicians in the flower of their age, before their genius has attained its greatest development. Pushkin and Lermontoff were both killed in duels, the first at the age of thirty-six, the second when only twenty-eight or twenty-nine. Scriabine died at thirty-six, from blood-poisoning due to a pin-prick. Tchaikovsky was carried off by an epidemic when he was fifty-four years of age, at the very apogee of his universal success—universal with the exception of France, where Tchaikovsky's claim to genius is not only much contested by the majority of musicians, but where his name is hardly ever seen on a concert program. Nicholas Rubinstein, who, though not a composer, has a distinguished niche in the history of Russian music as the

founder of the Moscow Conservatoire and—in spite of the overpowering prestige of his brother Anton—as one of the greatest virtuoso pianists of his time, died when only forty-five or forty-six; and Moussorgsky passed away at forty-two. Among other musicians of high standing who came to an untimely end must be cited Charles Davidoff, Sergei Taneieff and Anatole Liadoff.

CHAPTER IX

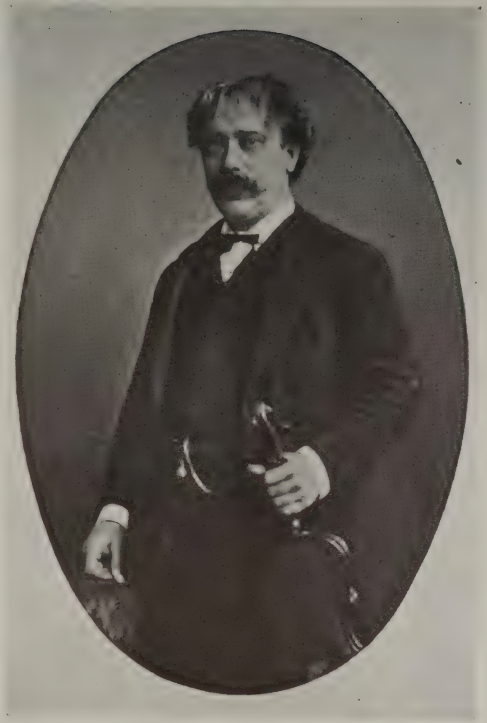
A MUSICAL SEASON IN LONDON (1871)

The "Summer" Season—Many Famous Frenchmen Come to London During the Commune—Mme. Pauline Viardot-Garcia's Salon—Charles Gounod—Camille Saint-Saëns—A Soirée at the Russian Embassy—King Edward VII—Mr. Gladstone—Lord Beaconsfield—Christine Nilsson—Friday Evenings at the Schlesingers—Remenyi "Invented" Brahms and the Hungarian Dances.

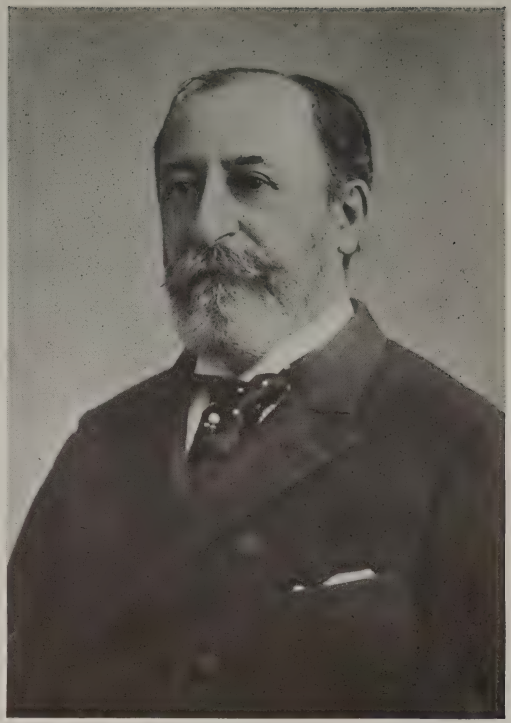
SINCE my début as a virtuoso violinist in 1864 I had made a trip to London nearly every year in order to take part in the musical season of the English capital. The season at that time began with the reopening of Parliament, in the month of March, and lasted until the beginning of July. The autumn and winter season was, somehow or other, looked upon as being less important, although during those months there were many concerts in which artists of the first rank participated. The great symphonic concerts of the old and new London Philharmonic, however, the concerts of the choral societies, and the recitals of the major-

ity of instrumental virtuosos, as well as of the English and Continental singers, were all concentrated in the "summer" season. During the autumn, on the other hand, took place the Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theater, conducted by Mellon, in which I appeared as a soloist, and there were concerts at the Crystal Palace, where Manns conducted an excellent permanent orchestra. The Crystal Palace concerts were given every two weeks throughout the year, and it was in this building that the great Händel Festival took place every five years. I attended one of these festivals in which a chorus of from 2,000 to 3,000 voices, together with an orchestra of several hundred musicians under the leadership of Sir Michael Costa, participated, Adelina Patti being among the soloists. It was in the winter, too, that the famous Monday "Pops" were given in St. James' Hall, at which Joachim, Mme. Clara Schumann, Piatti, and other fine artists played chamber music. All in all, London and the other large English cities did not suffer from lack of music during the winter.

During the series of years in which I had played in London each season, a great deal had taken place, and now, in 1871, after the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War, the radical elements of Paris, the Communists, discon-



Pablo de Sarasate



Saint-Saëns

tented with the French government at Versailles, rose in revolt. They held the city, and there was a good deal of fighting until the loyal troops invested Paris and took it by assault. During the siege, which lasted for several months, many people left Paris and took up their residence in London, among them various distinguished musicians, including Charles Gounod, Camille Saint-Saëns, Mme. Pauline Viardot-Garcia, and others.

The famous singing teacher continued in London the vocal courses she had been giving in Paris before the war; and, thanks to her personal charm, and to her standing as a great artist in the musical world, she became the leading spirit of the little circle of French refugee artists. One evening a week her friends gathered at her home; and I, who had become well acquainted with the Viardot family in Baden-Baden, was received there as a Russian friend. On entering the Viardot *salon,* the guest was welcomed by the charming mistress of the house, surrounded by her family and friends: her husband, Louis Viardot, her two daughters, one of whom was a sculptor of remarkable talent, and her only son Paul, an admirable violinist—he was a pupil of Leonard—who later appeared with success in both Paris and London; the famous Russian

novelist, Ivan Tourgueneff; Charles Gounod, the late Camille Saint-Saëns—then very young, very much alive, and practically unknown—as well as many others whose names I no longer recall. We had music, with Saint-Saëns, a real master, at the piano, while I played some of the attractive little pieces composed for the two instruments by Mme. Viardot and dedicated to her son. For me the most interesting moment of the evening would come when Mme. Viardot asked Gounod to sing some of his songs. Without much urging the composer of "Faust" would seat himself at the piano, and after a few measures by way of prelude would recite—for it was narration rather than song—a group of his songs with a small, clear voice, in the most delightfully artistic manner. The enthusiasm of his auditors may be imagined.

The season over, we parted; the Frenchmen, delivered from the Commune, returned to Paris; the rest of us went wherever duty or inclination called.

Two or three years later I was present at a soirée given by Count Pierre Schuvaloff, Russian Ambassador at London, one of the most amiable representatives of St. Petersburg high society. I had met him previously at the home of his brother, Count Paul Schuvaloff, Chief

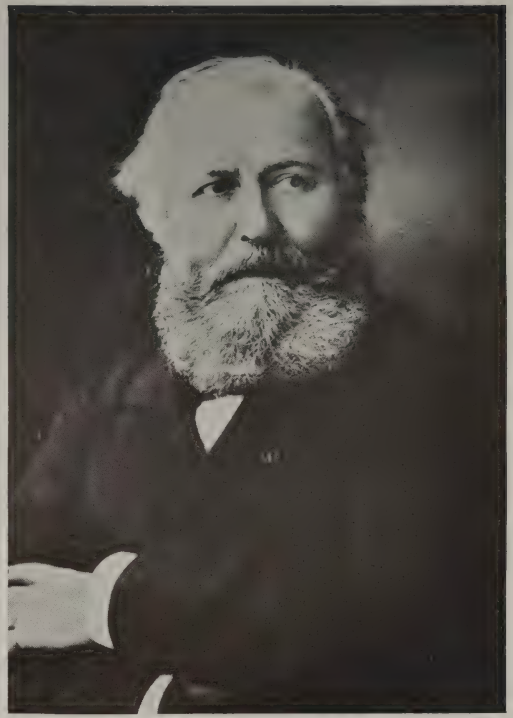
of Staff of the Imperial Guard Corps, an enthusiastic music-lover, whose love for the art was shared by his countess and their two children. During the extended winters of the Northern capital, the Schuvaloffs would gather in their home the most distinguished artists, Anton Rubinstein among them, and cultivate music *con amore.* All this led to my being received at the Russian Embassy in London on a more intimate footing than as "Soloist to His Majesty the Czar."

The soirée of which I speak was especially interesting because of the opportunity it afforded for noting the position some of the invited guests occupied in society. Beginning at the top of the ladder, there were present, the Prince of Wales, who later became King Edward VII, and the Princess Alexandra, then in the flower of her youthful beauty. Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister unless I am mistaken, and his famous political enemy Disraeli, the great Conservative leader who was afterward raised to the peerage as Lord Beaconsfield, both lay back in armchairs placed vis-à-vis and quietly talked politics in the library of the Embassy. In one of the large reception rooms a group of young misses surrounded a young man of distinguished appearance, who wore the star of the Legion of

Honor on his breast—the young Eugène Napoléon, erstwhile Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie, killed not so very long after in the Zulu War. Among the artists there was Christine Nilsson, the celebrated singer, at that time the only rival—and somewhat more—of Adelina Patti. She and I supplied the musical entertainment. At supper, contrary to all English usage, there was absolutely no etiquette. The Prince of Wales offered his arm and took in Mme. Nilsson; Count Schuvaloff followed with the Princess Alexandra; and the rest of the guests seated themselves at haphazard wherever they chose. Count Schuvaloff kept bachelor's hall, there was no lady of the house to whom to pay one's respects, and when supper was over the meeting broke up quite unceremoniously, after the Ambassador had reconducted his royal guests and parted from the Prince of Wales with a cordial clasp of hands.

At about the same time I enjoyed a reunion of a different type. Dr. Schlesinger, a highly esteemed man of letters, was accustomed to receive artists, musicians, painters, *littérateurs,* both Continentals and Londoners, in his home on Friday evenings. One went there without special invitation and—once presented by an *habitué* of the *salon,* or provided

Robert and Clara Schumann



Gounod

with a note of introduction from one of Mr. or Mrs. Schlesinger's friends—could rely on being welcomed. The musicians present played or sang, there were readings and recitations, in accordance with the guests' individual gifts, and it was always grateful to feel that one was contributing to the pleasure of a select audience. It was in this home that I first made the acquaintance of the famous painter Lawrence Alma-Tadema, then in the first flush of his great reputation, who often appeared there with his wife, one of the loveliest of London society women.

One evening at Schlesinger's—I had brought my violin along with me—I spied Josef Wieniawski among the guests, and asked him to accompany me in some of those Brahms "Hungarian Dances" which Joachim had arranged for violin (the originals having been written for piano, four hands), and which had only recently appeared. Wieniawski consented, and we began to play. The reception room in London houses—always excepting the great mansions of the aristocracy and of the lords of the banking world—are not very large, and whenever a reception is on the guests fill not only the reception room itself, but overflow into adjacent hallways and passages, in a word, crowd into every corner from which they can

glance inside the room. While we were playing I noticed a head which seemed familiar thrust forward between the black shoulders of two panting listeners, apparently in an endeavor to make out who was playing. It was the largely bald pate of Edouard Remenyi, the famous Hungarian violinist, everywhere known for his originality and talent, as well as for his political exploits, which had forced him to leave his native land after the Revolution of 1848-49 and take refuge in London, where he was attached to Queen Victoria's Court Orchestra as soloist to the sovereign.

When we had finished playing I went up to him, and asked him whether he recognized these "Hungarian Dances" and what he thought of them. Whereupon, drawing himself up haughtily, he replied in a German colored with a strong Hungarian accent:

"Herr Auer, it is I who 'invented' both Brahms and the 'Dances' which you have just played so admirably!"

As to Remenyi's having "invented" Brahms, he was quite mistaken. It was Robert Schumann who first discovered that Brahms was a genius, and it was Joachim's playing of his works which opened before the German composer the road to the position he now occupies in the history of music. Remenyi, neverthe-

less, had traveled and played a great deal with Brahms when both of them were young and poor. They traversed all Germany together, giving daily concerts for their daily bread, and it is possible that, inspired by Remenyi's fiery nature, Brahms developed a liking for Hungarian music which found its expression in the "Hungarian Dances." This possibility is also supported by the character of the last movement of Brahms' Piano Quartet in G Minor, for the keyboard instrument and strings, which is one of the finest things of its kind.

CHAPTER X

MUSICAL LIFE AT THE RUSSIAN COURTS

The Russian Symphony Concerts—Sarasate and Von Bülow—Musical Romanoffs—Peterhof—Grand Duchess Helena—Anton Rubinstein and Davidoff's Adventurous "Tour"—Rubinstein, Davidoff and I Play for the Czar and the King of Sweden.

MEANWHILE a change had taken place in the management of the Russian Symphony Concerts. Mili Balakireff was not at his best as a conductor, nor did he possess the experience necessary to be able to present interesting programs. The musical public which, when Anton Rubinstein had been the director, had crowded the great hall of the Assembly of the Nobility, the most spacious in all St. Petersburg, gradually fell away and abandoned these concerts; and the management, having no generous patron at hand to pay the small deficits which arose—after the custom in the United States, where the deficits are enormous rather than small—resigned, together with Balakireff, and gave way to a new managing board elected under the auspices of the Grand Duke

Constantine. This board engaged Edouard Napravnik, of Czecho-Slav extraction, as its conductor, together with the orchestra of the Imperial Opera, of which he was the head. Napravnik reintroduced the classic programs of former times, and also, yielding to external pressure, from time to time presented a work by Rimsky-Korsakoff, César Cui, Alexander Borodine, or some other composer of the neo-Russian school, compositions which the public had proved it appreciated only in a very mild degree. Napravnik was bitterly attacked in the pro-nationalistic press, which accused him of deliberate ill will, where the works of the younger Russian composers were concerned, and of jealousy, for he himself was a composer, and an able one, though he lacked originality. After a few years Napravnik also retired, to the great regret of the Russian Musical Society and of the Grand Duke Constantine, with whom he stood in high favor.

Then came Davidoff's turn. He was Director of the Conservatoire, a composer, a virtuoso of the highest rank; he conducted the Conservatoire student orchestra class and so was experienced in the use of the baton and had every right to aspire to the position of conductor of the Symphony concerts. Unfor-

tunately he lacked the energy, the grasp, and the temperament to impose his authority and to inspire his players. For all that he had the support of his friends, the Conservatoire party, he himself felt that his position was wavering, and soon handed in his resignation, having conducted the concerts, unless I am mistaken, only a single season.

As I have already remarked, the monopoly enjoyed by the Imperial Theaters barred the gate to any private musical enterprise, so that it was always the Russian Musical Society which engaged various artists of reputation to come from abroad and present themselves at its concerts, the remaining soloists being native Russian musicians, the professors of the two Conservatoires, and some of the young laureates of these institutions. These young artists of superior talent were exchanged between the two cities, and thus had opportunities of playing before unprejudiced audiences. It was the first step in a glorious career for various ones among the young singers and instrumentalists. The majority of them, alas, are already dead, and are totally unknown in the United States.

One of the most interesting among the famous foreign artists engaged by the Society for these concerts was Pablo de Sarasate, then

still young, who came to us after his brilliant early successes in Germany. It was my first opportunity to see and hear him. He was a small man, very slender, and at the same time very elegant; his face framed in a fine head of black hair, parted in the middle, according to the fashion of the day. A departure from precedent was his habit of displaying on his chest the grand cordon and star of the Spanish order with which he had been decorated. This was something new, for as a rule only princes of the blood and ministers of state appeared in this guise on public occasions.

From the very first notes he drew from his Stradivarius—now, alas, mute and buried for all time in the Museum of Madrid!—I was impressed by the beauty and crystalline purity of his tone. The master of a perfected technique for both hands, he played without any effort at all, touching the strings with a magic bow in a manner which had no hint of the terrestrial. There was nothing to indicate that the lovely tones which caressed the auditory sense like the voice of the youthful Adelina Patti, were produced by anything so material as hair and strings. The audience, like myself, was in transports, and naturally, Sarasate scored a most outstanding success. Since he had been engaged for several concerts, the public liter-

ally fought to obtain tickets, until the management of the Imperial Theaters, seeing how great an attraction Sarasate constituted for the whole body of the public, engaged him for several evenings to play at the Opera, during the intermissions. This was a courtesy extended to St. Petersburg high society, which subscribed to the Opera, but was only very slightly represented at the concerts, and was also an homage of respect for the numerous grand dukes and grand duchesses, who had spacious boxes at the Imperial Theaters. I use the plural advisedly, for there were a number of these theaters: the Maryinska Theater for Russian Opera; the Grand Theater for Italian Opera, given during four months of the year; and the Imperial Ballet. Then there were the Michael Theater, where performances by French and German companies were given in turn; and the Alexander Theater for Russian drama and comedy. At the time of which I speak each one of these theaters had its own orchestra and its own orchestral conductor.

In the midst of his St. Petersburg triumphs, Pablo de Sarasate remained a good comrade and preferred the society of his musical friends to playing in the homes of the wealthy, unless is were for a musical soirée which paid him

from 2,000 to 3,000 francs, a fee which at that time seemed exorbitant. When this was not the case—Rubinstein not being in town at the time—he spent his evenings with Davidoff, Leschetiszky, or myself, always merry, always smiling and in good spirits, and bursting into peals of delighted laughter when he was fortunate enough to win a few roubles from us at a modest game of cards. He was invariably gallant toward the ladies, and carried with him a number of small Spanish fans, which he was accustomed to present to them.

One day Davidoff, then director of the Conservatoire, suggested that we visit the Grand Duke Constantine on the occasion of his little Friday *matinée musicale,* and Henri Wieniawski, who was passing through St. Petersburg at the time, made one of our party. The Grand Duke, seeing us enter, rose from his seat and welcomed us smilingly and with outstretched hand. Davidoff presented Sarasate, who, always very reserved and cold with strangers, smiled slightly at the avalanche of compliments with which the Grand Duke overwhelmed him. After the latter had introduced him to Napravnik, who was the organist at these matinées, and to the other musicians present, Sarasate exchanged a few cordial words with Wieniawski, whom he greatly ad-

mired, and took a seat. The Grand Duke picked up his 'cello once more, and the music was resumed. During one of the intermissions, while tea and cigarettes were passed around, I noticed that the Grand Duke had taken Davidoff aside and seemed to be asking something of him. Davidoff, always gentle and obliging, nodded several times in assent, and after a few more numbers had been played, stepped up to Sarasate, who was engaged in a desultory conversation and, very red in the face and much moved, and quite undecided as to how to go about it, asked Wieniawski and me whether we thought Sarasate would be so amiable as to play something for us? After a few moments of hesitation, Sarasate agreed, and his secretary and accompanist took one of the grand ducal sleighs to go and fetch his violin and music from the hotel. Note the delicacy of the Grand Duke: waiving his prerogative as master of the house, he yielded it to Davidoff, who asked Sarasate to play as a comrade, as if his acquiescence were to form a little surprise for the Grand Duke, which the latter then accepted with the best of grace. When the secretary, Mr. Goldschmidt, returned with the precious Stradivarius and a package of music under his arm, Sarasate played some of the pieces of his repertoire with

that ease and tonal charm which were peculiar to him, standing like a marble statue, his entire vitality seemingly concentrated in his eyes, often lowered to his fingers, which moved with astonishing dexterity.

We were still under the impression produced by this music when the Grand Duke, full of enthusiasm, approached Sarasate, thanking him and shaking his hand with the cordiality and good will which never abandoned him. He then turned to Wieniawski and addressed him in Russian, using the "thou." (In Russian the *tutoiement* was used by the Czar, called by the Russian people "Tsar-Batiouschka"—"Little Father Czar"—whenever he spoke directly to any Russian, from the Chancellor of the Empire to the least groom in the Imperial stables. Hence the Grand Duke, as a member of the Imperial family, addressed Wieniawski as "thou," to honor him and show his good will toward him. Wieniawski, though of Polish origin, was a Russian subject, and Court Violinist to the Czar.) The Grand Duke, like a father desirous of displaying the merit of a gifted son to the famous Spanish artist, was begging Wieniawski to play a few pieces too. Wieniawski, like all of us, was somewhat surprised, yet did not dare refuse, since a request coming from a grand duke amounted to

an order to any loyal subject of the Czar. He did say that he had neither violin nor music with him, but the Grand Duke replied:

"You can use Sarasate's violin, and some one can make shift to accompany you."

Since I knew Wieniawski's entire repertoire by heart I offered to accompany him on the piano, and he played his "Légende" and his "Polonaise." In spite of the fact that Sarasate's violin did not suit him, Wieniawski played with all his customary fire and ardor, and the first to embrace and felicitate him when he had finished was Sarasate, followed by the Grand Duke and the rest of us.

The dinner that day was one of the merriest. Champagne—and what champagne!—was served in profusion in honor of the two illustrious artists, Wieniawski bubbling over with witticisms and anecdotes, although already suffering from the malady to which he was to succumb only a few years later. After dinner the party broke up with mutual regret, our amiable host thanking us, and declaring with the most cordial conviction that he would always remember the few hours which had just passed. We might all have said the same, for within one and the same hour we had heard two of the greatest among the master-violinists of all times. Davidoff, perhaps, was proud-

est of the success of the affair, as it had been due to him that Sarasate had accompanied us to the Marble Palace.

Two or three years later, Hans von Bülow, having been invited by the Russian Musical Society to conduct some of its concerts in St. Petersburg, was also presented by Davidoff to the Grand Duke Constantine, as president of the Society, at one of these Friday afternoon musicales in the Marble Palace. The dress rehearsals for the Symphony Concerts took place on Friday morning, and Hans von Bülow, who had had some disputes with the orchestra of the Imperial Russian Opera, which he was to conduct at the concerts, was decidedly out of sorts. (Incidentally, he often suffered from nervous headache, and at such times could not control his ill humor, in spite of all his culture.) Nor did he much care for coming into contact with personages highly placed by accident of birth, his difficulties with the Prussian Court and with Count von Hülsen, a favorite of the German Emperor Wilhelm II and Intendant of the Royal Opera at Berlin, having turned him into a confirmed democrat. He had even gone so far as to call the Royal Opera the "Hülsen Circus" from the conductor's stand while conducting a concert in the German capital. I remember

reading about the incident, accounts of which appeared in all newspapers at the time. The audience at the concert in question was applauding Von Bülow, who wished to say something which would please the public and at the same time annoy Von Hülsen—I do not know for what particular reason. So he made a speech, as he often did at his concerts in Germany, and asked permission to have the orchestra play as an encore the "Coronation March" from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," which *he had heard massacred at the Hülsen Circus!* One may imagine the impression this irreverent speech made upon the loyal Berliners of that time. Though Von Bülow's partisans encored the "Coronation March," Von Bülow had exploded a veritable bomb, and all Berlin was in an uproar the following day. Every newspaper devoted leading articles to the incident, and it became a subject of controversy and recrimination throughout Germany. It must also be remembered that at that time Von Bülow had intimate personal reasons for abjuring the erstwhile gods of his idolatry, Liszt and Wagner, and had given himself up heart and soul to the cultivation of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and Brahms, the first two violently attacked by Wagner in his book on *Das Judentum in der Musik,* and the

last completely ignored by the Weimar school.

When he reached the Marble Palace, Von Bülow was presented to the Grand Duke by Davidoff and was most amiably received. Yet, after the music made by the combination of organ and a few string instruments had continued for some time, with the good Grand Duke deeply absorbed in his 'cello part, Davidoff and I, who were keeping Von Bülow company, could see that he was growing more and more nervous. Suddenly he rose impulsively from his seat, rushed into the corridor off the great hall which served as a music-room, and without a single word hurried precipitately toward the grand staircase, flew down it like an arrow, and was out of the Palace. Davidoff and I looked at one another; Davidoff grew pale; and neither of us could find a word to say, so completely were we dumbfounded by what had just taken place. The Grand Duke, in a very good humor, asked after von Bülow who was to have been a guest at dinner when the music was over. Very much upset, Davidoff stammered in Von Bülow's name a few words of excuse, which the Grand Duke received with quite evident disbelief. No matter how amiable he might be to artists, a Russian grand duke, brother of the Czar, could scarcely forget that some one whom he had invited to

dine, had unceremoniously absented himself from his palace without the courtesy of taking leave. The incident had a disagreeable after-effect in so far as Davidoff was concerned, though it gave amusement to the musicians of the orchestra.

It seems that at one of the preceding rehearsals Glinka's famous Russian fantasy, "La Kamarinskaja," had been on the program. Glinka's works had just been newly revised and edited by Balakireff, and were regarded by the latter's adherents as almost sacred, now that this master had edited them. It happened that one of the orchestra musicians was also a member of the Grand Duke's quintet. This player availed himself of the Von Bülow incident to do an ill turn to the *nemetz* (German), whom he, as a Russian nationalist in music, naturally did not like; at the dinner table, addressing himself in particular to the Grand Duke, he remarked that during the first rehearsal of Glinka's work Von Bülow had changed a B flat in the clarinet part to a B sharp (or vice versa), insisting that the former must be a printer's error, since it sounded bad. The Grand Duke was furious and at once spoke to Davidoff in a severe tone of voice, commanding the director to tell M. von Bülow in his name that, in spite of all his admiration

for him, he could not allow a single note to be changed in one of Glinka's works while it was performed in Russia.

Members of the orchestra told me how Davidoff, when next day he greeted Von Bülow in the concert hall, stood pale and hesitant, at a loss to transmit the command of the terrible Grand Duke to the terrible conductor. Finally, calling up all his courage and smiling in the most ingratiating manner, he conveyed his message, trying to make it appear no more than a great lord's whim. Von Bülow burst into laughter. Before going to the conductor's stand, he called the orchestra together, singled out the clarinetist, and said to him in solemn tones:

"My dear sir, I have the honor of transmitting to you the supreme order of the day, to play B flat and *not* B sharp as I have previously indicated in the Glinka fantasy!" He then turned his back on them, walked with a firm step to the edge of his platform, and made a profound bow to the Grand Duke, who was still sitting in his box.

The court of the Czar and Czarina was called the "Great Court," since each grand duke and grand duchess had his or her own "little" court. Throughout the reign of the Czar Alexander II, the Czarina Maria, who

was in very poor health, seldom attended the theaters and always avoided big official receptions. She was very fond of music, however, and sometimes gave little intimate *soirée musicales* by one or two singers from the Italian Opera, and the Czar's soloists, among whom were included Davidoff, myself, and, whenever he was in St. Petersburg, Anton Rubinstein. The audience at these "Great Court" musicales seldom comprised more than twenty persons. The Czarina, with an angelic smile on her pale face, would thank the artists after each number they had played or sung; but the Czar would be enjoying a game of whist with Count Alderberg, Minister of the Imperial Household and his boyhood friend, and with a few other members of the Imperial entourage in one of the small rooms adjoining the music-room. He appeared only at the beginning of the soirée, and again after the music had been concluded, to address a few kindly words to us.

When Queen Olga of Württemberg, the Czar's sister, arrived from Stuttgart on a visit, these little receptions took on an even more intimate character. Since the Queen of Württemberg was very fond of chamber music, we played quartets and piano trios of the classic repertoire, either with Anton Rubinstein at the piano or, in his absence, Leschetiszky. Though

French was the habitual language of the "Great Court," on these occasions the conversation was always in German, the Czarina having originally been a Princess of Hessen-Darmstadt.

A few days after playing at any of these affairs the artists would receive sumptuous gifts from the Cabinet of the Emperor, so called because it attended to the Czar's personal expenses; the ladies would be remembered with brooches or with bracelets ornamented with jewels, the men with gold watches or gold cigarette cases bearing the Imperial eagle in diamonds. If the artist happened to be in need of funds, and a sum of ready money seemed more welcome than the cigarette-case of precious metal with its encrustation of brilliants, the gift could be returned to the Cabinet of the Emperor and exchanged for its actual value in roubles, less a discount of twenty per cent which went to the treasury of the pension fund for disabled soldiers. I must admit that at times I profited by this amiable concession in order to reëstablish my finances.

Those who have visited St. Petersburg, or have lived there during the summer, must remember the unique charm of the long, clear summer nights, the picturesque life on the Neva, covered with innumerable boats of

every description, and the delightful water excursions to Peterhof, on the south coast of the Gulf of Finland. The great palace at Peterhof, built fifty feet above sea-level, with its gardens dotted with cascades and fantastically beautiful fountains—at evening the fountains played in the radiance of thousands of varicolored lights—was the Versailles of the North. It was originally built by Peter the Great, but Catherine II made alterations and additions in accordance with the designs of French and Italian architects, so that you felt yourself carried back two centuries to the time when the autocratic power of a French king sufficed to turn his dream into reality. Not very far from St. Petersburg, where the Neva loses itself in the Baltic Sea and where beautiful forests slope to the shore, lie several places adorned by the palaces which various grand dukes and grand duchesses have inherited from their ancestors, as well as handsome villas or smaller cottages rented by the more or less wealthy inhabitants of the capital. At Oranienbaum—across the way from Kronstadt, that formidable fortress whose outworks protect St. Petersburg from attack by sea—the Grand Duchess Helena had had a pleasure villa which crowned a hill looking out to sea, in the midst of a park whose leafy alleys served as a prom-

enade for vehicles and pedestrians, and to which the inhabitants of the little town nearby also had access.

In 1875 the Grand Duchess Catherine, daughter of the Grand Duchess Helena, lived at this villa with her husband, Duke George of Mecklenburg, and their children, Princess Helena, Prince George, and Prince Michael. I give their names because the first two, in the course of events, played a most important rôle in the musical life of Russia, and in the Russian Musical Society. The Princess Helena became the last president of the Society, her election having been approved by the late Czar Nicholas II and her incumbency continuing until the Society ceased to exist in May, 1917. Aside from her general intelligence, she was an accomplished musician who sang with great perfection not only the romances of the modern Russian and foreign repertoire, but also more serious compositions. Brought up under the eyes of her mother and grandmother, nurtured in a very lofty moral atmosphere, which inculcated the most generous charity, inheriting from her ancestors a sincere love for music, she had from earliest infancy seen and heard all the great artists, beginning with Anton Rubinstein. She married a Prince of Altenburg, colonel of a hussar regiment in Berlin,

where she lived for some years. During these years Russian artists and musicians passing through the German capital found in her home the hospitality and cordial welcome of their native land. When her husband died, Princess Helena returned to live in the palace of her mother, the Grand Duchess Catherine. Her brother George, Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, also a very cultivated musician and a good 'cellist, who was a pupil of Davidoff for several years, formed and maintained for the last ten years preceding the Revolution the quartet famous in all capitals as the St. Petersburg Quartet. He died at the age of fifty, having been spared the grief of witnessing the downfall of the Russian empire.

One morning, not long before his death, he came to my house breathless and entirely upset, and I ushered him into my study with great surprise, not a little disturbed at seeing him so agitated. Little by little he grew calmer, and disclosed the object of his visit. It seemed that he had arranged for that very evening a *soirée musicale,* which the Dowager Empress Maria Feodorovna had promised to attend. This was a notable event, for she very rarely left the palace, and then only on official missions. Of course, a part of her own entourage at Court had also been invited for the occasion,

which thus assumed a quasi-ceremonial character. These soirées were attended by the members of the Prince's family, and that of his wife, the Countess Karlova, and their friends, who took a great interest in the chamber music performed by the Prince's Quartet, for it played with some of the best pianists, either artists from abroad who happened to be playing in St. Petersburg or Russian virtuosos. On the eve of the soirée in question, Boris Kamensky, the first violin of the Quartet, one of my old pupils and a graduate of the Conservatoire, had fallen seriously ill, his illness creating a very unfortunate situation. Either the soirée would have to be adjourned, or else there would have to be found a first violin who could replace Kamensky without rehearsal, something not so easy to do—first violins of string quartets do not run at large about the streets, let alone artists competent to do honor to such an occasion as this. To adjourn the soirée when the Dowager Empress had several weeks previous made all her arrangements to attend it, was an alternative acutely disagreeable to the Prince and his family. So the Prince had decided to hunt me up and ask whether I would save the situation. Having known him ever since he was a boy in the home of his mother—for whom I cherished a pro-

found esteem, and a gratitude which will endure to my last breath—I reassured him by promising to play the program selected and approved by the Dowager Empress, which was made up of works from the classical repertoire I had been playing for the past thirty-five years. Although I had withdrawn from the concert platform several years before, I told him that I felt confident that I could once more play as I had been accustomed to play. Whereupon the Prince left me, quite happy.

When the evening came I went to the palace and was cordially received by the Prince and his wife. The invited guests were all persons whom I had known for years, who for the most part had aged along with me, and most of them were familiar and sympathetic figures I was sure to encounter wherever good music was made. It was heartening to me to be welcomed by the men with a cordial grasp of the hand, and by the friendly smiles of the women. The program at an end, the Dowager Empress thanked the artists and withdrew; the rest of the guests stayed for supper, in the course of which Prince George, raising his glass of champagne, addressed a few kindly words of thanks to me. A few days later both Prince George and Countess Karlova called on me one morning, and brought me a superb

flower-vase of the most exquisite workmanship, as a souvenir of the endangered soirée. This vase is with my other precious souvenirs, my collection of letters and autographed portraits, my library. I shall never see them again—just a small individual misfortune in the general catastrophe which has overwhelmed old Russia.

In this summer of 1875, I was a young Benedict living in a small apartment in one wing of the Oranienbaum Palace, an apartment graciously placed at my disposal by the Grand Duchess Catherine. Davidoff had his own villa not so very far away, on the shore of the sea, and Anton Rubinstein had a superb summer residence at Peterhof, half-an-hour distant by carriage.

At times the Grand Duchess Catherine would invite us to play in the palace, and I would have the pleasure of meeting Davidoff and Anton Rubinstein and of making beautiful music with them in an atmosphere of honest enthusiasm for all the arts, music in particular. Our program usually consisted of a Beethoven, Mendelssohn, or Rubinstein trio, after which the Princess Helena sang a Schumann or Schubert *lied,* an aria from a Händel opera, or some song from the classic Italian repertoire; Davidoff would then play a short solo or a sonata movement; I would play a lit-

tle group of violin solos; and, to bring the concert to a close, Rubinstein would seat himself at the piano, and delight us with Chopin, Schumann, or some of his own compositions. I can never forget these delightful occasions. After we had played, a little supper would be served, and Anton Rubinstein would take Davidoff and myself in his carriage and drop each of us at his own home before driving himself back to Peterhof.

That same summer King Oscar of Sweden and his wife were expected to visit the Imperial family at Peterhof. One fine morning we heard a heavy cannonade proceeding from the direction of the sea. It came from the guns of the Swedish fleet convoying the royal couple, which, returning the salute of the Kronstadt forts as it passed them, came to anchor in the harbor of Nieuw-Peterhof not far from the great palace where the Imperial family lived quite modestly in a villa, though the official receptions were held in the Peterhof palace.

The day after the arrival of the royal guests, Rubinstein hunted me up very early in the morning to tell me that Count Alderberg, the Minister of the Imperial Household, had been to see him the day before at the Czar's request, asking him to arrange a *soirée musicale* in

honor of the Swedish royal couple. Inasmuch as King Oscar was highly esteemed as a poet and a musician, it seemed that this might be a welcome diversion for him, a relief from all the reviews by land and by sea, the official receptions, and gala dinners which he would have to undergo. Rubinstein further informed me that he had stopped at Davidoff's villa to let him know; but that Davidoff was not at home, and that his wife had said he was away on a concert tour of Finland and she did not know in what city he might be at the time. Rubinstein was very much put out by this news, having already handed over to Count Alderberg the program of the soirée, in which Davidoff had been put down for a solo number as well as for the 'cello part in the Mendelssohn piano trio in C minor. The situation was an especially delicate one for Davidoff. A court functionary in his capacity as Soloist to the Czar, he was absent without leave from the Minister of the Imperial Household; and if a Court Soloist failed to appear at one of these official occasions (unless he were seriously ill) he ran a grave risk of losing his position. Rubinstein and I discussed the various phases of the matter very earnestly, and Rubinstein kept repeating: "What can we do to have him here by to-morrow evening?"

I advised him to telegraph all the music shops in the four or five most important cities of Finland, begging, "by highest command," that Davidoff be sent off on the night train in time to play at Peterhof Palace on the evening of the following day. Having in mind the universal popularity and esteem which Rubinstein enjoyed throughout Russia, I felt sure that Davidoff, provided he happened to be in one of the cities in question, would receive the dispatch in time to take the night train for St. Petersburg. Rubinstein asked for an immediate reply.

When evening came and he had no answer, he went to Count Alderberg in order to submit a different program. The Minister was very much interested in ascertaining the reason for the change. After Rubinstein had frankly explained the circumstances to him, and had also mentioned the telegrams he had despatched without any result, Count Alderberg, who had listened to his account very calmly, said that if Davidoff were really in Finland he would see to it that he was in Peterhof Palace the next day at the time fixed. Rubinstein returned home to await developments. The telephone not having been invented as yet, I could not communicate with him; but when evening came, I went to see him before going to the

Palace. Punctual as was his custom, he had set his watch half-an-hour ahead. We set out, taking with us a few sonatas for violin and piano, in order to be prepared for all emergencies. When we reached the Palace we were led into a small chamber adjoining the great music room, and whom should we behold tranquilly seated there but Davidoff!

Rubinstein burst into laughter when he caught sight of him, but our 'cellist, very pale and perturbed, held out his hand and confessed the following adventure. It seems that he had simply been making a "tour." He was at Viborg, a fortress not far from the Russian frontier, when, asleep in his room at the hotel, he was awakened at five o'clock in the morning by a knocking at the door. Astonished and a little uneasy, for he had left no order to be called, he hesitated about getting up, but fearing it might be a fire—most of the buildings in Finland are wooden structures—he rose and opened the door. Two persons entered, the porter of the hotel, half-asleep and holding a lantern in his hand, and the chief of police of Viborg in uniform, a uniform identical in all parts of the Russian empire. Davidoff paled when he saw the latter functionary, who asked him whether he were Charles Davidoff, Violoncello Soloist to the Czar. Upon his response in

the affirmative, the chief of police politely requested him to dress, pack his belongings, and follow him to the railroad station.

Davidoff had no idea as to what it was all about, but being a loyal subject of his Czarine Majesty, and realizing that any overt resistance to a formal order from a chief of police would only make the situation so much worse, he calmly paid his hotel bill and followed his guide. At the railroad the chief of police ushered him into a waiting-room for first-class passengers, and took leave, putting him in charge of a *gendarme* with orders not to leave him alone for a single minute. More and more astonished, Davidoff nevertheless resigned himself and took a nap, from which he was roused toward nine o'clock by the chief of police, who told him that a special train would be ready to take him to St. Petersburg within half an hour. When Davidoff climbed into the sleeping-car he noticed, much to his surprise, that aside from his own coach the train comprised no more than a baggage-car and the locomotive. The chief of police gave him the military salute and handed him a slip of paper, on which he read:

"Telegraph order from the Minister of the Household to His Majesty the Czar: 'To all chiefs of police in Finland: hunt up at once and find His Majesty's soloist Charles David-

off, and return him immediately per special train to Peterhof.' "

Only then did poor Davidoff realize what had happened, and fell back laughing into his seat, not however, without some lively apprehensions as to what he would have to pay for the special, which was sure to cost several hundreds of roubles. He told us how amusing it was to shoot past the innumerable stations, everywhere saluted by the station-heads and the employees, ranged in line, military fashion, and certain that one of the grand dukes, or at least some minister of state, was riding in this train with its single passenger coach. In Russia, as a rule, specials are very rarely used; only the Czar himself, the Czarina, and members of the Imperial family employed them; and at the time of which I speak the appearance of a special on the road was a real event.

Davidoff had just finished telling us of his adventure when the great doors of the music-room were flung wide and we heard the clicking of spurs and sabers, the swishing of silken court trains. We entered the room in which the piano had been placed, just in time to witness the entry of the sovereigns, followed by the grand dukes and grand duchesses and their suites, the ministers of state, the diplomatic corps and its ladies, and the high dignitaries

of the crown, preceded by Count Alderberg. The latter at once came over to us, smiling, and seemingly not at all astonished to see Davidoff keeping us company. He led us directly to the Czar, who presented us to the King of Sweden and his queen. Rubinstein, quite naturally, as a man known and admired in all civilized lands, was the center of attraction, not only because of his incomparable mastery, but also in view of his fascinating personality. He had just completed part of his European and American tour with a success hitherto unknown in musical annals, and it almost seemed as though his glory formed a halo around his head.

Our program consisted of the Mendelssohn C minor trio, a 'cello and a violin solo, and, last but not least, some piano solos. Many musicians of the present day are inclined to consider the Mendelssohn trio old-fashioned; but in 1875—when Schumann's works were rarely heard, when Brahms was only known by his "Danses Hongroises" and a couple of songs, and the "German Requiem" was scarcely ever performed, when Saint-Saëns was practically unknown, and Liszt tabooed by all conservative concert organizations—then Mendelssohn, as Rubinstein played him, was received with enthusiasm. Hence on this

evening, when we had finished our program, the Czar giving the signal, every one rose and came over to us to express their appreciation with the frankest cordiality. After having enjoyed some refreshments served in the concert room, we withdrew.

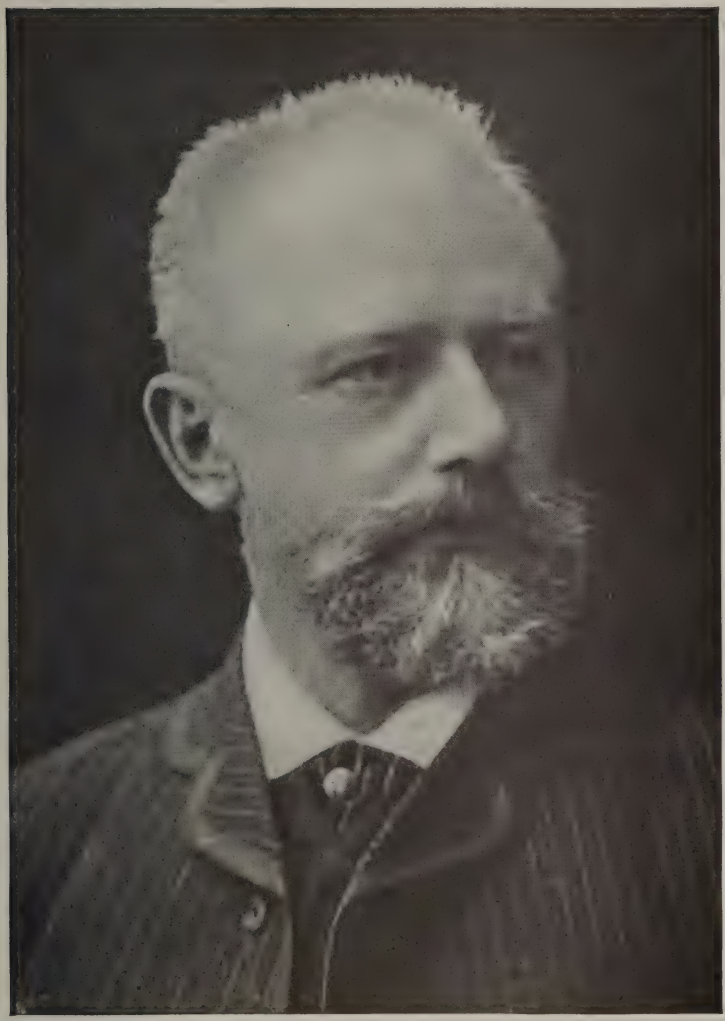
A few days later we were gratified by the receipt of handsome gifts from the Czar and Czarina, and Davidoff was informed that the Ministry of the Imperial Household would assume the cost of the special train from Viborg to Peterhof.

CHAPTER XI

TCHAIKOVSKY AND THE NEO-RUSSIAN SCHOOL

Tchaikovsky's Early Career—His Absurd Contract with Jurgenson, the Moscow Publisher—A Romance in Tchaikovsky's Life—His Unhappy Marriage—His Concert-Overture "Romeo et Juliette"—"At Last a Genius Has Arrived"—The Second Symphony—Nicholas Rubinstein, Hans von Bülow and the Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor—Tchaikovsky Dedicates to Me the Charming "Sérénade mélancholique"—The Violin Concerto—Tchaikovsky and the "Five"—Belaieff — Liadoff—Ippolitov-Ivanoff—Tcherepnine—Glazounoff—Tchaikovsky at Belaieff's Concerts—Wagner and the "Five"—Cui on Tchaikovsky—Tchaikovsky's Operas—The Assassination of Alexander II—Czar Alexander III a Patron of Music; He Discovers Tchaikovsky—The Composer of "Eugene Oniegin" Becomes a National Figure—Tchaikovsky a Truly Slavic Genius.

TCHAIKOVSKY was excessively sensitive; modest and unassertive in his dealings with all, he was deeply appreciative of any interest shown in him or in his works. As he then lived on the ragged edge of prosperity, he was very



Tchaikovsky

glad to obtain a prize of 500 roubles, awarded him by the Imperial Russian Musical Society for his opera *Kunets Vakula* ("Vakula the Smith") in 1876. I am proud to remember that I was one of the jury, made up of professors of the Conservatoire, who declared his work the winning one in the competition.

He lived at that time in Moscow, making frequent visits to St. Petersburg, where he had a limited circle of friends who appreciated his genius, though at the time he was hardly known to the public, nor even to the small group of St. Petersburg musicians. There were others like him. Adolf Henselt, for instance, the famous composer and pianist, who lived in St. Petersburg, where he occupied an official position in the musical world as inspector of music in the Institutes for the Education of Daughters of the Nobility—there were several of these institutions, in each of which hundreds of pupils were educated in veritable palaces at government expense—never showed himself in the circle of the musicians of the Conservatoire, for what reason I cannot imagine. He lived in a very retired fashion, surrounded only by a few old society ladies, former pupils of his in the days of the Czar Nicholas I, when he had been pianist and *persona grata* at Court.

Tchaikovsky, who did not greatly enjoy his duties as professor of harmony and counterpoint in the Moscow Conservatoire, which duties robbed him of several hours a day, nevertheless kept on composing and publishing the piano pieces and songs which soon became so popular. When he received from the Moscow music-publisher Jurgenson an offer of 3,000 roubles per year for the rights to everything he wrote, Tchaikovsky at once accepted. As yet unconscious of his great gifts, he saw in composition a means to complete economic independence, resigned his professorial position, and giving free course to his inspiration, turned over to his publisher the musical treasures he created like a prodigal infant (not an infant prodigy!). Jurgenson, little by little, became tremendously wealthy, while the cause of this avalanche of gold died in very modest circumstances. I do not know for how many years this unjust contract remained in force.

Despite the savage pride combined with excessive timidity which were characteristic of him, there was a romance in Tchaikovsky's life which came very near exerting a tragic influence on his whole existence. Living as he did the life of a creative musician, he was more or less a recluse from the world, although by no means unsociable. He was young, of cap-

tivating exterior, haloed with the aureole of uncommon talent, and credited with a brilliant future. A young girl, Antonia Ivanova Milukova, one of the students at the Moscow Conservatoire, who had fallen in love with him, despairing of calling his attention to herself, went to his house one evening, and knelt before him pale and haggard, saying that she had come to die beside him, since without him life meant nothing to her. She then drew a revolver, and pressing it against her heart, prepared to pull the trigger. Tchaikovsky, much alarmed, and desirous of averting a tragedy in his quiet home, wrested the revolver from the young girl's hands, sought to calm her agitation and, in order to soothe and reassure her, went so far as to promise to marry her. Like the true gentleman he was he kept his word, and this hasty and ill-starred marriage took place not long afterward, very privately, on July 18, 1877, in the presence of only a few witnesses, among whom were Tchaikovsky's brothers Anatole and Modeste.

It need hardly be said that a marriage brought about under such circumstances could hardly be a happy one. Tchaikovsky became increasingly morose, and neglected his work. He, who hitherto had been so good a comrade in the society of his friends, turned taciturn.

His nervousness and wretchedness augmenting day by day, his brothers, after some weeks of this misery, decided to take him far away from Moscow and his wife, to Clarens, in Switzerland, where he managed to recuperate from his nervous collapse. He never saw his wife again while he lived, but paid her an allowance sufficient to enable her to live far away from him. I do not know whether a divorce—a very complicated matter in Russia, where for the orthodox Greek Catholic marriage as well as divorce was strictly regulated by the laws of the Church—was ever arranged. This unhappy story was but little discussed outside musical circles, and was soon forgotten. While the fact of Tchaikovsky's unhappy marriage is well established, I do not think that the incident which led up to it is mentioned in any of the composer's biographies.

Tchaikovsky became famous in Moscow, the southern capital, in a comparatively short time, but St. Petersburg was slower to appreciate him. It might be said that it was the sensational success of his concert-overture "Romeo et Juliette," at one of the concerts of the Russian Symphony Society in St. Petersburg, conducted by Napravnik, which first established his fame in the latter city, and was the dawn of that reputation which, in spite of the fact that

his works met with adverse criticism in Vienna, Paris, and Berlin when they were first performed, soon afterward became universal. I was present at the "Romeo et Juliette" performance in question, and was moved and impressed to the point of saying to myself,

"At last a genius has arrived!"

After this memorable evening, the musical world of the capital awaited with growing interest every new work of the young composer announced for performance. In the meantime the singers everywhere took up the lovely songs he wrote in such profusion. In Moscow, which had always held him in high esteem, Nicholas Rubinstein, an enthusiastic admirer of his gifts, performed his second and third symphonies. (The Second Symphony in C Minor, Op. 17, by the way, a very lovely work, surprisingly fresh and original in its orchestral coloring, with a final movement based on Russian folk themes, is unfortunately totally unknown in the United States.) The pianists, too, played his piano pieces, and it was said that he had written a Concerto for piano and orchestra, intended for Nicholas Rubinstein, but that the latter had not been entirely satisfied with it, and had asked Tchaikovsky to make certain alterations in his manuscript. The composer, who was extremely sensitive,

thereupon took his score and showed it to Hans von Bülow, who chanced to be passing through Moscow at the time. The latter, delighted with the work, accepted the dedication and, not long afterwards, played it for the first time in Berlin. This famous Concerto, in B flat minor, is now a repertory number of the majority of our great keyboard virtuosos.

Tchaikovsky, who had dedicated his first composition for violin and orchestra, the charming "Sérénade mélancholique," to me, a composition which I had introduced at one of my Moscow concerts, came to see me one day in St. Petersburg to show me a Concerto for violin and orchestra which had already been engraved and was ready for circulation, and which bore the dedication "Á Monsieur Leopold Auer."

Profoundly touched by this mark of his friendship, I thanked him warmly and at once had him sit down at the piano, while I, seating myself beside him, followed with feverish interest his somewhat awkward piano rendering of the score. I could hardly grasp the entire content of the work at this first audition; but was at once struck by the lyric beauty of the second theme in the first movement, and the charm of the sorrowfully inflected second movement, the "Canzonetta." Tchaikovsky

left the music with me, upon my promise to study the work and to play it at the first opportunity. When I went over the score in detail, however, I felt that, in spite of its great intrinsic value, it called for a thorough revision, since in various portions it was quite unviolinistic and not at all written in the idiom of the strings. I regretted deeply that the composer had not shown me his score before having sent it to the engraver, and determined to subject it to a revision which would make it more suited to the nature of the violin, and then submit it to the composer. I was eager to undertake this work as soon as possible; but a great deal happened to prevent my getting to it, and I decided to lay it aside for a short time.

I had just been offered the directorship of the symphonic concerts of the Russian Musical Society—Davidoff having retired as conductor—and accepted. I had already been directing the orchestral concerts of the Imperial Choir for the past two seasons, as well as many others, in addition to conducting the orchestra class at the Conservatoire for a long period. This new position, in addition to all my other work, preëmpted all my time and energy: I was obliged to make up the programs for the entire season, to choose the

solo artists—and the correspondence carried on with them was by no means the least part of my duties—and attend to a thousand and one other managerial details. Naturally, the Tchaikovsky Concerto suffered. In fact, I deferred the matter of its revision so thoroughly, that after waiting two whole years, the composer, very much disappointed, withdrew the original edition. Quite frankly admitting that I was to blame, I thought him perfectly within his rights. He rededicated the work to Adolphe Brodsky, who played it for the first time in Vienna. Eduard Hanslick, the famous musical critic of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse,* and the intimate friend of Johannes Brahms, fell on the work tooth and nail, and insisted that the last movement was redolent of *vodka,* the brandy of Russia, a derogatory phrase which did credit neither to his good judgment nor to his reputation as a critic. Tchaikovsky's Concerto in D has everywhere established its merit. My own revision appeared in Russia more than twenty-five years ago and, quite recently, in a new edition here in New York, and has been played in that form by all my older pupils on both sides of the Atlantic. I often played it in Europe, as I had revised it, and thus—after a sufficiently protracted delay, for which I trust Tchaikovsky's manes will forgive

me—I have kept the word I gave the great Russian composer long years before.

The neo-Russian "Five" were uninterruptedly active, creatively, while Tchaikovsky was coming into prominence. At the symphonic concerts Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Sadko"—the first orchestral poem ever composed by a Russian—and his "Antar" were performed. The first work is maritime program music of the finest type, based on the old Russian legend of a minstrel-merchant whose glorious powers as a player of the *guzlee* in kingdoms beneath the wave calls up stories and causes shipwrecks on all the seas; the second, a symphonic suite, or "picture" in four movements, develops a fantastic Arabian tale by Sennkovsky. Borodine's First Symphony was also performed; and Cui was hard at work on an opera, though Moussorgsky had not as yet entered the arena, and Balakireff held himself aloof. At the Imperial Opera Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Snieguroteh ka* ("The Snow Maiden") was presented without much success in 1882, two years after his *Maiskaya notch* ("A Night in May") whose subject is one of the fantastic tales Gogol wrote at Pushkin's suggestion, had scored no more than a faint success. That is to say, these operas pleased a portion of the audience, but left the majority of the general

public indifferent. Though in the theater and concert hall there were enthusiastic demonstrations at each successive performance of a new work by one of the "Five," one felt that these demonstrations did not really represent the opinion of the mass of the auditors. The partisans of the "Five" were not so very numerous at that time, but among them were men who shrank from no sacrifice in the support of their convictions.

One of these was a very talented lawyer and a musician by grace of God, Vladimir Stassoff. He was the music-critic of one of the most influential of the St. Petersburg dailies, and made use of his position to wave the patriotic banner "Russian music above all else!" at every opportunity. His heroes were, first of all, Glinka, then Rimsky-Korsakoff, then Borodine and the rest of the neo-Muscovites; everybody else was more or less subject to his attacks. Cui, for his part, fought for the "Five" in other journals. Between them they managed to keep the public in a constant state of excitement, yet without gaining many recruits for their party.

Another protagonist of the neo-Russian cause was Mitrofan Petrovitch Belaieff, an enormously wealthy merchant and a great music-lover, who maintained a string quartet

which played every week at his home. Deeply interested in the music of the "Five," he held out a helping hand to them, and with magnificent decision did something until then unheard of in the annals of music in Russia. He created a Society of Symphonic Concerts of which he was the founder, president, and sole member. He undertook to pay all the expenses involved by this new propaganda for the music of the nationalist composers, and commenced by engaging the orchestra of the Imperial Russian Opera—the same symphonic body which played the concerts of the Russian Musical Society—under the direction of Rimsky-Korsakoff. Their device was: "National music and nothing else!" A season of three concerts was first announced, and the number was increased until five and six concerts were given each year. The programs were made up of the works of Glinka, Dargomyzhsky, and the "Five," and later included the compositions of the young creative talents graduated from Rimsky-Korsakoff's classes at the Conservatoire, among them Anatole Liadoff, Ippolitov-Ivanoff, Tcherepnine, and, above all others, Alexander Glazounoff.

The last, though not a student at the Conservatoire, was the favorite pupil of Rimsky-Korsakoff. I knew him well, having been on

the friendliest footing with him for many years, and having had excellent opportunities of gauging his nobility of soul, his profound knowledge of the music of every land from the most ancient times to the present day, his great talent, his fine personality. He was a great admirer of Richard Wagner, yet in his own works he remained true to his individual self; he never allowed himself to be influenced by the great minds of the past. At a later date Glazounoff failed to share the enthusiasm of the younger generation for one of Rimsky-Korsakoff's most gifted pupils, Igor Stravinsky, a failure which I did not find it difficult to understand.

Unfortunately, at the moment I write these lines, Glazounoff is still in St. Petersburg, director of the Conservatoire, the post to which he was elected unanimously by the council of the faculty in 1906—and to which he has since been reëlected. He was my last director before my departure in 1917. In 1910 we were together in London, in connection with his receiving the degree of doctor of music *honoris causae* from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It is much to be deplored that Glazounoff's symphonies, above all the fifth and sixth, which are veritable masterpieces, are hardly ever performed in this country.

Politics seems to have played an important part in music ever since the Peace Treaty, but the world at large seems to forget that Russia, until that unhappy day when the Communists seized the reins of government, was one of the Allies. It is true that the works of Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff often add luster to the programs of the symphonic concerts given by leading orchestras in the United States; but if those of Glazounoff were to be added, we should have a trinity of Russian composers worthy of both countries.

While the neo-Russians developed their works, Tchaikovsky lived in almost complete retirement in Moscow, was absorbed by composition, and hardly came in touch with the "Five." He heard their works when they were given in Moscow, or when he chanced to be in St. Petersburg, and they heard his; but no contact was established between them. It was not until much later, when the two factions —the Orientalists, or nationals, and the Occidentalists, or eclectics—were more clearly defined in their aims and aspirations, that Tchaikovsky, who was a great admirer of the Rimsky-Korsakoff operas, met the neo-Russian composers at Belaieff's concerts; for Belaieff, now and again, had one of Tchaikovsky's works performed at his concerts in order to justify the

name of "Russian Symphony Concerts," from whose programs the works of so superior a native talent as Tchaikovsky could not be entirely excluded, for all that such heralds of nationalism as Stassoff and Cui were but little interested in them.

Richard Wagner, as yet unknown to the majority of Russian music-lovers, was often discussed and severely criticized by the members of the "Five," chiefly as regards the principles he had established for the music drama. His theory of leading motives, descriptive of each character of the drama and reappearing in various transformations in the course of its development, and his instrumentation, dominating the voices and giving them a secondary position by its richness, color, and sonority, were particularly condemned.

It must not be forgotten that this was in the days before Bayreuth, and that the creator of the "Nibelungen," "Meistersinger," "Tristan," and "Parsifal" was a subject of universal discussion. In Paris, for instance, after the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, politics played an important part in the fate of Wagner's music. Lamoureux, the founder of the Concerts-Lamoureux, a great Wagnerian, was so desirous of introducing "Lohengrin" at the Paris *Opéra* that he staged the work as a

privately managed undertaking and made no claim on the government subsidy for the *Opéra* performances. Though this was some ten years after the signature of the peace treaty between France and Germany, he was obliged to suspend the performances because of the tumultuous protests of the French Chauvinists and the riots which took place before the *Opéra* building itself. These reached such a point that the police had to take a hand, and the Prefect of Paris, in order to calm the excited multitude, was forced to ban "Lohengrin" from the stage, to the great regret of all those who did not mingle their art and their politics.

This general ignorance of Wagner in Russia continued until approximately 1891 or 1894 —I am not certain which year it was—when Angelo Neumann, director of the German Opera in Prague, arrived in St. Petersburg with the "Ring," and a company of artists of the first rank. It is true that "Lohengrin" had been given at the Marinsky Theater as early as 1868, the year of my own arrival in the capital, and had been received with the utmost coolness and reserve; but "Lohengrin" was the last of his scores to which Wagner gave the title of "opera;" it was not one of the "music dramas;" and its fleeting apparition

on the Russian operatic stage had left no traces. Rimsky-Korsakoff, in his memoirs, writes of the performance:

"Balakireff, Cui, Moussorgsky, and myself were in a box with Dargomyzhsky. We all expressed our contempt for 'Lohengrin.'"

The "Ring" performances, with their admirable singers, their adequate scenic decorations and personnel, and with Dr. Karl Muck as conductor, scored a great success, both artistically and financially. Among the most assiduous attendants at the performances were Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounoff, who, scores in hand, were to be found not only at each public performance, but at all the rehearsals as well, having obtained Neumann's special permission. Incidentally, Rimsky-Korsakoff, in his two fine symphonic works, "Scheherezade" and "Antar," has followed the Wagnerian example with regard to the leading motive, though he has done so in an altogether individual manner.

César Cui, in his "Music in Russia," praises Tchaikovsky as a symphonist, but attacks him as a composer of dramatic music.

"The last-named field is his weak side; not alone is his declamation totally defective, but at times even the rhythm of his music does not correspond to the rhythm of his words. In

many cases, too, the dimensions of his works do not correspond to the dimensions of his text; and as a rule he writes more music than is necessary. He is forced to take refuge in long pauses in the voice part, to repetitions of strophes, stanzas, and words, a procedure often incompatible with good sense. In spite of all these tricks, however, his opera music makes one think of a thin man wearing too large a coat. One more detail: Tchaikovsky *is certainly not a Wagnerite,* and nevertheless, it is not rare to encounter in his music the *defective* and *irrational system* of Wagner, which causes the orchestra to predominate over the singing voices, and which confines the leading ideas and controlling part to the instruments, while relegating the living and acting personages of the drama to a secondary plane. Tchaikovsky, too, *is far from being a partisan of the neo-Russian school; he might be more correctly described as its enemy;* yet he has been unable to escape its influence, which has left visible traces in his lyric works. What is a misfortune in his case, is his inability to become an out and out adherent of either the one or the other party."

For my own part, I am of the opinion that what is deplored by Cui has been a good thing for musical art; for as I have said, Tchaikov-

sky remained himself. As to Cui's verdict with regard to Tchaikovsky's dramatic talent, the facts themselves prove that he was in error. Tchaikovsky's two operas, *Eugene Oniegin* and *Pikovaya dama* (Pique Dame), have been performed in Germany, Austria, and Italy; and they are still included in the repertoire of the New York Metropolitan Opera House. In Russia these two operas were given continually up to the time I left the country.

Only Glinka's two operas and Rubinstein's "The Demon" could vie with them in success. It is known that "Eugene Oniegin," based on Pushkin's poem, was never intended by its composer for performance on a large stage like that of St. Petersburg or of Moscow. The work was originally conceived for the stage of the Moscow Conservatoire. At this institution, as in the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, were annually given one or two operatic spectacles for which the students furnished the singers, the chorus, and the orchestra. The general public and the press always took a great interest in these performances, and so did the management of the Imperial theaters. They served, in a manner, as public examinations for young singers of talent, many of whom were certain to be selected to appear on the two great national operatic stages. Tchai-

Alexander III

Marie Feodorovna

kovsky, eager to pay a tribute of recognition to the Moscow Conservatoire and to the city of Moscow—which he loved, and which returned his affection with every mark of sympathy and approval—composed these "lyric scenes," as he called them, for one of the student spectacles. Their success was great —practically all the operas given at these Conservatoire performances were successful— when presented on this occasion in the "Grand Theater" placed at the disposal of the institution by the management of the Imperial theaters. The piano score was printed and was used, like so many others, for study purposes by the singing classes. Two airs in particular, one for soprano, the other for tenor, attracted general attention. (The "Air" of Lensky is so charming, and lies so well for the strings, that I recently transcribed it for violin and piano, and the New York publisher, Carl Fischer, has published it.)

Two or three years after this Moscow première a St. Petersburg society of musical amateurs performed "Eugene Oniegin" privately, for the benefit of its members. Here and there one or the other of the two airs mentioned was heard on the concert stage; but no one for a moment thought of the work as an opera which could be presented with success

on every stage. Yet it contains fine choruses, and the two court dances, a waltz and a polonaise, are veritable jewels. Musicians spoke of the score with admiration, and there the matter ended. The advent of the Czar Alexander III to the throne of the Russian empire, however, was of happy augury to Tchaikovsky and resulted in his "Eugene Oniegin" coming into that greater heritage of popular favor which it so richly deserved.

Alexander III ascended the Russian throne after the tragic death of his father, Alexander II, when the latter was assassinated by the Nihilists—as the red radicals of that day were called in Russia. St. Petersburg was terrified; Cossack patrols rode up and down the streets night and day, carbine in hand; while the secret police multiplied its activities in every quarter of the city, searching for the conspirators, one or two of whom had been apprehended without difficulty, notably a young society girl, the Countess Perowsky.

Only a miracle could have saved Alexander II on the day of his assassination. The conspirators had fabricated all their measures in advance and had calculated and discounted every possibility of failure. The actual assassination had been planned "double;" that is to say, detailed arrangements for the mur-

der had been made in two entirely different places, depending on the route followed by the Czar's carriage, so that should he escape his fate in one spot, he would meet it in the other.

The Czar had passed in review one of the regiments of the Guard in the court of the big barracks. In order to return to the Winter Palace he had a choice of only two routes; either to pass through Karavenia Street, or to take the street along the Catherine Canal. It was noticed, after some days had passed, that a shop in one of the houses in Karavenia Street, frequented for months past by young peasants who brought the products of their farms there for sale, had remained closed and shuttered ever since the Sunday of the regicide. The police instituted a search which showed that a tunnel had been excavated from the cellar of this shop out beneath the middle of the street, under the pavement, and that it had been mined. Witnesses testified that one of the young shopkeepers had been hanging about the outside of the building on the fatal day, probably on watch to give the signal to his comrades once the Czar's equipage entered the street. Had he chanced to take this route back to the Winter Palace, not only would he himself have infallibly fallen a victim to the mine, but half the street, together with the

surrounding houses, would have been destroyed.

Along the other route, the one actually taken by the Czar, the conspirators were strung at a distance of a few paces from each other, all armed with bombs, so that in the event of the first or second failing to slay their victim, the next in line could make good their failure. This precaution the Nihilists took for the success of their bloody work was established by the investigations, and by the fact that several unexploded bombs were found lying in the snow near the Canal. They had been dropped there as soon as it was seen that the attempt on the Czar's life had succeeded.

The fact that it was a fine April day aided the conspirators. St. Petersburg was not a city with several million inhabitants. The workmen were spending Sunday, their day of rest, quietly at home; all the shops were closed; and the assassins were able to station themselves in the little-frequented street without being disturbed, negligently leaning against the balustrade bordering the Canal, and to all appearances indolently warming themselves in the sun.

I lived in a street running parallel with the Canal, and vividly recall the sudden terrific explosion. At first I thought that perhaps it

was a discharge of cannon in honor of some festival, as occasionally happened. Yet the detonation of the fatal bomb was not the signal for rejoicing; instead it heralded the beginning of one of the most reactionary epochs in Russian history.

There was another tragic side to the assassination of the Czar Alexander II. Entirely trustworthy reports had announced that the proposal for granting a constitution to the empire had met with the Czar's approval, and that Count Loris Melikoff, reputed to be one of the most loyal leaders of the liberal movement, had already drawn it up in outline. It was this Count Melikoff who was called to assume the post of Minister of the Interior, and he—had it not been for the coup of the Nihilists—would have signed the decree which would have given Russia its first constitution. After the Czar's assassination the project was buried with him, and was not mentioned again until 1906, when, under altogether different circumstances, a new quasi-constitution was given the Russian people by Czar Nicholas II.

Count Loris Melikoff retired soon after the accession to the throne of Czar Alexander III, but I had frequent opportunities to meet him at the time when he was at the apogee of his influence at Court. He had asked me to teach

his son, who had graduated from a military academy, the violin; and this young man studied with me for some time, until the moment came when he entered one of the Guard regiments as an officer. He did not give up the violin, however, but continued to play it like a real music-lover. I often encountered him at social affairs, while he continued to rise in rank in his profession until he was made a general. I did not see him after the outbreak of the war, and I could not say whether he was killed in one of the earlier battles or fell a victim to a Bolshevist bullet.

Not alone the Imperial Court, but the whole country mourned the defunct Czar. The people felt grateful to him because with one stroke of the pen he had abolished the serfdom of the peasants throughout the empire, freeing millions who had hitherto lived in absolute peonage. Theaters and concert halls were closed, and all social functions abruptly suspended in St. Petersburg, for a period of twelve days, until the remains of Czar Alexander II had been solemnly laid to rest. The new Czar then withdrew to Gatchina, an hour's distance from the capital. It was practically a small fortified town, with an Imperial palace founded in 1770 by Prince Orloff, and within whose walls the mad Czar Paul I had lived

during the reign of his mother, the Czarina Catherine, and where, according to the Prussian system, he had drilled those celebrated regiments of infantry which later on were to combat Frederick the Great, his mother's exally.

The young Czar Alexander III was a passionate lover of music, and while still Czarevitch had organized a small military band, made up of amateurs, most of them officers in the regiments of the Guards to which the heir to the throne belonged. He himself played the bass tuba, then used in the military bands. This information was given me by one of my colleagues at the Conservatoire, a Mr. Wurm. An excellent cornet-player, he had conducted the little orchestra in question, which met once a week and in which, he said, the future Czar took a great interest. Wurm, thanks to this circumstance, at a later date became chief of all the military bands of the Guard regiments, that is to say, commander of a little army of from 1,200 to 1,400 musicians.

The young Czar directed the domestic and, above all, the external policies of the government from his retreat in Gatchina. His aversion for Bismarck and the pan-Germanic policy of his late father are well known, and he lost no time in proving that his policy in inter-

national affairs was exclusively a pan-Russian one, going so far as to declare emphatically, in an official address, that "Russia had but a single friend in the world upon whom she could count: the Prince of Montenegro and his people!" The phrase created a sensation at the time, and Bismarck answered the concealed menace by laying an embargo on the loans which Russia was then negotiating in Berlin.

So, when we read one day in the St. Petersburg newspapers that the Czar desired to form a private Court Orchestra, that is to say, one exclusively attached to the Court for his personal service and entirely independent of the orchestras of the Imperial theaters, while at the same time a competition was announced for the purpose of recruiting musicians of every kind for the orchestra, certain things were self-evident. It was an open secret that nationals of other countries were excluded from the competition, as well as Russian subjects who belonged to the Jewish faith. The orchestra was organized, for better or for worse, and Baron von Stackelberg, a Russo-German from the Baltic provinces, and a captain in the Imperial Guard, was made its intendant; while another German, whose name I have forgotten, the erst-

while conductor of an operetta theater, was its conductor for a number of years. He was succeeded by Hugo Wahrlich, of Cassel, an admirable musician. This orchestra, when in St. Petersburg, was installed in a special building containing a hall for rehearsals and lodgings occupied by Baron von Stackelberg and the conductor. Though the members of the orchestra were not soldiers, and had no affiliation with the army, they wore a military uniform, and were put through a sort of drill when on the platform. This was because their chief, Baron von Stackelberg, either could not or would not relinquish the habits of the barracks. Once or twice a week they were commanded to Gatchina in order to play for the Czar. On these occasions special coaches were dispatched to the railroad depot, together with baggage cars for the instruments.

The orchestra did not play any symphonic compositions, but extracts and pot-pourris from operas, overtures and numbers taken from various ballets, and so on. At one of these concerts it happened to play a fantasy on themes from "Eugene Oniegin." Alexander III, always an attentive auditor, was struck by the charm and beauty of the music, and asked Baron von Stackelberg to inform him how it was that an opera written on a sub-

ject by the greatest of Russian poets, and by a Russian musician of such extraordinary talent, did not happen to be included in the repertoire of the Imperial Russian Opera. The Baron was at a loss for an answer, but he transmitted the Czar's reprimand—for such it was—to M. Vesvoloshsky, managing intendant of the Imperial theaters of St. Petersburg and Moscow. The latter was a delightful and highly cultured man, who for several years had been attached to the Russian Embassy in Paris, like many of the sons of the nobility who entered the diplomatic service, from which post he had been called to assume the management of seven of the largest and most important stages in the world. When one stops to reflect on the difficulties involved in the management of a single theater, it is easy to realize how great a burden devolved on M. Vesvoloshsky, charged with the direction of seven. He had somewhat the situation of a prime minister in a constitutional monarchy: first of all he was responsible to his superior, the Minister of the Imperial Household; then he was responsible to the country at large (which might be said to represent the parliament); and, finally, he was responsible to the press, which attacked him in the fashion customary in all lands. And

now he had received a reprimand from the supreme head of the State, the Czar himself.

This open espousal of Tchaikovsky's cause by the Czar had an immediate effect. Not alone in the staging of his opera; but because Russian high society, which had readily fallen in with the general Imperial pan-Slavistic program, was quite willing to follow where the Czar led in music as well. Tchaikovsky was a Russian composer. Whether or not he was affiliated with the "Five" could not alter the fact that his music was a credit to national composition, and that it was his own personal creation and not an echo of the music of other lands.

M. Vesvoloshsky wrote to Tchaikovsky at Moscow, begging him to come to St. Petersburg at once to discuss the question of putting on his opera. It must be confessed that the intendant of the Imperial theaters had no recourse to half measures, but did things in a big way. Some six months later, for it took time to paint the necessary decorations and drill the ballet, to create the costumes of the period—the beginning of the nineteenth century—and to rehearse the score under the baton of the composer, the work was ready for production.

And finally the impatience with which the

Russian musical public had awaited the first performance of "Eugene Oniegin" was rewarded. The première, given with a most brilliant *mise-en-scène,* was applauded from the very beginning—as I well remember, for I was in the audience—and the success of "Eugene Oniegin" was established beyond question. The composer was fêted in every possible way, but what testified more eloquently than anything else to the favor enjoyed by the work was that it kept its place in the repertoire from that day to the outbreak of the Revolution, not only in St. Petersburg and Moscow, but all over Russia as well. From that day forward Tchaikovsky became the best beloved, the most widely popular of all Russian composers. There has been much argument pro and con regarding the question of whether Tchaikovsky's music is truly Slavic, truly representative of Russian musical instincts and national feeling. But to those who dwell upon his eclecticism and the alleged absence of a truly national note in his compositions, we may oppose the verdict which we have just recorded, that of the Russian people itself.

The brilliant success of "Eugene Oniegin" had a favorable effect on Tchaikovsky's morale, not only because of the artistic triumph

which it represented, but also because of the material independence which it gave him. His royalties and rights as its composer made it possible for him to give himself up to composition when and where he inclined. He made good use of his new-found liberty by going to Florence, where, in the course of six months, he wrote his other great opera, "The Queen of Spades," once more selecting as his subject a work by Pushkin, this time a prose narrative.

No Russian opera, whether by Glinka or Rimsky-Korsakoff, by Borodine or Moussorgsky, has succeeded in winning in Russia the popularity won by "Eugene Oniegin." In the number of performances recorded, Anton Rubinstein's "The Demon" might, perhaps, rank second to Tchaikovsky's score in Russia and abroad.

Glinka's "A Life for the Czar," aside from its value as national music, had certain rights to inclusion in the repertoire under the head of a subject calculated to arouse patriotism. This opera, as far back as I can remember, was given every autumn both in St. Petersburg and Moscow, to open the season at the Imperial Opera, and was also performed on all official occasions. At this point César Cui wrote:

"The highly dramatic subject of 'A Life for the Czar' is borrowed from history. It harks back to the year 1613, a gloomy epoch when Russia was deluged with fire and blood, and when the Poles ruled in the Kremlin at Moscow. Young Michael Fedorovitch Romanoff was then elected Czar, and the hopes of the entire nation centered in him. According to the historic legend, the Poles attempted to seize the person of the newly elected sovereign. In order to discover the spot in which he was hidden, some of their leaders addressed themselves to the peasant, Ivan Soussanine, pretending to be ambassadors. Called upon to lead these pretended envoys to the Czar's retreat, Soussanine divines their ruse, and in order to foil their plot, does not hesitate to offer up his own life as a sacrifice. Sending his adopted son on in advance to warn the Czar, who is concealed near by, of the danger threatening him, he leads the Poles into the wild and trackless forest, where they are doomed to perish once they have lost their way. The faithful peasant is slain by the infuriated Poles, but the latter are unable to carry out their design, since the Czar, warned in time, has been able to save himself. Some modern Russian historians have denied the authenticity

of this legend; but whether it be an actual fact or purely imaginary, the martyr who makes the supreme sacrifice because of his devotion will remain for all time a magnificent dramatic subject."

CHAPTER XII

MY FIRST MEETING WITH PADEREWSKI (1876) —A VISIT TO LISZT IN WEIMAR (1878-1880) —THE DEATHS OF HENRI WIENIAWSKI AND NICHOLAS RUBINSTEIN

It was in the year 1876 that I happened to play for the first time in Warsaw. There was then no regular symphonic season in the Polish capital, for the Warsaw Philharmonic Society did not come into being until a number of years later; but a few symphony concerts were given by the management of the National Theater during the course of the opera season, and in the theater building. I was engaged for two concerts, one somewhat later than the other, which led to my extending my stay—a very pleasant one—in the city.

At that time the hospitable home of M. Louis Grossman, composer of a comic opera and of other musical works, and the representative for Poland of the Berlin piano house of Bechstein, was the meeting-place of the socially elect, among them the leading artists of the city, and of any distinguished musicians who might happen to be in Warsaw for the nonce.

A. Bauer. —

son compatriote

dévoué

It was in the Grossman home that I met Apollinaire de Kontski, in his youth a favorite pupil of Paganini, then director of the Warsaw Conservatoire and a virtuoso violinist. He was already advanced in years, but in his younger days had enjoyed a certain vogue in Russia, and was actually famous in Poland, where he was accounted one of the nation's glories. It was a pleasure to talk to this highly cultured and amiable old man who belonged to a period which already lay in the past. He was the contemporary of Chopin and of Moniusko, composer of the national opera "Halka," a work which was not only popular in Poland but had also been translated into Russian, and was often given in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

In the course of one of our talks, M. de Kontski asked me to play some of my repertory numbers at the Conservatoire, for the pupils and teachers. I gladly acceded to his request. Those among my colleagues who have played on similar occasions will, no doubt, recall with pleasure their audiences of youthful listeners, eager to hear and to see the artist whose appearance meant a departure from their established routine, and filled with pride to think that he was playing for their especial benefit.

When I reached the Conservatoire I was received by the director and several professors and conducted to the concert hall, where I was made the object of a triumphal reception, in which flowers were much in evidence. When I asked who among the pianists present would accompany me, Kontski smiled reassuringly, and beckoned to one of the young men who had gathered on the platform. The director in introducing the student of fifteen or sixteen, mentioned his name, and stressed the fact that he was exceptionally talented, both as a pianist and as a musician, though I must confess that the boy's name did not convey much to me at the time.

When I handed him the music I expected to play, he glanced through it with interest, and I then noticed that he had a remarkable head, two eyes which glowed with the most pronounced intelligence, though he said not a word, and a great mane of blond hair which completely framed his face. As a matter of fact, M. de Kontski had not exaggerated my accompanist's merits. The whole program was played as though we had carefully rehearsed it in advance; and after the séance, when I thanked the young man, I asked him to tell me his name, which I had forgotten as soon as Kontski had mentioned it.

He replied, "Jean Paderewski."

I have not forgotten it since, and strange to say, this great master himself has not forgotten that incident of his student days, and has recalled it to me at various times, both in Europe and in this country.

For a number of years I had cherished the wish to go to Weimar and make the acquaintance of Franz Liszt, whom I admired as much for his grandeur of soul as for his genius. Owing to the numerous obligations of one kind or another which I had assumed, and also to the fact that Liszt shifted his residence from Weimar to Rome, and from Rome to Budapest, and from Budapest to Weimar again, I did not make the attempt as soon as I should have liked.

Edouard Lassen, the composer, a friend of mine, was conductor of the orchestra at the Grand Ducal Opera, and I relied upon him to present me to the Master. He obtained an audience for me—this was either in 1878 or in 1880—without difficulty. Liszt's home was in the park surrounding the grand duke's palace—an unpretentious little cottage, picturesquely covered with ivy, which the sovereign had placed at his disposal. When I was first confronted by this amiable old man, with

his long gray hair hanging down upon his shoulders, with his piercing glance and encouraging smile, I was for a moment overcome by emotion. He engaged me in a conversation regarding music in Russia, seeming to be especially eager for details touching on the younger Russian school of composers, whose works he knew and esteemed.

He honored me with an invitation to dinner for the following day, and asked me to play for him before we sat down to the table. The dinner was fixed for one o'clock in the afternoon. Before it I played first some Bach compositions for solo violin and then—to his own accompaniment at the piano—a "Fantasie Russe" by Napravnik, which that composer had dedicated to me and with which Liszt was much pleased. In the meantime the other guests had arrived. They included two young women pianists, Mlle. Timanova of St. Petersburg and Tina Mehlig of Stuttgart, as well as a young composer-pianist, Rendano, of Naples. The dinner was a very merry one. Liszt at his best was one of the wittiest and most amiable of hosts, and he put the entire company at ease by the unpretentious heartiness with which he presided at the table. It is true that he had no need for striving

Au cher grand maître Léopold Auer,
en souvenir d'une vieille amitié et d'affectueuse admiration
J. J. Berenski
9/XII 1922.

to impress any one; his greatness was so evident and beyond any question.

Two days later he was kind enough to dine with me at the Hotel de Russie in Weimar, where I was staying. I went to fetch him, and we walked the short distance to my hotel, where Lassen and the two young ladies were waiting for us. I was touched by the evident devotion with which the good townfolk of Weimar greeted the Master as he passed through the streets. Weimar in that time was still a small, modest little German town, where everybody knew everybody else; and though its inhabitants were accustomed to the numerous visitors who were continually appearing to do homage to Liszt, each new arrival was discussed, weighed in the balance, and estimated according to his name, reputation, and position in the world of music. It was with regret that I left this tranquil and patriarchal little town, which had gained an epochal importance because it was the dwelling-place of giants such as Goethe, Schiller, and Liszt.

Henri Wieniawski, after resigning his positions as professor in the St. Petersburg Conservatoire and solo violinist at the Imperial theater, toured Europe and, for one or two

seasons, the United States. As a virtuoso violinist he was everywhere acclaimed as one of the greatest masters of his instrument heard in any age. He fascinated his audiences with an altogether individual talent, and he was as entirely different from any of the other violinists of his day in outward appearance as he was in his manner of playing. Since his death no violinist has ever seemed able to recall him.

In 1875 he had accepted the position of professor of violin at the Royal Conservatoire in Brussels, during the illness of Vieuxtemps, who was in charge of the advanced violin classes there; but upon Vieuxtemps's partial recovery, which enabled him to resume his duties, Wieniawski had at once yielded the position up to him. Wieniawski had been very successful in his work at the Conservatoire, where he was domiciled as head of the master-class; but after his short term there, and again after he had given up his work in St. Petersburg, he traveled incessantly. Whether or not the fatigue of this perpetual traveling, often under circumstances which were anything but comfortable, had undermined his constitution, which was far from strong, I do not know; but during the last years of his life the criticisms of his concerts

which one met in the newspapers questioned the perfection of his playing, and declared that it was no longer on the level of former years.

I happen to know, from authentic private sources, that during this last concert period of Wieniawski's he was at times obliged to stop playing in the midst of a composition, owing to a sudden seizure of heart trouble which, for the time being, absolutely deprived him of breath. After a few moments of rest he would go on playing, but much enfeebled by the attack he had suffered. At one of these concerts, in Berlin, Joachim, who happened to be in the hall, saved the situation. Wieniawski, who was playing the Bach "Chaconne," found himself afflicted by one of these attacks and unable to continue. He was led into the artist's room, and every attempt was made to alleviate him. Joachim was among the friends who came to inquire after the sick man, and it is said that Wieniawski, feeling too weak to continue playing, asked Joachim to play the "Chaconne" in his stead, and gave him his own violin for the purpose. Joachim, in order to oblige a friend and fellow artist, played not only the "Chaconne" but several other numbers as well, in order to bring the concert to a satisfactory conclusion. It is one of those unique little incidents in the history of music

which does honor to both artists who participated in it.

Wieniawski's malady grew increasingly serious. After leaving Berlin he went to Moscow, where he had several engagements to play. But, arrived in that city, he was obliged to take to his bed, from which, alas, he did not rise again. Nevertheless, there were moments when his cardiac affection did not trouble him, and on these rare occasions he was once more the Wieniawski of earlier days, gay, witty, and full of spirits.

I was a witness to the fact myself when, coming to Moscow to see him after several years, I went with Nicholas Rubinstein to visit him in the home of Mme. Nadeshda Filaretovna de Meck—Tchaikovsky's invisible patron, a wealthy widow and music-lover who paid him the most extravagantly liberal fees for works which she commissioned him to write and who had taken in Wieniawski, seeing to it that he had every care which his condition demanded. As soon as he caught sight of us, he hailed us with the greatest joy, shook hands most warmly, and talked to us in the most amusing and entertaining manner, constantly interrupted by paroxysms of coughing so violent that they cut us to the heart. As

soon as an access of the kind was over, however, his happy temperament gained the upper hand.

I recall that once, while the serious condition of his health seemed, for a moment, to weigh upon his mind, as though he had a presentiment of his approaching death, he said: "Remember, you two, that the 'Carnival of Venice' dies with me!" He was speaking of that brilliant virtuoso composition which Ernst was the first to popularize, and which was one of Wieniawski's own greatest violinistic triumphs. What he really intended to convey by his phrase was that the glorious line of virtuosos as such, the successors of Paganini, would come to an end with his passing, and that we were on the threshold of an epoch of virtuoso-musicians. Yet he was mistaken, for his own compositions for violin have demonstrated that he himself traced a road for future virtuosos to follow. We left him with words of encouragement, promising to visit him again before long. Once outside the house we looked at one another and, unable to hold back our tears, broke down and gave way to our distress before we could find it possible to continue on our way. My presentiment that we should not see this dear friend of ours, this great

artist, again was only too well justified. A few days later, in St. Petersburg, I read in the newspapers that he had died, March 31, 1880, at the age of forty-five. He was buried in Warsaw, his native city.

A year after he had died I went to Moscow to attend the funeral of Nicholas Rubinstein, the news of whose death on March 23, 1881, had horrified me in Paris. Some months before, stricken with a serious malady, he had fought it with all his strength. He could not be ill, he said, he had no time for illness. Yet in the end he was obliged to give up the unequal struggle. The devotion of friends made it possible for him to be brought to Paris to consult some of the most famous physicians there, but there was nothing to be done for him, and he died after several weeks of suffering.

All Russia was profoundly grieved, and Moscow went into deep morning. The streets through which the funeral procession passed —it was on a bright sunny morning—were closed to traffic, and everywhere lamps were burning behind thick walls of crape. Hundreds of carriages and thousands of pedestrians followed the hearse, which was hidden by flowers. When the inventory of his estate was

made, it was discovered that while Nicholas Rubinstein had lived like a prince, he had died in the poverty which is the lot of the majority of musicians.

CHAPTER XIII

MY EXPERIENCES AS CONDUCTOR OF THE RUSSIAN MUSICAL SOCIETY ORCHESTRA

My Predecessors—Napravnik—Hans von Bülow—Anton Rubinstein as Pianist and Conductor—Conducting without Scores—The Conductor a Virtuoso—I Present for the First Time in St. Petersburg Berlioz's "Requiem Mass" and Schumann's "Manfred"—The Wagnerian Mecca — The *Festspielhaus* — Felix Mottl—Hans Richter—Clamoring for the Tickets of a Dying Russian—The Orchestra Reorganized—Anton Rubinstein's Musical Tendencies—The First Concert—"Popular" Concerts—A Mozart Celebration—Safonoff—Deficits in Russia and America—After Two Years of Hard Work I Resign Because of a Deficit of Four Thousand Roubles—Fiftieth Anniversary of Anton Rubinstein's Musical Activity—The Orchestra Disbands.

When, in 1885, I accepted the directorship of the symphonic concerts of the Russian Musical Society, I was under no illusions regarding the difficulties and responsibilities of the task. My predecessors had been finished musicians; Napravnik, an orchestral conductor

of great talent and much experience, who conducted the orchestra of the Imperial Opera (which was at the same time that of the Russian Musical Society), gave his best efforts to the work. Besides, the orchestra of the Imperial Opera, though it played well under the "guest" conductors invited to lead it by the Society, at bottom recognized but a single leader, Napravnik himself, who was their conductor at the Opera. Of the "guest" conductors I will only mention, among others, Hans von Bülow, who was superior to all the rest and who had conducted several concerts for the organization the preceding year.

Without hoping to equal these men, I nevertheless was obliged to overcome the impression they had made; Von Bülow in particular, and the more so since he was a master of the piano. At the same time, as a virtuoso he did not reach the heights he scaled as a conductor, for in the latter capacity, aside from his technique as an orchestral leader, he was magnetic, and carried the audience with him from the very first measure. I have always suspected that he felt more authoritative, more in control, with the baton in hand. It is certain, at any rate, that as a pianist he never roused the same enthusiasm in the public; yet he was the first great piano virtuoso who was

at the same time as great a musician as a conductor, and when he fronted the orchestra he could call forth effects hitherto unknown. These are not merely my own personal impressions which I record, but those of the great majority of persons who attended the symphonic concerts of the Russian Musical Society.

With Anton Rubinstein the direct opposite was the case. When he played the piano he took the public by storm with his personality; it was as though he projected a wave of compelling magnetism, and he was applauded because his audience could not refrain from applause; it was swayed and dominated by him. Yet when he appeared on the platform to lead the orchestra he never seemed at ease; and he conducted with his head bowed, as though trying to follow the score as closely as possible. At the piano, on the contrary, he played without notes, and drew veritable orchestral effects from the instrument.

My program for my first concert included: "Eine Faust Overture" by Wagner; Grieg's first "Peer Gynt" Suite—it had just been published—and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Having definitely made up my mind to do so, I followed Von Bülow's example and conducted without scores, to the utter surprise of

the audience and, above all, of the orchestra. I scored a success of audacity. The two following concerts I also conducted by heart; but since my entire day was taken up by my duties at the Conservatoire and the rehearsals for the quartets, I had to draw on the time I needed for sleep in order to memorize the scores I intended to conduct. After the third concert I was utterly exhausted. Hence, while preparing my programs conscientiously, I was obliged—to my great regret—to put the score back on the conductor's desk when I mounted the platform. I have always felt, and still hold to the conviction, that the orchestral conductor, like the virtuoso, should *declaim* or *recite* and not read the composition he is playing. It is certain that conducting a symphony by heart is infinitely more difficult than playing a concerto in the same manner. The soloist can concentrate, can fall back upon himself. Once master of his instrument, he may freely yield to the dictates of his own inspiration if he is playing with a good orchestral conductor who will follow his lead. Of course, the orchestral conductor is also a virtuoso, performing on an instrument far more complicated. He plays not only with arms and hands, but with his eyes as well. There are moments when a wink, a flash of the eye will

bring to the surface of the orchestra passages which would otherwise be lost in the mass of tone. Before a climax, an encouraging glance often has the effect of a kindling spark falling into the music, and is followed by the explosion of sonority the masterwork demands. Hesitation for the hundredth of a second would destroy the desired effect.

I did my best with the score before me; but I always felt that these performances were not like the first three concerts. With regard to soloists, I endeavored to present the most remarkable artists of the period, as well as the phalanx of young Russian artists of St. Petersburg and Moscow, who were by right of merit accepted by the public in both capitals when they had terminated their course at one of the two Conservatoires with distinction. The young Russian composers as well were given their hearing.

Among the violinists whom I remember engaging for their Russian début were Jenö Hubay of Budapest, Ondricek of Prague, Marsick of Paris, César Thomson of Brussels, and numerous others. Among the pianists the most interesting débuts were those of Eugène D'Albert, only twenty-one or twenty-two years old at the time, Emil Sauer, Teresa Careño, Ernest Pauer, Annette Essipoff, and

many more. I also had the privilege of presenting for the first time in St. Petersburg two works of the greatest importance, Hector Berlioz's "Requiem Mass," and the whole of the incidental music composed by Robert Schumann for Lord Byron's "Manfred." The "Requiem Mass" caused a veritable sensation, and was given a second time by universal request, although for mechanical reasons I could not place the four small brass orchestras in the four corners of the hall as the composer prescribes. I put two of them behind the balcony, and one at each of the two ends of the balcony. The choruses of the Conservatoire had been admirably drilled in their parts by Professor Czerny, who was choral leader of the institute. I also gave the "Prelude" from Wagner's "Parsifal," then practically a novelty outside Bayreuth, where I had heard it a couple of years before. My thoughts went back to that first hearing, and I recall how I was moved at the St. Petersburg rehearsals by the remembrance of the mysterious sonorities spreading beneath the invisible arches of the *Festspielhalle.*

I returned to the Wagnerian Mecca a second time in 1889, but under very depressing circumstances. "Tristan," the "Meistersinger," and "Parsifal" were to be given. I

had not as yet heard the first two scores, and had decided to go to Bayreuth in August, arranging to meet in Dresden my colleague, August Bernhard, professor of harmony at the Conservatoire, for the purpose. Having spent part of my vacation with my family on an estate in the government of Saratoff, near the Volga, I was so unfortunate as to contract a species of malaria, which without my noticing at first developed while I was en route from St. Petersburg to Dresden. Before leaving for the latter city I had been to visit Rubinstein in his Peterhof villa, and we had discussed the serious question of establishing an orchestra for the concerts of the Russian Musical Society. We were desirous, on the one hand, of enlarging the scope of its activities; on the other hand, we had met difficulties in securing the orchestra of the Imperial Opera, the duties of the Opera house having become more and more onerous for these musicians. I had also agreed, with the assistance of my friend Bernhard, to arrange for a competition in Dresden in order to secure for the new orchestra good players of some wind instruments which were lacking in St. Petersburg. When I reached Dresden, with the intention of going on to Bayreuth in a few days, I was met by Bernhard, who had purchased

tickets in advance for a performance of Wagner's "Walküre" that same evening at the Dresden Royal Opera. I might note here that Wagner, and above all his "Ring," were at that day still far from being internationalized. In St. Petersburg, for instance, only "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" were given, and even these were very rarely heard. A few selections from the trilogy or from "Tristan" were presented at the symphonic concerts, now and again, and that was all. Music-lovers went not only to Bayreuth to hear one or the other of the works mentioned, but to Vienna, Munich, and Dresden as well. It was not until much later that regular performances of the "Ring" and "Tristan" were given in Berlin and other musical centers of Germany at certain fixed seasons of the year.

That evening, when I returned to my hotel after the performance of the "Walküre," I felt so ill that I asked to have a physician sent me. He arrived shortly, and after having examined me, declared that I had a violent fever, and that I should have to keep my bed for several days. My despair may be imagined. Here I had come all the way from Russia in order to hear "Tristan" and the "Meistersinger" at Bayreuth, conducted by Felix Mottl and Hans Richter, recognized as the greatest of Wag-

nerian conductors, and was told that I could not leave my bed in the Hotel Bellevue in Dresden; while some other more fortunate mortal would sit in the seat at the *Festspielhaus* which I had looked forward to occupying! The next day I felt better. Bernhard had come to keep me company, and we discussed the measures to be taken with regard to the competition, which was to be held toward the end of August. It was then the beginning of the month, and I was to return from Bayreuth at the end of the week, and now this fever would not let me go. In order not to lose the rights to my seat, I had to leave Dresden the following day at six o'clock in the morning, taking an express train which would get me to Bayreuth in about seven hours. The doctor, on the evening of the preceding day, had discovered an improvement in my condition. After he had left me—at about eleven that night—I sent for the bell-boy, and left a call for five o'clock the following morning, together with instructions to have a cab in readiness to take me to the railroad station.

Everything was attended to, and by six o'clock that morning I was seated in my compartment in the railroad coach, moving rapidly toward my destination, and proud of my vic-

tory over the Dresden doctor who had thought he could keep me in bed for several days. When I reached Bayreuth at about one o'clock, I went directly to the bureau for foreigners, situated in the railroad station, where, owing to the intervention of Mottl, I found the envelope bearing my name and containing my tickets for the performances of "Tristan," "Meistersinger," and "Parsifal." I was very grateful to Mottl, for it was his influence alone that saved my tickets from the English and American visitors who, arriving at the last moment, offered extravagant prices. Incidentally, at one of these spectacles the German emperor, the Prince-Regent of Bavaria, and other royalties were expected, which had the effect of drawing a larger audience than was ordinarily the case, and every single ticket had been sold. Although I did not feel so very well, at about three-thirty that afternoon I proudly climbed the hill which led to the *Festspielhaus,* not without smiling at the trick I had played my worthy Dresden doctor. Innumerable carriages and pedestrians were following the same route. Ten minutes to four the trumpets blared forth the signal, and the entire multitude poured into the sanctuary. Once the doors have closed at Bayreuth one can neither leave nor enter the *Festspielhaus*

until the curtain has dropped, unless some accident takes place.

This day "Tristan" was given; and I trembled with emotion as I took my seat. Shortly afterward the wonderful "Prelude" began, which I knew by heart, having heard it and conducted it myself; yet despite the fine, sonorous tone of the orchestra, it seemed to me that Mottl dragged the tempo somewhat, for this was Wagner's wish, and his disciples conformed to it. But to-day all the tempos sounded doubly slow: the time taken for Isolde's confidences to Brangaene; the entry of Tristan into the tent, and their exchange of glances up to the moment when the latter drains the chalice, seemed endless to me. I was also attacked by an almost insupportable headache; the heat was unbearable; and I eagerly welcomed the opportunity afforded by the dropping of the curtain to hurry out of the building. In the open, while I breathed in the fresh air with avidity, I encountered my old friend David Popper, the famous 'cellist, and we went and sat down before one of the cafés. My head and chest seemed to be afire, and I swallowed a water-ice in the hope that it might cool me a little. Popper acknowledged the salute of a passer-by, and I asked him whether the gentleman was a musician.

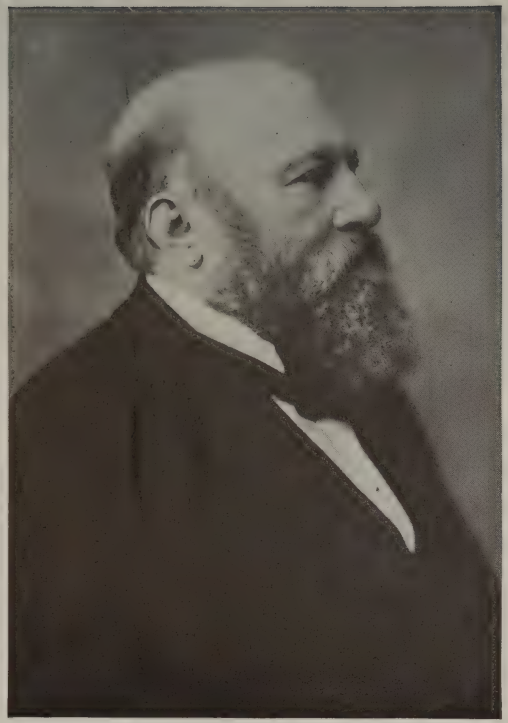
"No," said he, "that is the physician of the *Festspielhaus.*"

A physician, thought I, is the very man I need. Rising from my seat and clutching Popper's arm and dragging him after me, I hurried after the doctor. I was introduced to him and told him of my trouble; and after he had given me a superficial examination in his office, which was located in the basement of the building, he used the self-same words my Dresden doctor had employed on his first visit to me. He instructed me to return to my hotel at once and promised to visit me as soon as the performance was over. I felt absolutely downcast after this brief consultation, both morally and physically; yet I could not make up my mind to leave the *Festspielhaus,* and went back to hear the second act. I soon regretted having done so, however, for before long I was suffering such tortures that I felt like shouting to Tristan and Isolde to hurry and finish their love duet as soon as they possibly could, so that I might be able to go home and to bed without being tormented by the sound of their lovely voices. I do not even remember which artists were singing.

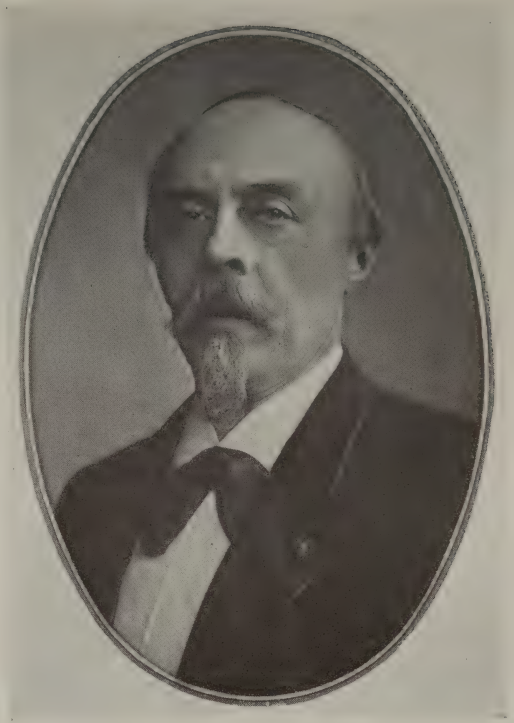
As soon as the act was over I went to my hotel and waited for the doctor to tell me the worst. He was not sure whether I had

typhoid fever or plain malaria; at all events he condemned me to stay in bed for a number of days. The hotel commissary came and bought my tickets for the two remaining performances, and later he told me that the news had spread all over the hotel that a dying Russian in one of the rooms had had tickets for the "Meistersinger" and "Parsifal" performances and had made a very good profit out of their sale! Not until twelve days had passed did the doctor authorize me to take my departure for Marienbad in Bohemia, which with its sloping hills covered with fragrant pine woods and lovely walks and, above all, its wonderful mineral water baths, was one of the most charming health resorts in all Europe. I remained there a week in order to fit myself for my return to Dresden for the competition to supply the St. Petersburg orchestra with wind players.

Since it had been announced long in advance in the various musical and other papers, the competition was largely attended. Bernhard and I were overwhelmed with work, questioning and examining these contestants who had come from far and near. We gave the preference to young Slavs, whenever they played as well as musicians of other nationalities. All in all we engaged a dozen musicians of superior quality for the wind instruments,



Hans Richter



Hans von Bülow

and one young 'cellist who had completed his course at the Moscow Conservatoire.

When I was back in St. Petersburg it was necessary to resume the task of selecting the remaining members of the wood-wind, brass, and percussion sections and, more especially, the strings. These last were furnished us by our former pupils at the Conservatoires. The two concertmasters, for instance, Korgueff and Kruger, had both graduated from my class. The former, somewhat later, after the orchestra had disbanded, became concertmaster of the Court Orchestra of the Czar Alexander III, while the latter was appointed concertmaster of the Imperial Ballet; and both, after the lapse of some twenty years, were made professors at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire. One of the first violins, Walter, also a graduate of my class, became concertmaster and first violin at the Imperial Opera, and holds this position—so I have been told—at the present day, with the exception that what was then "Imperial" has now become "Soviet." The best violinists, 'cellists, and other instrumentalists to be found in the Conservatoire were drafted into the new orchestra, in which the musical world developed a great interest, eagerly awaiting the début of the new organization, set for the end of October.

Once the orchestra had been organized I began to drill it. The musician material was excellent, and asked for nothing better than a chance to show itself capable of the demands made upon it. It played in the foyer of the former "Grand Theater," which the generosity of Czar Alexander had given to the Russian Musical Society, and which had been transformed into the Conservatoire and its two concert halls.

Anton Rubinstein put in an appearance to greet the orchestra at the first rehearsal and was received with a triumphal fanfare. It was, indeed, a solemn moment for him, when one remembers that, more than thirty years before, he had laid the foundation-stone of the Russian Musical Society, of which the Conservatoire was an integral part, thanks to the late Grand Duchess Helena and a few others. He had labored at a time when the circumstances of the Society were far more modest, and had worked under the handicap of constant attacks on the part of the young nationalist musicians, for all that he was a sincere and convinced patriot. He once told me that he had a kind of dual personality in the musical world: in Russia he was looked upon as a German in his musical tendencies; while outside of Russia he was known as the

"Cossack" because of his love and enthusiasm for Russia.

I had little more than four weeks at my disposal in which to unify the playing of the orchestra for the first concert. Since I was at liberty to do whatever I wished, I instituted two rehearsals a day, each one lasting three to four hours, and reviewed a portion of the repertoire, laying greatest stress on the programs of the first two concerts.

On the great evening which was to witness the début of the new orchestra, I myself was probably the most moved and excited among its members. The hall was crowded with people who had come not so much to listen as to deliver judgment. One page of the program contained a list of the names and nationalities of the young musicians who made up the orchestra. To the great satisfaction of the majority of the public, it was evident that two-thirds of the body was composed of Russians, most of them graduates of the two great Conservatoires, a fact which weighed heavily in our favor. In the Imperial theaters, on the other hand, the orchestras were mainly made up of foreigners, a condition of affairs which since then has changed greatly.

Rubinstein received an ovation when he took his place in the hall; soon afterward I stepped

out on the platform, and was warmly received by one part of the audience, and with very evident neutrality by the other. It seemed to me that a wave of distrust came from the depths of the room, a glacial current of air seemed to breathe on us, ready to paralyze the enthusiasm of the army of young musicians ready to do battle with those who doubted their capacity.

It was generally believed, and had been repeated a thousand times by the press, that there was no orchestra to compare with that of the Imperial Russian Opera of St. Petersburg. It was quite true that this orchestra was an excellent one; but I knew several European orchestras which not only were equal to it in every respect, but were even superior to it as regards beauty and sonority of tone. At the same time I had to make head against this universally accepted dictum, and that was not so very easy to do. Before the signal to begin, I gave each member of the orchestra an encouraging glance and—we commenced. The first number was well received, the public agreeing that the playing was better than might have been expected. The second number was a veritable success, the orchestra and myself were accorded an ovation, and from that moment on our battle had been won. The third number, unless I am mistaken, was

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and its performance served to confirm the position the orchestra had already conquered in the public esteem. After having warmly thanked and congratulated my young artists, I went to a banquet to which the management had invited me and several members of the orchestra, and at which we were fêted by Rubinstein, who presided, and by all the other guests.

A few days later, at a director's meeting called to discuss the financial side of this orchestral enterprise, it was found that its maintenance would cost some 70,000 to 80,000 roubles per annum; and that in order to make it possible to gain the major portion of this amount, it would be necessary for the orchestra to give other concerts besides those of the Russian Musical Society. Various proposals were submitted, among them suggestions that the orchestra play for the operetta theater, a vaudeville house, and for a large hotel restaurant. But these proposals were all in direct opposition to that idealism in art on which Rubinstein insisted, and the financial directors of the enterprise, much against their will, had to give way. They did so without any illusions whatsoever that the small reserve fund of the Society, a fund amassed with great difficulty in the course of years (and now threat-

ened with entire absorption) would be adequate to finance the new undertaking. There were in Russia no generous patrons of music as here in the United States, ready to support orchestras and operas by an expenditure of millions every year. The Russian Musical Society itself had only approximately a hundred active members, who for a seat at all the concerts given by the organization—orchestral chamber music, and the operatic spectacle performances of the students at the Conservatoire —paid the negligible sum of one hundred roubles per year!

It was decided, therefore, to give a series of "popular" concerts, concerts with a low price of admission; but no concert halls of sufficient size could be obtained at a half-way reasonable price. At length an arrangement was made with the Circus—a stone building which would seat an audience of more than three thousand —that it be turned over to us on Sunday afternoons. Our programs were strictly symphonic and introduced at each concert a vocal or instrumental soloist chosen among the young artists who had not as yet had an opportunity of appearing in public. The first concert drew a large audience, being in the nature of a novelty. But a little later, after I had occasionally arranged for one or another

young composer to conduct a couple of concerts, the box-office receipts sensibly diminished. It was quite evident that the public, for the small amount of money it paid, wished to have nothing but the best. Nevertheless, these concerts went on, for it was necessary to keep the orchestra busy. An opportunity was found to secure engagements for some concerts given by the choral societies; occasionally it engaged soloists, when the assistant conductor, Leicke, a graduate of the Conservatoire, conducted; but, despite all efforts, the first season, although an artistic success, ended with a large financial deficit. For the summer the orchestra was engaged by a large pleasure establishment lying outside the city, with a foreign orchestral conductor, who directed symphonic concerts there. When the autumn came I commenced to rehearse in preparation for the coming season. We now lost some of our best musicians; they had been engaged by the management of the Imperial theaters to replace older musicians who were retiring on pension. A new competition was necessary to fill, so far as possible, these gaps left in our ranks. The contest was held with satisfactory results.

During this season I had the pleasure of arranging a festival in honor of the 150th anni-

versary of Mozart's birth. The program included the overture to "The Magic Flute," a Mozart piano concerto, played by Vassili Safonoff, then professor at the Moscow Conservatoire, and the "Requiem," sung by a chorus of 600 voices, combining the chorus of the Conservatoire and the members of the various German singing societies of the capital. It was an imposing concert, and the performance of the "Requiem" was one worthy of the genius who created so many beautiful musical works. As had been the case when Berlioz's "Requiem Mass" was given, Mozart's work was repeated a week later for the benefit of a charitable organization. A second event of this season was the presentation of two concerts which I organized with programs made up entirely of works by Richard Wagner. For these concerts I engaged two of the best Wagnerian singers from Dresden, Mme. Therese Malten, who created the rôle of Kundry in "Parsifal" in 1882, and the baritone Scheidemantel, who eventually sang all the baritone rôles in the Wagner operas in the *Festspielhaus,* both artists famous for their work in Bayreuth. We played selections from "Tristan," "Gotterdämmerung," and, in conclusion, the overture to "Tannhäuser." I had prepared the programs very conscientiously with the orches-

tra before the arrival of the soloists, and when the two singers reached St. Petersburg, I had no more than a single rehearsal with them, exclusive of the dress rehearsal. All tickets for the latter, as well as for the two concerts, were sold out. Notwithstanding this fact the fees for the soloists and the expense of augmenting the orchestra by fifteen additional musicians, as prescribed by Wagner, resulted in a deficit of 4,000 roubles to be added to the debit side of the budget of the symphonic concerts for the season.

At a directors' meeting soon afterward, with Rubinstein absent, one of the members bitterly deplored the deficit in question, a deficit of only 4,000 roubles! When I think of the deficits piled up in New York and other American cities as a result of similar concerts, I cannot but laugh. But thirty years ago in Russia, a deficit was no laughing matter. After listening to this Jeremiad, I rose and suggested that, in order to avoid the possibility of another deficit, they engage another conductor, more able than myself, and at once left the directors' room.

I never regretted my resignation, although I felt sorry at giving up the conductorship of an orchestra with which I had worked so hard for two years, and with whose members I had

always been on the very best terms. In all, I had been active as a conductor for five years, and my duties in that connection had necessarily forced me to neglect my violin; and during the last two years it had been impossible for me to undertake any concert tours, either in Russia or outside of it. Like every musician, I had wanted to express my musical emotions on a more perfected instrument, one richer in color—the orchestra. I had felt the desire to execute the great works of the masters from the standpoint of my own understanding of them, as best I could, and as a matter of individual appreciation, because I loved them. And the realization of this wish had given me much happiness.

On the other hand, there was the question of finance. Orchestra conductors in Russia in those days were not paid *prima donna* salaries, as at present. Napravnik and myself received no more than 200 roubles per concert. Although not greedy for gain, nevertheless I had my family to consider, and freed from my responsibilities as a conductor, I could resume my former occupation and concertize as a solo artist in Germany, Holland, England, Switzerland, and Russia. Rubinstein, too, wearied by his strenuous duties at the Conservatoire, to which he had given up three or four years,

had resumed his triumphal tours abroad. During his absence the orchestra was disbanded, the Russian Musical Society no longer being in a position to support the expense its maintenance entailed. While it was still in existence, in November, 1889, however, we had the great joy, in which all Russia and the musical world at large took part, of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Anton Rubinstein's musical activity; Tchaikovsky, one of the glories of the Conservatoire which Rubinstein had founded, composed a cantata in honor of the occasion, and he himself conducted its performance.

It was a satisfaction to me to know that upon the dissolution of the orchestra the majority of its members were absorbed by the various Imperial orchestras, the best among my musicians taking first place in them—for instance, my two concertmasters and my first violin, of whom I have already spoken. The first clarinetist, the first oboist, the first flautist, and many others became members of the orchestra of the Imperial Opera, and all six of my former solo artists were eventually appointed to professorships in the St. Petersburg Conservatoire. During my incumbency of the post of conductor I was the recipient of several marks of the esteem of the public and of my sovereign, which

took the form of handsome gifts, among them two batons adorned with diamonds; a complete library of the scores of the symphonies, from Haydn to Schumann, presented to me in a carved wooden chest with a silver placque on which was engraved a dedication from the board of directors; while the Czar conferred on me individually hereditary nobiliary rights in the line of direct descent, and the cross of the order of St. Vladimir.

The following season the symphonic concerts of the Russian Musical Society were again given as before, by Napravnik and the orchestra of the Opera, the management of the Society being compelled to fall back once more into its state of dependence on the Opera orchestra and the latter's repertoire.

CHAPTER XIV

TWO MOSCOW CORONATIONS—ALEXANDER III AND NICHOLAS II (1882 AND 1894)

THE coronation of a Russian Czar was not only an historic event; it was a national festival in which every Russian, Great Russian, Little Russian and White Russian participated, in which all the nationalities of the vast empire saw an occasion to demonstrate their patriotic loyalty; and to which they sent their representatives—the Finns, Karelians, Livs, Kurds and Letts, the Turko-Tartars, Bashkirs and Khirgiz, the Mongol Kalmucks, the Cossacks, Poles, Ukrainians, Roumanians, Lithuanians, Esthonians,—in a word, envoys from the tribes in the remotest corners of the land. In the richest and most colorful of national costumes they formed part of the great processional which passed through the principal thoroughfare of Moscow to the Kremlin, the historic fortress-group of cathedrals and palaces in the heart of the city, in the *terem* of whose Grand Palace, according to ancient tradition, the Czar and Czarina spent the night before their coronation.

Three weeks before the coronation of Alexander III was to take place the leading singers of the Imperial Opera, the entire *Corps de ballet,* and the Czar's soloists, myself among them, were sent to Moscow. This was in view of the great number of representatives and envoys who were arriving not only from all parts of Russia itself, but also from every other country in the world. It must be remembered that in Russia alone every town, every little village, sent several deputies to attend the coronation. And the nearer came the day of the solemnity, the greater the number of persons brought to the city by the regular train service, and by the many special trains carrying foreign princely personages and their suites. It goes without saying that in the end it was quite impossible to find a lodging in all Moscow.

Several months in advance of the great event the Ministry of the Imperial Court had reserved two commodious hotels for the accommodation of the artists and the innumerable employees of the Imperial Theaters, as well as the personnel of the Ministry itself, engaging them for four weeks, so that during that entire time we were the guests of the Czar. My own special duty was to play one violin solo during the one act of the ballet which formed part of

Czar Nicholas II

the program of the great gala performance at the Moscow Opera. It took me exactly ten minutes to play the solo in question, no more! But at that period, and especially in view of the occasion, neither time nor expense counted for anything; in order to impress the people every detail connected with the solemnity was surrounded with all the pomp and splendor which the traditions of earlier ages demanded; and the church, the army, and the theaters, with their crowds of official and unofficial functionaries, were all active to the end.

It was a year and a few months after the assassination of Alexander II, the general political situation throughout the country was far from being satisfactory, and everybody was apprehensive of new plots against the life of the young Czar, who had spent many weary days in the mosque-like palace at Gatchina in constant expectation of a murderous attempt upon his person. The Nihilists continued their secret machinations actively, the Government well knew, though it could not trace them to their source. It was for this reason that the most stringent measures were taken at Moscow to protect the imperial couple. The great main street of Moscow—the *Tverskaia*—through which the processional was to pass, was lined for its entire length by soldiers; sen-

tinels, gun in hand, were stationed on the roofs of the houses, and every window giving on the street was closed. Even the populace, which was to acclaim the Czar and Czarina from the rear of the protecting barrier of troops, though it was made up of the actual inhabitants of Moscow, was absolutely under police control, each man being answerable for his neighbor to the Chief of Police, who issued tickets to them for all the occasions on which the Czar, following the ceremonial in use for centuries, showed himself to his people.

The coronation itself took place in the Cathedral of the Assumption, the *Uspenski Sobor* ("Rest of the Virgin") Cathedral, in the nave of which every Russian Czar from Ivan the Terrible down has been crowned. It was a pity that the solemn effect of the antique interior, which dates from 1473, had been destroyed by the gorgeous gilding and the blazing colors under which it had been buried for this coronation. The coronation itself was to take place at noon; but all those who were to take part in it—state functionaries, officers, ambassadors, and such deputies and persons as were admitted into the church—had to gather at the Kremlin at eight o'clock in the morning. I was not among those assisting at the ceremony; but since it was unique of its

kind and I desired to witness it, I put on my soloist's uniform, provided myself with a ticket of admission, and went to the Kremlin at the hour specified. There, in the sandy open space round the Cathedral, I saw the imperial couple, in their mantles of cloth-of-gold, crown on head and scepter in hand, walk around the church on their way to the famous "Red Staircase" of the palace of the ancient Grand Princess of Moscow, on which, in accordance with the ceremonial laid down from olden times, the Czar and Czarina had to show themselves to the crowd of their *boyars* and devoted subjects to receive their acclamations.

After having retired to their apartments for an hour, the imperial couple made a solemn entry into the banqueting hall of the *Granitovitaya Palata,* a small historic palace built by Ivan the Great—in style half Byzantine, half Tartar—a fortress rather than a dwelling, reflecting the needs of an age when the Czars were obliged to guard themselves from their internal and external enemies behind massive walls. Thanks to my gold-embroidered uniform and my ticket as the Czar's soloist, I was allowed to climb to the gallery which formed the platform for the orchestra, the choruses, and the solo singers. At the request of the Ministry of the Imperial Household,

Tchaikovsky had written for solos, chorus, and orchestra a coronation cantata entitled "Moskva," and it was to be performed at the moment when the Czar and Czarina entered in their regalia. In this little banqueting-hall had been laid covers for some 200-300 guests, including the ministers and other high dignitaries of state, the ambassadors of the Foreign Powers, and the delegates of the various nations and tribes making up the Empire. There was a raised platform in the middle of the hall, and braced against the wall were two arm-chairs with a table in front of them. The Czar and Czarina seated themselves on this platform to an orchestral fanfare, all those present rising and bowing very low, a salutation acknowledged by the sovereigns with a slight movement of the head.

This was the signal for a sight which must be seen to be believed, one whose old-time ceremonial vividly illustrated the autocratic state held by the earlier Czars. The chosen hundreds of high degree, in uniforms literally covered with gold and blazing with decorations, seated themselves at the tables in order of rank and the dinner was served. A hundred lackeys in the gala livery of the Imperial Court, holding aloft great platters of gold, made the round of the guests, and were followed by others

Czarina Alexandra

carrying every kind of liquid refreshment on golden trays. Those of us stationed on the gallery concentrated our whole attention on the raised platform where the Czar and his wife were seated. Before them, on each one of the steps leading to the platform, stood several of the Grand Dukes; and the Grand Marshal of the Court, Prince Dolgoroukoff, was stationed at the bottom. High Court functionaries, followed by lackeys bearing the dishes destined for the Imperial table, would approach the platform; the court officials would take the dishes from the lackeys' hands and present them, one by one, to the Grand Marshal; he in turn would place them in the hands of one of the Grand Dukes; and the latter, mounting the steps to the platform, would range one plate after another on the Czar's table. Whenever he had deposited a dish on the table, the Grand Duke in question would return to his place; and the Grand Marshal, the Court functionaries, and the lackeys would withdraw, walking backward with bowed head. This ceremonial was observed for two full hours.

Once outside again I breathed the pure air with delight, and enjoyed the sun that shone down upon the great court of the *Uspenski* Cathedral, and burnished the hundreds of golden cupolas of the Moscow churches, out-

spread to the sight from the Ivan Velike Tower. A few days later, having played my ten-minute solo in the gala spectacle at the Grand Theater, expressly to play which I had come to Moscow by Imperial command, and for which I had remained there three weeks, I left the city and went to the country.

I remember a curious incident which took place in Moscow during these festival weeks. The municipality of Moscow, wishing to show its traditional hospitality, had organized a reception in honor of the thousands of military and civil delegates who had come to the city, among whom there happened to be a few hundred privates, representing the regiments of the Imperial Guard stationed in St. Petersburg. The reception was given in one of the large parks outside the town, where an immense pavilion had been built for the civilian guests, with a cold buffet worthy of the occasion. Having been invited, I went there at eleven o'clock in the morning, the appointed hour, the young imperial couple being expected at noon. What was my astonishment to see at the long tables covered with white napkins and groaning under great platters of cold meats, cakes and pastries, and bowls of fruit, with a cup of Kwass (the national beverage, prepared from dry bread, sugar, and

water) in front of each napkin, not one soul seated! With this tantalizing repast under their very noses, the soldiers were drawn up in line, each with his napkin before him. They had been standing at attention before their food for more than an hour, caressing it with their eyes and waiting the appearance of the supreme chief of the army, the Czar. When I asked how it was that these poor fellows, tired and hungry after a long march, could not sit down and eat without further ceremony, I was told that it was imperative for them to await the Czar's arrival. He was to address them from the balcony of the pavilion, and pledge them cup in hand. It was not until after the Czar had addressed them that the soldiers were entitled to sit down and eat.

Twelve years later I was once more among those on duty at a Russian coronation, this time that of the Czar Nicholas II and the Czarina Alexandra. On this occasion a cloud was cast over the brilliant ceremonies by the great disaster which occurred on the field of Khodinka, a kind of *Champ de Mars* or parade ground where, in accordance with tradition, the young Czar was to distribute small gifts to his people, little mugs of glazed and painted earth bearing the date of his coronation, and little ribboned parcels of sweetmeats. The distribution was

scheduled to take place in the afternoon, but hundreds of thousands of peasants and workmen, with their wives and children, had gathered at Khovina in the morning before the pavilions built for the purpose. Whether it was a lack of efficient measures of control or was sheer carelessness, no sooner had the signal been given for the distribution than this tremendous crowd, impatient after hours of waiting, impetuously rushed in the direction of the pavilions, breaking the barriers and overturning all that stood in the way. Men, women, and children were cast down in the mad rush, and thousands of feet pitilessly trampled the unfortunates underfoot. The savage desire to reach one or the other of the pavilions and seize the coveted mug and package of sweets caused the mob to forget everything else.

It was not until after the distribution had taken place and the pavilions had been emptied, that it was possible to count the victims of the mob; they were numbered by the hundred. In the evening sinister rumors were carried into the city by eye-witnesses returning from the field; the festivities which were to have taken place the following day were countermanded; and a veil of sorrow hung over Moscow and over all Russia. It was an evil omen for the young Czar and his wife—one

later confirmed by their own deaths and the deaths of their children, in quite as tragic a manner, during July, 1918, in the cellar of their dwelling in Ekaterinenburg.

CHAPTER XV

THE PASSING OF TCHAIKOVSKY AND OF ANTON RUBINSTEIN—BERLIN, ODESSA, MUNICH (1894)

THE death of Pierre Tchaikovsky in 1893 struck musical circles in Russia like a bolt from the sky, and its reverberation was felt throughout the whole world of music. In the full flower of his strength and at the apogee of his glory, he was carried off after a few days' illness, a victim of the cholera which was ravaging the city at the time and against whose onslaughts the medical science of the day was helpless. On October 31 Tchaikovsky had directed his swan-song, the "Symphonie Pathétique," for the first time in public, at a Philharmonic concert. The last movement of this famous symphony is an *Adagio lamentoso,* a kind of funeral song, and it almost seemed as though the composer had anticipated his sudden end, notwithstanding that he was in perfect health and full of vigor. All of us in the concert hall that night were not only impressed by the beauty of the work, but also profoundly moved by the dramatic poignancy of the final chords. When I went up to con-

gratulate him, he appeared entirely happy and content with the success he had achieved, joked and laughed; and, at the same time—there was this strange finale, unique of its kind as the closing movement of a symphony! Two days later we learned that Tchaikovsky had fallen ill, and on the night of the sixth of November he died, at the age of fifty-three.

His death plunged the whole of artistic and intellectual Russia into the deepest mourning. Since the deaths of Tourgueneff and Dostoievsky no funeral like that of Tchaikovsky had been seen, nor one which called forth so many tears. Deputations from the theaters of St. Petersburg and Moscow, from all the universities and the other superior institutions of learning, the entire teaching personnel of the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, together with hundreds of students from these academies marched in the ranks of the funeral procession, which followed the Nevsky Prospect to the Alexander Nevsky monastery, the famous seat of the metropolitan of St. Petersburg, where he was buried, the cemetery of this monastery forming the one and only pantheon where the geniuses of Russia—provided they can pay the price demanded for a grave—are laid at rest.

The following year, on November 20, we

had the sorrowful duty of conducting to his last resting-place in the same cemetery the remains of Anton Rubinstein. He had died suddenly during the night in his villa at Peterhof of an aneurism. He, who had never allowed a physician to come near him, anxiously called for "A doctor!" in his death-agony. These were his last words. When his wife entered his room she found him stretched motionless upon the bed, and when the physician arrived he could only confirm the fact of the death. It is pleasant to think, however, that Rubinstein felt perfectly well on the last day of his life —a small measure of consolation for his irreparable loss. There had been company to dinner, a game of whist afterward, and everyone, guests and host, had parted at eleven o'clock in the very best of spirits; by twelve the latter had ceased to exist.

His body was brought to St. Petersburg the following day, on a catafalque, and escorted by the professors and students of the Conservatoire to one of the big churches, where it was exposed in state for twenty-four hours, the casket guarded night and day by professors of the Conservatoire in deep mourning. Vassili Safonoff, then a quite young professor, had come from Moscow as a member of the deputation sent by the Conservatoire of that city, and

he and I were part of the guard of honor at the catafalque on this occasion. The church was filled by a multitude who had been devoted to the person of the dead and to the cause he had represented, and who had gathered there to pay the last honors to a man to whom Russia in so great a measure owed the development of her music, both as an art and as a science. On the day of the burial the Nevsky Prospect was barred to traffic, and thousands followed the flower-laden funeral coach as it advanced slowly and solemnly to that monastery graveyard where Anton Rubinstein now lies in peace not far from Tchaikovsky and Borodine.

During the year 1894 I was very active musically, though not in St. Petersburg. In Berlin, Odessa, and Munich I was busy conducting and playing as a solo artist. In Berlin I conducted an orchestral concert of the Philharmonic and gave two evenings of chamber-music, both dedicated to Tchaikovsky's compositions.

I have never been able to reconcile myself to the idea, so often advanced, that Tchaikovsky is a musical eclectic. His moods and emotions are fundamentally and essentially Slavic, and in most cases so is his expression of them. It is easy for the trained musical mind to pre-

sent all sorts of subtle reasons why Tchaikovsky should not be considered truly Russian in spirit; but in the long run the great mass of cultivated, though not specifically technical, opinion may be relied upon to bear convincing witness to the basic artistic truths. And this general body of opinion, both in his own land and out of it, continues to regard Tchaikovsky as a really national composer. At the time I conducted his works in Berlin he had been dead only a year, and the musical world was deeply interested in hearing his music and in trying to get an idea of his achievement.

At the first orchestral concert I presented the Second Symphony and the symphonic poem "Francesca da Rimini," both of them entirely unknown in Berlin and now played there for the first time. I also played his Violin Concerto, and even this was a quasi-novelty at that time. I still recall with pleasure the great success which these works of Tchaikovsky scored. All the prominent musicians who happened to be in the German capital attended the concert, and hunted me up to congratulate me on its conclusion. Joachim, alas, was in London, but Max Bruch, Fritz Gernsheim—who, among other compositions, has written two sonatas for violin and piano, and a fine Violin Concerto in D—as well as many other artists, told me how

much they had enjoyed making the acquaintance of the great Russian's compositions. I was at once engaged to repeat the same program in Berlin at a popular concert to be given by the Philharmonic Orchestra, a symphonic organization of the very first rank, and then had to repeat the identical program with the same orchestra in Leipsic.

To-day it is a commonplace for a symphony orchestra to move from one city to another, bag and baggage, but in those days it was a good deal of a novelty for a grand orchestra to undertake a trip away from home. Orchestras were supposed to confine their playing to their "home towns," and as a rule they did so, the Berlin Philharmonic in particular. At Leipsic, however, Tchaikovsky scored the same success he had in Berlin, and after the concert all of us—the orchestral musicians, myself, and some friends who had accompanied us from Berlin—returned to the capital on a special train. We were in the best of humor, not only because of our musical triumph, but also because we enjoyed an endless succession of entertaining anecdotes to which each member of the company contributed and which made the three-hour trip back seem no more than a short and jolly excursion.

The chamber music concerts, I regret to say,

did not awaken the same interest, though that may easily enough be explained by the fact that the general musical public did not take so readily to this intimate kind of music, which, though it had all the charm of novelty, was then quite unfamiliar. Moreover the music does not disclose the outstanding qualities of Tchaikovsky's genius in so direct a manner as do his symphonic works. Nevertheless, the noble Trio in A minor, for violin, 'cello, and piano, which Tchaikovsky had written as a memorial to Nicholas Rubinstein did make a deep impression on those who heard it.

The important fact about these concerts is that they were the first really to awaken the interest of German musicians in the Russian master, an interest which later was to spread to the general public. At the special request of the Philharmonic Orchestra I made that body a present of my scores of the Tchaikovsky compositions it had played under my direction, as acknowledgment that it had been the first to give Tchaikovsky a public hearing in the German capital.

A few months later I went to Odessa, where I had been engaged to conduct three orchestral concerts at the Municipal Theater. Odessa at that time—I wonder what it looks like now!—was one of the most beautiful cities of Europe,

and suggested Genoa rather than a Russian city, of which it had none of the characteristics. It is situated on the southern shore of a circular bay of the Black Sea, on a terrace which rises steeply above the "six harbors" of its spacious port, in which there then lay ships flying the flag of every nation. The city proper, elevated 100 to 150 feet above the sea-level, had broad streets adorned with handsome modern houses, and a tree-lined Esplanade where all the town went walking to look down on the water and out to the seemingly illimitable skyline of the Black Sea. There was also the "Palais Royal," with its parterres and fountains and a great public park. Though the number had nearly doubled six years later, at the time I visited Odessa it had some 225,000 inhabitants, including Greeks, Tartars, Servians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Georgians, Germans, Italians and, less numerically represented, Russians. A curious and distressing feature of Odessa was its catacombs, extending beneath the city building and streets, where from 35,000 to 40,000 people lived from hand to mouth in the utmost misery.

The Municipal Theater had just been completed, its architecture reflecting the influence of the great theaters of Vienna and Milan, and the building equipped with all the European

improvements of the day. Since the city had acquired a Municipal Theater and Opera House, the next thing in order was a good orchestra, capable of playing the scores of the grand opera repertoire. A local branch of the Russian Musical Society had arranged with the management of the Municipal Theater to give a series of symphonic concerts, something altogether new to the Odessa public. The year before, to reflect greater glory on the undertaking, and to augment the general interest in it, the Society, had engaged Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, the two best-known composers in Russia, to conduct two or three concerts apiece. Though neither of these great composers was a routine conductor, and though they presented some of their best works, the public did not appreciate them at their true value, since in general it was quite unprepared to hear symphonic music. My own first program included Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which is supposed to be known all over the world. What was my surprise, on reading the papers the day after the concert, to notice that all of them devoted columns of comment and analysis to this work, in view of its *first performance* in the city of Odessa! Thus, without any intention, I was given a page in the musical history of the Black Sea port, and

my name was associated with a first audition of one of Beethoven's finest scores. Even more flattering to my pride was the fact that the second movement, the *Allegretto,* had been encored by an enthusiastic audience. The year following I returned to Odessa to conduct several similar concerts.

A few months later I found myself in Munich, whither I had gone to attend the festival of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Tonkünstler Versammlung.* Munich was indeed the city of the Muses in those days! And for the past twenty years it has been a city of wonderful music festivals, with its two famous theaters, the *Prinz-Regenten* and the *Königliche* (now "National"). Every summer were given the most extraordinarily artistic performances of the Wagner music-dramas as well as of those among the Mozart scores which are not usually included in the repertoire of the operatic stage. At this time Hermann Levi was the supreme musical arbiter of Munich, under the title of General Musical Director. It was Levi, with his marvelous orchestra, who conducted the first performance of the "Ring" at Bayreuth in 1879, and, a few years later, the first performance of "Parsifal." The orchestra of the Royal Opera, often conducted by Levi himself, played the symphonic programs or ac-

companied the soloists. I conducted Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini" and played his Violin Concerto; and was gratified to find that the music-lovers of Munich regarded them as being among the most interesting novelties of the season. At one of the succeeding concerts Mme. Teresa Carreño,—then married to Eugène d'Albert—played a concerto by her husband of the moment, while he conducted the orchestra. It goes without saying that during the festival week the distinguished visiting musicians were offered splendid official receptions by the Bavarian Court and by the municipal authorities, and that the hospitality of the latter included a grand supper in the immense hall of the *Hofbrauhaus,* at which there was no dearth of that beer for which Munich is so justly famous.

CHAPTER XVI

A CONCERT TOUR IN THE BALKAN CAPITALS AND CONSTANTINOPLE—ABDUL HAMID'S COURT

Gorlenko Arranges a Concert Tour for Mme. Gorlenko-Dolina and Me—Tchaikovsky Appreciated in Vienna—Constantinople—Stamboul—A Concert at the Russian Embassy—The Yildiz Kiosk—The Sultan in Constant Fear of Assassination—Dinner with Abdul Hamid—The Concert—Aranda Pascha—The Court—Abdul Hamid the Statesman—The Selamlik—Sofia—Belgrade.

For a long time I had cherished a wish to visit three of the great cities of Asia, Samarcand, Bokhara, and Taschkent, which belonged to the Russian empire—not merely as a tourist (for globe-trotting as a pastime is something for which I never have cared) but as an artist. I especially wanted to play in Samarcand, one of the holy cities of Islam, to which, when he had died on a campaign, Timur's body, embalmed with musk and rose water, was sent back for burial in an ebony coffin. The Bokhara of the khans was another city in which I wished to play. I had grown weary

of all the tiresome conventions of European social life, with its dead uniformity of habit and custom, and looked forward to refreshing my sight with a vision of complexions and complexes different from those to which I had been accustomed ever since boyhood. I was genuinely hungry for new impressions. Alas, owing to circumstances which kept me within my accustomed orbit of occupations, and to a kind of inborn indolence which prevented my undertaking the journey, I never actually carried out my plan, although I was, so to speak, established at the very gate of Asia—Moscow. Moscow has, in fact, with the exception of a few modern streets in the middle of the town, quite the physiognomy of an Asian city, whereas St. Petersburg always made me feel that it is the very last city of Central Europe. How I regret this journey I never made, now that I am so far from Russia and probably will never see it again!

At any rate, even if I did not succeed in visiting Bokhara and Samarcand and appearing as a virtuoso violinist in these former capitals of ancient kingdoms and empires, I did have an opportunity of visiting the Balkan states—those countries which, for all they are not Asiatic, are akin to Asia in some respects, thanks to the long centuries during which they

Abdul Hamid

were ruled by the Turk. And—I visited Constantinople!

The husband of one of the most gifted singers at the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg, Mme. Gorlenko-Dolina, a contralto with a superb voice, had suggested that during March, 1902, he manage for his wife and me a little concert tour to include Vienna, Belgrade, Sofia, and Constantinople. I welcomed the suggestion eagerly, since the trip promised to be a most interesting one, and I had a justified confidence in the managerial ability of M. Gorlenko. In fact, as soon as we arrived in Vienna, I found myself already expected and could at once go to the rehearsal arranged in the great hall of the *Musikverein,* where an excellent orchestra was awaiting me. At the concert I conducted Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony, played his Violin Concerto, and with the orchestra accompanied the songs Mme. Gorlenko sang. The program, made up exclusively of Tchaikovsky's compositions, aroused the greatest interest among the public and in the press; the concert hall was crowded, and the audience enthusiastic.

From Vienna we took the Orient Express for the historic capital of the Ottoman empire, over which that most sly and resourceful of the Turkish sultans, Abdul Hamid II, was

then reigning. We were provided with letters of recommendation to the Russian ambassador, M. de Zinovieff, and had similar letters to the Russian ministers at Belgrade and Sofia. Constantinople is really not one city; that is to say, like most metropolitan cities it has gone on growing until it includes all the towns and villages on both sides of the Golden Horn and along both banks of the Bosphorus, the European and the Asiatic. The railroad terminal is in Pera, on the European side, where are situated all the foreign embassies and the big business houses, the banks, the steamship company offices, and the majority of the European residences.

When we left our train we took up our quarters at the Hotel Pera. Here the broad streets, with their fashionable shops and with cabs and trams circulating about, made us feel that we were still in an occidental city. But after a short rest, when I descended to the shores of the Bosphorus and crossed the long "Inner Bridge" leading over to the Turkish city of Stamboul, I found that I had crossed from Europe into Asia in more respects than one.

It was an ideal day for a stroll, the sun shining brightly in a cloudless sky, and it would have been hard to find a more picturesque

sight than that offered by the streets of the Sultan's capital. Turkish women wrapped in black garments, men with dark eyes and low brows, officers in uniforms green as grass and with black lambskin *kalpaks* or red fezzes on their heads, young girls whose brown faces were screened by transparent veils, muleteers, the donkeys of water-sellers and vendors of fruits and of sweetmeats, porters, gendarmes, Anatolian peasants—a whole multi-colored crowd such as one could meet nowhere else—passed under the eye. The picturesque differences of costume and appearance were accented by differences in walk and in gesture, for even in such externals the Oriental differs from the European. And these street scenes were set in the blue and green frame-work of the Bosphorus and its verdant shores. As to the churches and palaces, St. Sophia's, the Mosque of Sultan Mohammed the Conqueror, those of Selim and Suleiman, the Seraglio buildings, and all the rest have been described in detail by so many famous travelers that a traveling violinist may well spare himself the effort. In truth, it seems easier to enjoy than to describe the picturesque, poetic atmosphere of Constantinople, surrounded by the loveliest imaginable scenery during the day, and at night, when some great religious festivity is

celebrated, ringed with the silver light that girdles the minarets of the mosques.

The Russian ambassador, M. de Zinovieff, received us in the most cordial manner and placed the ceremonial hall of the Embassy, a great festival chamber which could easily accommodate some five or six hundred persons, at our disposal for the concert. This was a decided advantage from our point of view, since the uniform price of admission was one Turkish pound—a little more than an English pound sterling—and we felt confident that only the best element of the higher European and Turkish social circles would be represented. Our concerts—we gave three of them in all—were as successful artistically as they were financially. We gave them at intervals of a week, and spent the intervals awaiting the result of negotiations between M. de Zinovieff and the Grand Marshal of the Sultan's Court, for the ruler of the Sublime Porte had expressed a desire to hear us in his palace of Yildiz Kiosk, situated on the height above the suburb of the same name. But the Sultan Abdul Hamid II, the prince who originally granted the Germans the Bagdad Railway concession in 1899, never did anything in a hurry. In his case the Oriental's natural disposition to procrastinate had perhaps been

strengthened by his long experience as a ruler. He always, especially in politics, preferred to see others commit themselves while he held back, in order to profit by their mistakes. Though a concert at the Yildiz Kiosk was about as foreign to politics as anything could be, the Sultan seemed to be in no special haste to realize his own wish of hearing us. The year 1902 was one in which he had plenty of trouble on his hands; there was a dangerous tension in the foreign relations of Turkey and England over the Aden hinterland; there were troubles in Macedonia; and besides these external political troubles there may have been heaven only knows how many less important internal ones to distract his attention. This probably accounted for the delays attending the giving of our concert. Several times the day and hour was fixed by the Grand Marshal of the Palace, only to be countermanded at the last moment.

This was most embarrassing for us, since we had promised to be in Sofia and Belgrade at certain dates and the sovereigns of these countries expected to attend our concerts in their respective capitals. The honor was one to which we attached great importance; both Mme. Gorlenko and I bore the title "Soloist to His Majesty the Czar," and at that time

Russia posed as the protectress of the Balkan kingdoms. It was a foregone conclusion that the Prince of Bulgaria—Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who later crowned himself king, and finally "Czar," of Bulgaria, before the World War deprived him of his throne, but was then only known as "Prince" and was a nominal tributary of the Sultan—and King Alexander of Servia, not so long afterward assassinated with his wife, would give us some gratifying proofs of their pan-Slavic and pro-Russian sympathies, which we should regret to lose.

At the same time it was impossible for two artists to bring much pressure to bear on an Ottoman sultan; we could only await his good pleasure. And so we remained in Constantinople, having twice put off our departure for the Balkan capitals, although we knew that in Sofia and Belgrade this might be interpreted as a deliberate slight to petty sovereigns in order to gratify the caprices of the padishah. It was very annoying, and yet we had definitely made up our minds not to leave the city until we had played in the Yildiz Kiosk. For my part, I was determined not to miss this opportunity to enrich my impressions by a private appearance before the ruler of the Moslem world, even though I had to lose the con-

certs arranged for in the two occidental capitals already mentioned.

At last, one fine morning, our long wait was rewarded. One of the couriers of the Russian embassy came to the Hotel Pera with a note instructing us to be prepared to go to the Yildiz Kiosk that same evening, at six o'clock. I was quite excited when the Ambassador and the Chief Dragoman of the Embassy, the translator without whom the minister cannot pay an official visit to the sultan, arrived with two gala carriages to conduct us to the palace. The air was warm, even a little humid; yet I shook with nervousness as though there were a frost.

The Yildiz Kiosk is situated in the midst of an immense and very beautiful park, which contains a number of other palaces and pavilions beside the palace of the sultan, as well as a mosque which is reserved exclusively for the devotions of the sultan, his wives, the princes of the blood royal, and their respective households. As we passed the various posts of the Imperial Ottoman Guard stationed in the park, the soldiers, all in crimson coats and tall white lambskin *kalpaks,* presented arms to the beat of drums. Some idea of the extent of the imperial gardens may be gathered from the fact that it took us from ten to twelve minutes

of brisk trotting to pass from the outer gate of the gardens to the principal gate of the sultan's palace.

Here we were met by a swarm of black servitors and attendants, who seemed to regard us with a certain amount of suspicion (largely, no doubt, because we were Russians), but who gradually lost their mistrustful bearing. As a rule Russians were received at the Ottoman Porte in the most gracious manner, thanks to the political relations between the two countries; but this surface amiability concealed a deep-seated hatred. The sultan, whose terror of assassination was only too well founded, always pretended or imagined that his sacred person, as the representative on earth of the Prophet Mohammed, was threatened by the dagger of some *giaour,* or infidel, so that as I left the carriage my violin-case at once attracted the attention of some of the palace domestics, who surrounded me curiously, touching the case with their hands and endeavoring to take it from me, with the expectation, I suppose, of finding it stuffed with bombs or hand-grenades.

Resisting their feeble attempts to violate the secrets of my violin-case, we were introduced into a sort of antechamber where, since it was the beginning of April and the air was

moist with a drizzling rain, we were much pleased to find a small, open brazier of burning charcoal, which threw off an agreeable warmth. There were other braziers in all the corridors and rooms through which we passed to the hall where the Grand Marshal of the Palace received us in full dress uniform, his black coat embroidered with gold, with golden acanthus-leaves on its collar, a green silk scarf agleam with orders and decorations across his breast, and his person surrounded by a suite of subordinates.

After we had been duly presented through the offices of the Chief Dragoman, the Grand Marshal with much dignity conveyed to us the Sultan's invitation to partake of a collation before the concert, which was set for eight o'clock. It was an invitation which I, for one, felt very happy to accept; so, preceded by a dozen or so domestics in full livery, with the Grand Marshal at their head, we passed through a long suite of *salons* fitted out in a more or less European manner, to a large dining room. This room was illuminated by hundreds of wax candles, for the sultan would not hear of having either electricity or a central heating system installed in the palace, lest, I suppose, they be made to serve the purposes of assassination. There were, I think, some

fifteen of us to sit down to the collation. The table was adorned with golden vases and epergnes of gold, and the entire table service—the cups, the plates, and the great platters on which an endless menu, cooked in the French style, was served—was also of solid gold. It concluded with the national dish, a ragout of rice and mutton, which was served after the sweetmeats. As to the wines, they were very correctly served in the proper order observed at grand dinners in Europe. One great drawback to the real enjoyment of this deliciously cooked food, alas, was the fact that none of the dishes and platters in which it was brought to us had been warmed, with the result that their contents were almost cold when they reached us! The sole exception was the champagne. This was quite warm! There was then no artificial ice in the Orient, and I believe the very use of ice was not known, though I remember having been told that in Teheran, in Persia, the inhabitants cooled their sherbets with snow from the mountains. After dinner there were excellent coffee served in the Turkish fashion—a quantity of powdered Mocha placed in each cup and boiling water poured over it—and "Imperial" cigarettes, which really deserved the adjective.

Shortly afterward we made our way

through long passages to the hall of performances, a veritable theater, with a good stage, and two galleries with numerous boxes fronted by bars of gilded iron. These boxes were intended for the many wives, concubines, and children of the Imperial Ottoman. Directly opposite the stage was a spacious parterre box for the use of His Majesty and his entourage. The Sultan Abdul Hamid II was a great lover of music. He was especially fond of Italian music, and had a full orchestra, which was said to be very good. A Spaniard by the name of Aranda, who enjoyed the title of Pasha, was its head and conductor. From time to time a troupe of Italian opera singers was engaged for performances in this theater of the Yildiz Kiosk, where, if he wished, Abdul Hamid could enjoy his music as privately as Ludwig II of Bavaria did in Munich.

As soon as we reached the hall of performances, I was once more surrounded by a swarm of black palace domestics, who sniffled and snuffled around my violin-case and showed an evident desire to know what it contained. All of us—Mme. Gorlenko, her husband, and myself, together with the pianist, M. Miklashevsky, who had accompanied us from St. Petersburg—were led behind a great screen which served as a green room, and here Aranda

Pascha introduced himself to us and gave us some directions with regard to the ceremonial to be observed during the concert. He laid special stress on our keeping one rule: having begun to play or to sing, the artist must not stop merely because he had reached the end of a composition, but must continue singing or playing until the sultan should deign to give the signal by an inclination of his head, which indicated that the artist might retire.

The program was one which we had planned with a special view to pleasing the padishah and his entourage, and my numbers included a couple of Chopin Nocturnes and other small pieces, as well as the Brahms-Joachim "Hungarian Dances." As eight o'clock drew near, the murmur of hundreds of curious feminine voices came to us from behind the grilled galleries; and little soprano cries, peals of subdued laughter, the frou-frou of silken garments, and breaths of perfume floated down from above. An air of gayety and merriment seemed to hang over the great empty hall, and it robbed us of all the nervousness which we might otherwise have felt.

The sultan himself entered with a numerous suite of marshals and pashas, and with them our ambassador, M. de Zinovieff, and the Chief Dragoman. The Sultan Abdul Hamid II

must have been about sixty years of age at that time, and he looked every year of it. His glance was veiled and indifferent, but now and again I found that his black eyes could look piercingly out of his lean, sallow face, and his ordinarily indifferent expression change to one of the keenest intelligence and interest. As soon as the sultan seated himself, Aranda Pasha begged us to begin. There was no platform for the piano, which stood on the floor in the middle of the empty stage, quite near and directly opposite the Imperial box. The concert must, of course, begin with the Turkish national hymn, played by our pianist; according to the established etiquette, any concert in the palace must begin with the Turkish national hymn. Then it was my turn, and I played two or three small pieces, being careful to keep my eyes glued to the sultan's face—for what might not happen if he nodded for me to cease and I did not stop playing? The sultan, however, never moved; and before long —since it was very warm in the hall and the air was damp—I found it necessary to tune my violin. I had no sooner started tuning it, than Aranda Pasha hurried up to me and in a nervous manner begged me to continue playing. I explained to him that my instrument was out of tune and that before I could go on playing

I should have to tune it. In a great state of agitation, he hissed into my ear,

"Cela ne fait rien; allez toujours!"

Fortunately, it was not long after this that the sultan smiled at me, and with a kindly inclination of his head gave me permission to withdraw.

Mme. Gorlenko then sang an Italian operatic aria and some Russian folk-songs. After we had played and sung a few more numbers, one of the sultan's aide-de-camps asked us to step up to the Imperial box. There the Chief Dragoman of the Imperial Porte thanked us warmly in his master's name, and informed us that in memory of the agreeable evening the sultan had passed, decorations would be conferred upon us.

If the decorations could be interpreted as a sign of the imperial satisfaction, we had every reason to be content. Mme. Gorlenko received a special decoration in brilliants which is given only to women—I think it is called *Nischan-i-Schefakat,* or Order of Benevolence —while M. Gorlenko (a colonel in the Russian army) and I were presented with the Order of the Mejidieh of the second class—there are five in all—with the placque, a silver sun of seven rays clustered together, with a star and crescent between each cluster, and the sultan's

name in black Turkish letters on a golden center. The pianist, M. Miklachevsky, got the Order of the Mejidieh of the third class. The Master of Ceremonies of the Imperial Court handed us our decorations in the Sultan's presence, making a low salaam to him with each presentation, and when we had all received them we backed our way out of the Imperial presence with low bows.

I must confess that I felt a real admiration for this remarkable historical personage. Whatever his private faults and vices, his subtle brain and his incomparable skill as a diplomat and a politician maintained him on the unstable throne of the Turkish empire until the very end of a long reign; and even then he was dethroned not by pressure from without, but by the revolt of his own subjects. For years he played off one great European power against the other, always to his own advantage, utilizing their political antagonisms, their greed for economic and commercial gains, their distrust of each other. He had concentrated the whole administration of Turkey in his own hands in that very palace of Yildiz Kiosk where I played for him. If his domestic policy had been as clever, as far-sighted, and as intelligent as was his foreign policy; if he had relied on the advice and made use of the

services of devoted and trustworthy men instead of ruling through the palace spies and informers upon whom he depended, the revolution of the Young Turks might never have taken place.

The Imperial party left the theater soon after we had withdrawn; and after its departure a renewed rustling of feminine silks, laughter, and the hum of conversation announced that the Imperial women were also returning to the seclusion of the harem. We were at liberty to leave the palace. The decorations bestowed on us were not the only souvenir of our visit, however. Before we left the Yildiz Kiosk the Sultan showed himself a veritable *grand seigneur* by having remitted to each of us, through the medium of the Chief Dragoman of the Russian Embassy, a small leather bag containing one hundred Turkish pounds in gold.

Two mornings later we left for Sofia. I can still recall the regret with which I bade adieu to a city whose beauty is unique of its kind and whose soft air is caressed by pleasant breezes from the two seas separated by the Bosphorus straits. The skies were blue as blue in Constantinople; the gardens were green with cedars; and, while I was there, rich with magnolia bloom. Even had I missed my con-

certs in Belgrade and Sofia, I know I should never have regretted them after the enjoyable days and recollections of three weeks' stay in Constantinople. On two different occasions, I had had the pleasure of watching the solemn progress of the sultan to worship in the mosque of Yildiz Kiosk, the *selamlik* or state processional, which he makes every Friday morning. Strangers visiting Constantinople were allowed, through the mediation of their ambassadors, to view the sultan's progress to prayers. There is a terraced pavilion which fronts upon the route taken by the Imperial cortège, and here the foreign ministers and their compatriots assembled. Having been presented to one of the superior functionaries of the Turkish Court, they were allowed to step out on the terrace, where, however, they were carefully watched by police agents. At one time, for instance, I was leaning forward over the balustrade of the terrace, in order to get a better view of what was going on, and had clasped my hands, in which I held my cane, behind my back. Suddenly I felt someone take the cane away, and when I turned round, found myself confronted by a tanned brown face, beneath a red turban. By means of emphatic gestures, often repeated, he made clear to me that from the moment the sultan's cortège set out from

the palace, a few hundred feet away from the pavilion, no one was allowed to hold anything in his hands. It was merely another sign of the sultan's dread of assassination, and at the same time an unmistakable expression of his lack of faith in the ministers of the foreign powers, who were, of course, responsible for the behavior of their nationals.

The procession, as it drew near, impressed me with its resemblance to some magnificent operatic *mise-en-scène,* yet one presented on nature's stage. A dozen eunuchs, each in a rich Oriental costume of a different color, came in advance of a string of some twenty closed carriages, in which, seated by fours, were the beauties of the harem, whose gossamer veils did not hide their rouged and painted faces. Then came various high civil and military dignitaries, on foot, followed by a detachment of the Imperial Guard on horseback, in their parade uniforms as red as fire and their snowy white *kalpaks.* Finally came the padishah himself, seated alone in a victoria, and then another detachment of the Imperial Guard. The whole line of march from the palace to the mosque was hedged in by some 10,000 soldiers, drawn up in brilliant new uniforms on either side of the road. While the service continued in the mosque, and it lasted an hour,

the foreign ministers and their guests were invited into the inner rooms of the pavilion, where refreshments, coffee, and cigarettes, were served, while some of the high dignitaries of the Turkish Court played host. A military fanfare announced the return of the procession in the same order, and we once more took up our station on the terrace, just in time to see a most extraordinary incident.

The Sultan himself was driving the two horses harnessed to his victoria as they paced up the incline leading to the palace, followed by a throng of young princes of the blood and high functionaries in gold-embroidered uniforms, all crowding about the vehicle and trying to draw near it at either side or at the back. They were pushing at the wheels, thrusting forward the body of the victoria in an effort to show their utter devotion to the person of their master, thus giving an exhibition of the very *nec plus ultra* of Asiatic king-worship. It was as though they could not do enough to prove the abasement and inferiority of the rest of humanity as compared with the living image and representative on earth of the prophet of Islam. Though in the year 1902 socialistic doctrines had by no means attained that influence in civilized countries which they seem to possess at the present time, I could not help

reflecting that in the twentieth century such a spectacle was an anachronism even in Turkey. It was, in fact, only two years later that the Sultan Abdul Hamid II was dethroned by the Young Turk party, the party of Ottoman liberals, I cannot say whether the present sultan keeps up the *selamik,* or whether the same ceremonial is still observed. But the scene I have just described, though I witnessed it twenty years ago, has remained vividly impressed on my memory because of its ancient and exotic character.

When we reached Sofia on the evening before the day of our concert, with the hall entirely sold out in advance, we were informed by the Russian minister that Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, disappointed by our postponement of the date originally set for our appearance, had given up his intention of receiving us, and had left Sofia for his summer château. We had succeeded in seeing and playing for the Ottoman sultan, but by so doing had lost the Bulgarian prince as an auditor. The city of Sofia had no special features of interest, except the abundance of roses offered for sale everywhere in the streets. The reader will recall that the manufacture of attar of roses is one of the most important Bulgarian

industries. As far as its outward appearance goes Sofia looks like any one of a thousand Central European provincial cities.

Belgrade, on the other hand, with its dominating site on the bank of the Danube, is less commonplace, and is peculiar in that it is united by bridge with the fortified Hungarian town of Semlin, across the river. It is not difficult to understand the apprehension Servia felt at the beginning of the World War, with a formidable power situated within rifle-shot of its capital. Yet Belgrade also had much the air of a poor little provincial town. What changes must have taken place there since I visited it!

In Belgrade we found that our lingering in Constantinople had not been to the liking of the Servian monarch. The same feeling had existed there which had been noticeable at the Court of Sofia. And when, finally, it had become evident that we should not arrive in time for the proposed concert, the young royal couple sent word to us that they very much regretted that the illness of Queen Natalie would make it impossible for them to hear us. Nevertheless, King Alexander had suggested to the Russian ambassador that he give a reception for the Court and the diplomatic corps at

the Russian Embassy. It seems that all these folk, who had looked forward to hearing us play at the royal palace, had neglected to secure boxes at the Royal Theater in time for our concert there, and as a result, could get none at the last moment. It was with pleasure that we accepted the invitation of our ambassador to give a matinée musicale at the Russian Embassy the day after our concert, at which we repeated the entire program we had already played at the Royal Theater. When the concert was over, the Servian Minister of Foreign Affairs gave each of us the scarf of a commander of the Order of St. Sava, together with an amiable message from the King.

Thus ended one of the most interesting concert tours of my long career as an artist. On the evening of the day of our embassy concert we took the Orient Express for Vienna, and there separated with real regret. Mme. Gorlenko-Dolina and her husband were returning to St. Petersburg, together with our pianist, M. Miklaschevsky; while I had made up my mind to spend a few days in Vienna, visiting my old friend, the famous pianist Leschetiszky, who had been my colleague in the St. Petersburg Conservatoire. With him I attended the opera, went to the theaters, and heard the

symphony concerts in this delightful city, always so open-hearted in its hospitality to strangers. After some days of this pleasant diversion, my leave of absence having expired, I returned to my post at St. Petersburg.

CHAPTER XVII

GREAT VIOLIN TALENTS (1903-1904)

Efrem Zimbalist—Mischa Elman—Papa Elman's Difficulties—M. de Plehve Obdurate—Mme. Zimbalist's Difficulties—Jascha Heifetz—Toscha Seidel—Michel Piastro—Poliakine.

THE years 1903 and 1904 were favorable for the development of the great violin talents who had come to St. Petersburg to study with me. First of all came Efrem Zimbalist, who reached the Conservatoire in time for the entrance examinations in the Autumn of 1903, and was immediately admitted to one of the scholarships reserved for quite extraordinary talents. He followed the usual curriculum, and in the course of a few years concluded his studies with the greatest distinction. His brilliant career in both Europe and America is well-known in the world of music.

I came across Mischa Elman on the highway, so to speak. It was in the Autumn of 1904, during one of my tours in the south of Russia—I was playing at Elisabethgrad, I believe—that I reached the city late in the after-

Mischa Elman

noon, on the day of my concert, which was to take place in the evening. At the station I was met by my agent and one of my former pupils, Haloff, who was living in Elisabethgrad; and no sooner was I comfortably established in my hotel chatting with these gentlemen, than a bellboy hunted me up and said that a gentleman accompanied by a little boy insisted on seeing me. I was used to visits of this kind from local geniuses when I was on tour, for they menaced me in every Russian city in which I stopped. I was fatigued with travel, and bored in advance by the thought of having to sustain a conversation with a father who, like the fathers of all violinists, no doubt nourished the fixed idea that his son was a genius beyond compare. At the same time I did not wish to discourage the poor fellow who, I was informed, had brought the boy some distance to see me. So I asked Haloff to take the lad off to a room somewhere and hear him play, while I made my preparations for the concert, since I barely had time to take a nap and dress before going on the stage. The whole situation was aggravated by the fact that I had to take the train for another town before ten the following morning. In a short time Haloff returned to me and said in the serious way he had:

"Professor, you really ought to hear that boy!"

So I authorized him to tell Papa Elman and the boy to come to see me the following morning an hour before I left town, at the same time taking care that they were provided with passes for my concert.

The next morning, when I was no more than out of bed, the father and son, accompanied by Haloff, stepped into my room. Mr. Elman, the father, said that he came from Odessa, where his son was attending the Music School, but that he was not supposed to mention this, since the boy's teacher did not wish to have him examined by me. He also informed me that his pecuniary situation was very precarious, and that he had been obliged to sell part of his wardrobe in order to be able to pay the fare from Odessa to Elisabethgrad, a few hundred miles away. He added that he was prepared to make any and every sacrifice, provided his son was accepted for the St. Petersburg Conservatoire. While I was packing my trunk the boy, who was about eleven years old and very small for his age, with tiny hands, played a concerto for me. In the difficult passages he skipped about in the positions as an acrobat does on his ladder. The concerto finished, I knew at once what my decision must be. I sat

down and wrote a letter of recommendation to the director of the Conservatoire, the great Alexander Glazounoff, now at the head of that institution, requesting him to enter little Elman in my class and to see that he was given a scholarship.

When I returned to St. Petersburg I found Elman installed in my class, but as regards his father all sorts of difficulties had developed. The law authorized students of every nationality to reside in the capital, but the same permission was not extended to their parents, unless they happened to be artisans who knew a trade, or were simply workmen. Papa Elman could not qualify in either capacity and led a most precarious existence, removing all evidence of his presence in the city of Peter the Great during the day by hiding in various retreats known to him alone, and spending his nights in the dirty, over-heated, and airless janitor's quarters of the apartment house in which he had rented a small room for his son. A petition signed by Alexander Glazounoff, and sent by him to the only too famous Minister of the Interior, M. de Plehve, was denied. Papa Elman, exhausted and enervated by his furtive and unnatural mode of life, was in despair at being obliged to leave the city without any idea of where he might take

refuge. One day he told me his troubles, and the office of the Conservatoire assured me of the truth of his statement that the Minister of the Interior had refused him the necessary domiciliary permission. The only thing left was for me to go in person to the all-powerful statesman and beg him to be merciful.

Through a highly placed friend I was able to secure an audience. I felt anything but comfortable as I entered the immense palace which housed his ministry and came under the scrutiny of hundreds of members of the police, gendarmes in uniform and in plain clothes, who were passing up and down the great stairs in this labyrinth of halls and corridors. Watched wherever I went, at least a dozen times forced to show my permission to enter the private office of the Minister, I at last reached the cabinet at the hour set for the interview. After two functionaries had carefully reëxamined the letter permitting me to enter this sanctuary, I was allowed to sit down and await the summons of an usher.

When I was shown into M. de Plehve's presence I found the Minister seated at a large writing-table, barricaded by various smaller stands and tabourets equipped with telephone and telegraph wires, with receivers and electric buttons within easy reach of either hand.

Efrem Zimbalist

These, I believe, were the protective measures taken to reduce the number of political assassinations, which were very frequent at that time, and of which the high dignitaries of state were the favorite victims. M. de Plehve was one of those most menaced; and it was not so very long after this interview, in fact, that he was killed by a bomb thrown into the carriage in which he was driving to the station to take a train for Tzarskoie Selo to submit his reports to the supreme head of the state.

He received me in a manner which offered but little encouragement. The expression of his face told me that my visit annoyed him and that he regretted having consented to receive me. The situation was clear, and I briefly exposed the object of my visit. No sooner had I concluded than he remarked very dryly,

"I replied to the Director of the Conservatoire"—this institution was among the few under the political control of the Ministry of the Interior instead of being under the Ministry of Public Instruction—"that his request for a residential permit for the father of one of your pupils was contrary to law, and that in consequence, I felt obliged to refuse it."

In my turn I admitted that the Director had conveyed his refusal to me, but that I took the liberty of begging him to show mercy in

the case of a boy of remarkable talent, who was too young to live in St. Petersburg without a guardian. He replied that while he regretted the fact, it had nothing to do with the subject at issue, at the same time looking at me in a manner which quite unmistakably showed that my audience was at an end. Pretending, however, to misunderstand this glance of dismissal, I modestly continued my plea, saying that while the law certainly should be obeyed, the general law of humanity, the law of "mercy," should in some cases be allowed to mitigate the existing legislative provisions. This seemed to make an impression on him, and he replied, though I believe it was in order to get rid of me:

"Very well, let me have your petition, together with a letter personally addressed to me, and I will see what I can do."

Thereupon I rose, made a very low bow to the Minister, to which he replied with a slight inclination of the head, and left the cabinet, thinking to myself that he had a charming way of dismissing people from his presence. I wondered whether he regretted that he could not quite go to the length of having one of the Czar's soloists, a professor of the Conservatoire, thrown out of the room by his lackeys.

I acquainted Glazounoff and Papa Elman

with the very doubtful success of my visit to M. de Plehve; yet in order to have a clear conscience and leave no stone unturned, I sent the letter to the Minister superscribed "Personal" as he had instructed. We waited a week, two weeks, three weeks—nothing happened! Then one day I was handed a large envelope with an official seal. M. de Plehve's secretary informed me in the Minister's name that Papa Elman was graciously permitted to reside in the capital while his son was a pupil of the Conservatoire, and that instructions to that effect had been given the police.

Similar difficulties arose with regard to Efrem Zimbalist; only, in his case, the one who suffered was his mother, who had accompanied him to St. Petersburg in order to place him with some family or other willing to take care of the boy, then between thirteen and fourteen years old. In this quest she spent several days with no success, meanwhile persecuted by the police. Without means, and therefore unable to grease the palms of the guardians of public safety, she was forced to leave her son's room one evening under menace of arrest. So mother and son were forced to walk the streets of St. Petersburg during the cold October nights, when the temperature sometimes drops below zero. They wandered

hither and thither, stopping to warm themselves in the all-night restaurants which catered to the factory hands working on night shifts and to the droshky drivers. And I never even suspected the depths of misery to which this poor mother had been reduced in her search of a lodging for her son. One morning, when I had hardly risen, Mme. Zimbalist and her son were announced. Shivering with cold, they had come in to warm themselves and to ask my help. This time it was a question of a permit to remain in the city for a few days, something not so difficult to procure; yet what physical and moral suffering had they not endured in the meantime!

I was not personally acquainted with the current chief of police of St. Petersburg—they changed rather rapidly during 1904—but I wrote him a letter in which I pointed out the wretchedness of this poor mother, who was merely looking for a place where she could leave her child, laid stress on the boy's great talent, and, in addition, assumed all responsibility for the infraction of the law involved. As a result I had the satisfaction of being notified that permission was accorded Mme. Zimbalist to remain in the capital an entire week! How her heart must have grieved when she was obliged to leave this inhospitable

city, to entrust her child to the keeping of strangers, and to face the depressing prospect of never being able to visit him when her mother-love prompted. A few years later, when Russia was given her Duma under a more liberal government, though the prohibitory laws against the Jews remained in force, they were not so strictly enforced.

Yet when Jascha Heifetz and Toscha Seidel, in 1910-1911, were received at the Conservatoire and awarded scholarships, Mme. Seidel and her son were obliged to live more than fifteen miles from the capital, in Finland, and, until she could obtain permission to reside in St. Petersburg, the mother had to make the two wearisome journeys every week in order to bring her son to my class in the Conservatoire. I have already narrated the means we employed to overcome the same difficulties in the case of Jascha Heifetz and his parents.

At the same period during which these two pupils studied at the Conservatoire, two others of exceptional talent, Michel Piastro and Miron Poliakine, were also members of my class. A few years before, Josef Achron, a virtuoso of mark and a composer of distinction, whose compositions for the violin have been popularized in this country by Heifetz, also studied with me. With the exception of

Achron, all six of the others—Elman, Zimbalist, Heifetz, Seidel, Piastro and, quite recently, Poliakine—have appeared in public in the United States.

CHAPTER XVIII

MY LAST YEARS IN RUSSIA (1905-1917)

The Russo-Japanese War—The "Strike" at the Conservatoire—Young Efrem Zimbalist a "Striker"—Mischa Elman—Miss Cecile Hansen—Count de Witte—Glazounoff a Popular Director—Kathleen Parlow—My Studio in London—English and American Pupils—Isolde Menges—Eddy Brown—Francis Macmillen—Roderick White—David Hochstein—Alexander Bloch—Jaroslav Siskovsky—Victor Küzdo—Ruth Ray—Loschwitz—Jascha Heifetz—Toscha Seidel—Germany in War Time—I Return to Russia—Music in War Time—My Class at the Conservatoire—Dark Days—Thelma Given—Maia Bang—The Problem of Guiding Students—The Italian School—The French and Belgian Schools—Paganini—The Vienna School—The German School—Massart, Alard, Wieniawski, Sarasate—Ysaye, the Disciple of Vieuxtemps—Fritz Kreisler—Thibaud—Kubelik—Spalding—The First Two Stars of the North, Elman and Zimbalist—The Russian School—Vecsey—My Vacations in Norway—Seidel and Heifetz Play for the Queen of Norway—Stassevitsch—Jascha Signs a Contract for an American Tour—Seidel's Success in Sweden—I Come to America.

When the Russo-Japanese War came to an end with the defeat of Russian armies some 10,000 leagues distant from the center of the empire, and once the treaty of Portsmouth was signed, the whole country suffered a revulsion of shame and despair. The people everywhere were dissatisfied, and every one asked why so many thousands had been forced to lose their lives to satisfy the ambitions and rapacity of a little group of influential courtiers who, altogether ignorant of the vital strength and resources of Japan, had flung themselves light-heartedly into a military adventure to serve their personal interests in Korea, when the Japanese had so patently shown that they would hesitate at nothing to gain control of the hermit kingdom.

The returned soldiers of the regular army, back from Manchuria after their inglorious battles, wearing the stigma of defeat in place of laurels, and hopeless of the future; the intellectuals; and the students in the superior schools and institutions, with those of the universities at their head, were all united heart and soul in opposition to the government. Deprived of every means of public protest by the press censorship which had been established, the students held political gatherings, although they were forbidden, and took refuge

Jascha Heifetz

in the sole weapon at their disposal—the "school strike." Instead of attending their classes, they ignored their instructors and assembled in the spacious corridors and great halls of the institutions of learning to organize revolutionary meetings at which hard truths were uttered respecting the government and its methods. Dispersed from one place by the police, they immediately gathered in other rooms of the vast edifices in which the various superior schools were housed. They proposed and voted new laws, contravening those established by the state, and among other innovations introduced elective committees to render a decisive vote on important questions. These committees were empowered to cast votes at the faculty meetings and the councils of the professors.

Some of the latter were most severely judged by their pupils, not merely from the point of view of their scientific and educational ability, but above all from the point of view of their political beliefs. Members of a university faculty suspected of being in sympathy with the government were roundly hissed when they attempted to hold their lectures; some were even forced to leave their posts. This continued for months. The students no longer studied; the lecture rooms were vacant

or nearly so, though the professors came regularly, day after day, to hold their courses. And now the workmen in the great factories, emboldened by the student demonstrations, called one strike after another.

The students at the Conservatoire of Music, which was also a superior school in certain respects, followed the example set by the university students throughout the country. They elected a committee and declared a political protest strike. A few among the professors sympathized with the students and stopped giving their courses; others, on the contrary, came regularly and attended to their duties, paying no attention to the fact that only a fraction of their pupils assembled in the classroom.

As for myself, who wished to have nothing at all to do with politics, I belonged to the latter class, which was regarded with suspicion by the strikers, who picketed the stairs and halls leading to the classrooms. Among the most fiery and zealous of these strikers who forbade their colleagues to frequent the classroom on pain of a beating, was Efrem Zimbalist, then fourteen or fifteen years old. He was a picket on guard in the corridors leading to my classroom, and watched all those who attended my classes. Whenever he met me

in the corridor he would salute me proudly and continue to tramp his beat. Mischa Elman, on the other hand, who returned from Berlin after a most brilliantly successful début to prepare himself for his appearance in London, did not miss a single lesson and worked very hard. The revolutionary students did not hesitate to threaten those among their companions who would not share their opinions, and I remember one of my most talented pupils, Miss Cecile Hansen, a charming little girl of eleven or twelve, coming to me one day with tears in her eyes, and telling me that she wished above all things to keep on attending my class, but that the students of the opposition had threatened to throw vitriol in her face if she dared show herself there. Not long ago Miss Hansen made a triumphal début in Berlin (February, 1922), and I hope that before long she will be playing in this country.

This annoying and serious state of affairs lasted for weeks in succession and grew worse day by day. At length, one fine day, we read in the newspapers that the Czar had charged Count de Witte with the task of preparing a new constitution for submission to him; the elections for the Duma were announced and were held within a few days, the whole plan having been decided upon for some time. It

is not the musician's place to write history: the concessions made were greeted with enthusiasm by the entire population; little by little calm and order were reëstablished, and the students resumed their interrupted work in the schools and universities. This did not take place without some slight hesitation on their part; none of the rebels wished to abandon their entire revolutionary program, and yielded only step by step. In the Conservatoire, the students followed the example set by those in the other institutions and once more settled down to study. The general excitement, nevertheless, had claimed several victims, for one of the leading employees in the Conservatoire office, and two professors for whom the students had plainly showed their hatred during their brief reign of power, paid for their convictions with their lives.

The new director, Alexander Glazounoff, who had been elected by acclamation, a man of open and generous disposition, remained neutral during this conflict, but later on leaned rather to the side of the students, which won him unbounded popularity among them. As for myself, grown old under the ancient régime, I made no sacrifice to my convictions, a fact which awakened the antipathy of some and secured for me the esteem of others.

It was during this year that my first London pupil came to me, Kathleen Parlow, who has since become one of the first, if not the first, of women violinists. Mischa Elman, after his brilliant London début, did not return to the Conservatoire, and I myself went to London to drill him in his repertoire. We lived side by side—he with his father—in the same hotel for a period of several weeks, working as hard as we knew how every day. My presence in London, though I was practically incognito, became known to the press. Once I had been mentioned in the papers, other pupils sought me out, wishing to profit by my advice, and I found myself in demand to such an extent that the following year (1906), I opened a studio in London during the months of June and July, and when I left that city was followed by various English and American pupils to Oeynhausen in Germany, a pleasant watering-place, where they continued to study with me until the fall and then accompanied me to St. Petersburg.

One of the most gifted among them was Isolde Menges, who, like Kathleen Parlow, has been successful on the concert platform in the United States as well as in Europe. I formed the habit of returning to London each season. A few years later Eddy Brown, who

had spent a couple of winters with me in St. Petersburg, rejoined me there. Zimbalist, having in the meantime finished his course at the Conservatoire with the greatest distinction, made his London début in this year. Thus three of my most brilliant pupils were introduced to the English and Continental public at one and the same time, which increased the number of those who desired to work with me in Russia. Among them, to mention the two most prominent Americans, was Francis Macmillen, who had just completed his course at Brussels, and Roderick White. I went to London for the last time in 1911; and the following year I spent the summer at Loschwitz, near Dresden, where my pupil colony was augmented by other Americans, Thelma Given, David Hochstein (unhappily killed in battle in the flower of his great talent during the World War), Alexander Bloch, Jaroslav Siskovsky (at this moment a member of a notable New York quartet organization), and Victor Küzdo. (Three of these, and Ruth Ray, had accompanied me to St. Petersburg, where they had studied with me for the past two winters.)

Loschwitz was a delightful village flanked by a green hill on the bank of the Elbe. On one side we had a view of Dresden, on the other we could look out toward the green

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mountains of the Saxon Alps. It had in a way become a kind of violin center, and every house harbored one or more young aspirants to the concert stage. During the summers of 1913 and 1914 some thirty or forty from every land were gathered there, among them Kathleen Parlow, Isolde Menges, and two prodigies, Jascha Heifetz and Toscha Seidel, at that time pupils of the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, and between twelve and thirteen years old.

Once in the course of each summer I would gather together all my pupils, their parents, and some friends for an afternoon musicale. This was always an exciting event in the life of the little colony. It was my custom to hire a small hall, admirably situated on a terrace which allowed a fine view of the Elbe. The program was always a serious one, and comprised no more than three or four numbers; the Bach Concerto in D Minor for two violins was usually played. I remember one occasion on which not only I but all the guests, who had come from Dresden and even from Berlin to do honor to the occasion, were deeply moved by the purity and unity of style, and the profound sincerity, to say nothing of the technical perfection, with which the two children in little blue sailor suits, Jascha Heifetz and Toscha

Seidel, played that master work. The impression produced was so powerful that when the players had finished, and one of the guests from out-of-town stepped on the stage and, with tears in his eyes, expressed his gratitude for the wonderful artistic pleasure it had been his privilege to enjoy, he was only putting into words what was felt by everyone present, including myself.

At the beginning of August, 1914, when the World War broke out, some of my pupils took flight, and had much to suffer before they were able to reach their homes in safety. As for myself and the few other Russians in Loschwitz, we remained where we were, seeing that there was nothing else to do, and were subjected to the strictest police surveillance. The English, in particular, were objects of suspicion, and did not dare speak their language in the street. The Americans, since they belonged to a neutral nation, were in no wise molested; but in order to guard against outbreaks of mob hatred they wore little red, white, and blue *boutonniers.* This precaution taken, they could wait with all tranquillity until it was time for them to depart. I myself was looked upon as a Russian spy, since my remaining pupils met in my home to consult together and to ask my advice, and these inno-

cent reunions were thought to be very suspicious. It was due only to the intervention of some of my German friends that I was not seriously molested before I was authorized to leave the country for Russia, in October. Life was not very pleasant for any of the Russian nationals in Loschwitz during the time they remained there; yet I was allowed to reside unmolested in my little villa, and the fact that I kept my German servants served as a sort of guarantee to the local authorities.

The papers were full of vainglorious accounts of the success of the German armies in Belgium, France, and Russian Poland. The inhabitants were very confident, and had no doubts but that the struggle would end before the New Year with a victory for the Central Powers; and the reports published by the newspapers all tended to encourage this belief. The houses were often hung with flags in honor of some battle; young recruits paraded the streets singing patriotic songs; and I, who as an enemy national, could not hang a German flag from my window, often feared that the mob might break into the house and do some damage. Fortunately I lived at a little distance from the highway where all demonstrations were held, and escaped the danger which I apprehended.

Nevertheless, like all the other enemy nationals, English and Russian, I was forbidden to leave my house after seven in the evening; and when it was necessary for me to leave Loschwitz and go to Dresden during the day I was obliged to notify the police bureau.

At the beginning of October I was authorized to leave Germany on a train which carried none but Russians, and which disembarked us at the port of Sassnitz, where we went aboard a Swedish ship, after we and all our effects had been subjected to a most rigorous search, the agents even plunging their hands into our pockets. Once aboard the ship which was to carry us to Sweden, whence we could enter Russia by way of Finland, each one of us breathed a great sigh of relief, relief at once more feeling free and unsuspected. Toscha Seidel and his mother were among our company; but the Heifetz party was held back in Berlin, since Jascha's father had not yet reached the age of forty-five, the legal age limit which ensured the repatriation of enemy nationals. Jascha had made a sensational début in the German capital in 1914, and had a large number of engagements to fill, all of which were canceled because of the war. Fortunately the family was able to return to Rus-

sia in December, when Jascha resumed his studies at the Conservatoire.

The artistic and musical life in Russia during the war and up to the Revolution of March, 1917, was most intense. The theaters and the concert-halls all over the country, with the exception of those in Poland and, later on, those in the Baltic provinces where the war was raging, were continually crowded, as though everyone was seeking forgetfulness, trying to banish all serious thoughts during the ominous and difficult times through which the country was passing. Gala spectacles, concerts and bazaars for the benefit of the wounded soldiers, succeeded one another. Private houses and schools were placed at the disposal of the sick and wounded, long trains of whom reached St. Petersburg every day. Many were the dark and gloomy moments when the evasive *communiquées* from army headquarters cast a dark veil of depression and obscurity over the exterior life of the great cities; then, now and again, good news of some advantage gained by the Allies would rouse us to clamorous enthusiasm.

In my class at the Conservatoire the jousts for artistic victory carried on by Heifetz, Seidel, Poliakine, and two boys from Odessa —both of them, alas, disappeared after I left

St. Petersburg in June, 1917—were in full swing. In spite of the war, some Americans, among them Thelma Given and Siskovsky, and the Norwegian, Maia Bang, had remained, and often came to my class to observe and listen, full of interest in the unconscious struggle for mastery taking place among the little players destined to become violin giants in the future. Often I would ask myself how I might best help each one of them to preserve his own artistic individuality, and at the same time prevent his losing sight of the end in view, the ideals of truly great art.

The responsibility of guiding students of exceptional talent is a serious one: the slightest deviation from the true course of procedure may be attended by the most unhappy results. And the question of deciding which is the right or wrong line of development for the individual student remains a matter of instinct, good judgment, hope, and personal artistic preference.

History tells us that it was during the eighteenth century that the Italian school dominated violin playing; during the nineteenth the French and Belgian schools were in the lead, with Baillot, Kreutzer, Rode, Vieuxtemps, Bériot, and Léonard as their great lights. I except Paganini, who em-

bodied a school in himself and who was soon followed by the Vienna school, with Ernst and Joachim as its leaders, comprising men like Jacques Dont and the pupils of Joseph Böhm, while Germany was represented by Spohr and David, and, later on, by Wilhelmj. During the second half of the last century we find certain bright particular stars rising on the horizon in Paris, thanks to Massart and Alard, stars such as Henri Wieniawski and Pablo de Sarasate, and a little later, in Liège, Eugène Ysaye, the disciple of Vieuxtemps. The beginning of the present century heralded the appearance of two master-violinists, Fritz Kreisler, who grew up artistically in Vienna and Paris, and Jacques Thibaud, a Frenchman by birth, who may be said to represent the school of his own country as Albert Spalding does the American, and Jan Kubelik that of Prague. It was in 1908 that the first two stars of the North appeared in the skies, Mischa Elman and Efrem Zimbalist; they attained their zenith in America, along with Eddy Brown, and they were closely followed by Jascha Heifetz, who made his sensational début in New York in the autumn of 1917. A few months later came the appearance of Toscha Seidel and Michel Piastro. These six artists are the representatives of the new Russian school of St. Peters-

burg. There is also Max Rosen, who, though he never went to Russia, followed my course during the summers which I passed in Norway during the war.

It seems as though, at times, happy combinations of circumstances favor the blossoming forth of genuine talents. Or should I say that great talents are able to profit by the combinations of circumstances which favor their development? In principle I have always been opposed to the débuts of infant prodigies. Yet in 1905, when Ferenc Vecsey came to St. Petersburg to give a series of concerts, after he had roused wild enthusiasm in Berlin and various other large German cities, I felt obliged to modify my views. When Vecsey was only eleven, Joachim had declared him to be the greatest violin genius living, and since he had been recommended to me by my old teacher I was twice as eager to hear the boy play his first concert. To tell the truth, I was deeply impressed by an execution well-nigh perfect from a technical point of view, but one which was coupled with tonal pallor and lack of temperament, though real musical feeling was apparent in all that he played. His success was striking; yet in his succeeding concerts the great mass of the public held back. I then decided to have Mischa Elman, at that

time about Vecsey's age or, perhaps, a year older, make his début in Berlin the following Autumn; though this was against my own convictions, for I should have preferred to have him mature under my own eye. During the summer preceding his début, while I was living out in the country, in Finland, three hours distant from St. Petersburg, I carried out the plan I had determined upon and had him come to me every week for a lesson. In October he left with his father for Berlin, and in spite of the vogue enjoyed by his competitor Ferenc Vecsey, his success was so overpowering that Vecsey's manager left the latter in order to engage little Elman, and a few months later had him make his London début; after which Elman made the English capital his headquarters until the outbreak of the World War in 1914.

Beginning with the summer of 1915 I spent my vacations, until 1917, entirely in Norway, amid the gorgeous scenic surroundings of Christiania. One of my pupils, Maia Bang, a Norwegian who had gone to Russia to study with me despite the incertitude of the war times, persuaded me to go to her native land for my summer holidays, and I could only congratulate myself upon having followed her advice. Some of my English and American

pupils who had remained in St. Petersburg, together with some Russians, a few Scandinavians from Stockholm and Copenhagen, and some Norwegians, gathered around me there in order to continue their studies. I was very comfortably established in the hotel-sanatorium "Voxenkollen," situated some 1,500 feet above sea-level, with a view over the mountains which seemed too beautiful for anything but a fairy tale. The mountain peaks were covered with snow and, together with the innumerable small lakes which glittered in the distance and the blue fjords round about Christiania, formed a picture, especially in the moonlight, which once seen could never be forgotten. There probably were a hundred guests in all at the "Voxenkollen," Russians, Englishmen, Germans, and Scandinavians. In spite of the war raging over the entire world, we lived peacefully and contentedly, in good comradeship though without mad gayety, in this delightful retreat planted on the summit of a mountain verdant with pine and evergreens. Some of my pupils—Thelma Given, Siskovsky, young Paul Stassevitsch of the St. Petersburg Conservatoire, and a few ladies, among them Mme. Wanda Stein, my partner at the piano when I played my concerts, and myself—had a separate table reserved at meal-

time. It must be admitted that the management treated me, and my pupils who lived at the hotel, with much consideration: the latter were accorded special privileges, and were even allowed to practice, which was ordinarily forbidden. Twice a week I went down to the city, where several of my pupils lived, in order to give my lessons, which were attended by young Toscha Seidel, who was staying in Christiania with his mother.

The local papers were full of bad news from the front for those among us who were Russians; and our hearts would sink when we read in the German papers, which were delivered every day, of the victories won by the armies of the Central Powers. In these peaceful surroundings, however, where the lofty grandeur of nature exercised a sedative influence on the mind and nerves, life ran on gently and smoothly. Since the young folk among this polyglot social group must have entertainment, the little orchestra from Christiania came up twice a week to play for dancing. This, however, was not sufficient to satisfy their thirst for amusement. One day the wife of the director of the establishment expressed the wish, in the name of my fellow-guests, that a little musical soirée might be arranged, and dwelt on the hope that I myself would play.

I was busy all that summer editing a number of the classics of violin literature for a New York publisher, without at that time dreaming that I might ever go to New York. But I undertook to arrange the little concert; and while I said that I must be excused from participating as a soloist, I promised to have a young boy who was one of my pupils play, and thought that they would enjoy his performance.

The event showed that chance at times plays an important part in a young artist's career, if he happens to possess a great gift, and the circumstances and his own nervous condition are in his favor. Toscha Seidel was the student who made his début at this intimate musical evening, and his success was so marked that, the Christiania newspapers dwelling upon it, one of the leading concert managers asked me to allow him to hear the boy. When he had heard him he at once engaged him for two concerts in September, to be followed by several others, as well as for a concert tour of the Norwegian provincial towns, and a concert with orchestra in the Royal Theater in Stockholm. As I had to return to Russia to resume my duties at the Conservatoire, I did not see Seidel in St. Petersburg again until toward Christmas, when he once more devoted himself to his

studies with me, either because of or despite his great successes in the Scandinavian countries. All the time of which I am speaking the Heifetz family remained in Russia, Jascha going to high school at the same time continuing his musical studies at the Conservatoire. During the season of 1915-1916, he made glorious first appearances both in St. Petersburg and in Moscow, at the symphonic concerts, rousing countrywide interest and overwhelmed with flattering offers from every side, offers which were but rarely accepted in view of the fact that his parents did not wish their son to neglect his studies.

In the summer of 1916 I returned to the mountains of Christiania, followed, among others, by the Heifetz and Seidel families. It was then that a strange thing occurred. Toscha Seidel was returning to a country where he was known; his concerts for the autumn had been fixed long before. The name of Jascha Heifetz, however, was totally unknown to the great mass of the public; yet his manager discovered in the library of one of the most important Christiania dailies a Berlin article of 1914, which gave a very enthusiastic account of Heifetz's sensational début in that city at a symphonic concert conducted by Arthur Nikisch. It had been writ-

ten by a Norwegian musician of high repute who chanced to be in Berlin at the time. This article, coming from an altogether unprejudiced source, aroused the interest of the public to such a degree that the house was entirely sold out when Heifetz gave his first concert, and the same held good for his succeeding ones. It is worthy of note that these two boys, Seidel and Heifetz, were not regarded as rivals, but shared equally the general favor accorded them. Their numerous concerts were given turn and turn about, and every seat in the hall was always filled by an enthusiastic audience.

The King and Queen having attended the concerts of both violinists, the latter expressed a wish to hear the two boys together at the palace. One fine morning the Russian minister, M. de Goulkevitsch, informed me by telephone of the Queen's wish, and asked my advice regarding the matter and how it might best be arranged. I was at first rather surprised, but then arranged that the two boys were to play a composition for two violins, and chose for the purpose the well-known Concerto by Bach, the same which they had already played at my Loschwitz musicale in 1914.

Since the soirée was to take place very shortly I informed the two virtuosos what was expected of them, and they were delighted with

the idea of playing at Court. As to the remainder of the program, the Queen had understood that they were to play for her, one after the other, various solos, somewhat in the style of a competitive concert at a gathering of young artists. She accepted the Bach Concerto for two violins; but nevertheless insisted on having each of the boys play solos as well. Since they were good, amiable lads, they cheerfully agreed to do so rather than be spoilsports. When the great day dawned, the Russian minister came in his car to call for Mme. Stein and the artists whom she was to chaperon and whose accompaniments she was to play. The latter were picked up at the homes of their parents, and then the car drove off in the direction of the royal villa, which is situated outside the city on one of the fjords and is surrounded by a superb garden, in which, I was informed later, the two boys ran races with the Prince Royal during the intermissions. The royal couple received their guests in the most cordial manner; the report of this musicale was noised about the city; and the enthusiasm of the inhabitants in the capital and throughout the country for their playing was, if anything, increased.

The war, alas, was still going on in 1917; and the United States had at length entered

on the side of the Allies with all her tremendous resources when I returned to St. Petersburg for the last time, taking the two American pupils who had remained with me, Thelma Given and Siskovsky, a Russian, Stassevitsch, and some English girls who had risked the voyage from their own country to Russia by way of Norway, in spite of the danger of German submarines.

During the summer Jascha Heifetz had signed a contract for the United States, and he and his family made the trip over Siberia and Japan to land on the California coast. Toscha Seidel, who had remained to play in Norway and Sweden during the winter, had once more taken up his work with me. I myself had played several sonata recitals in Christiania, Bergen, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, and having followed the sanguinary course of events in Russia from a distance, decided to await the end of the struggle in the hope of being able to reënter the country to arrange my private affairs and, if possible, once more resume my work. I chose Saltchobaden, a charming spot near Stockholm, as my headquarters. There, during the intervals between my concerts, I now and again received a few pupils. Since Seidel had also given several very well attended concerts in Stockholm,

we decided to play duos and solos together in a spacious hall, capable of holding several thousand persons. The idea turned out to be a happy one, for all the tickets were sold several days before the date of the concert. We made the same experiment in Christiania, with the same program and the same result, for on the very day the concert was announced every ticket was sold. Our manager sent word of this by telegram to Saltchobaden, asking permission to promise the same program in the same hall for the next day. I authorized him to do so, and the tickets for the second recital—both concerts were still several weeks off—were also sold out on the first day. The King and Queen of Norway appeared at the first concert and were the first to give the signal for applause, which was lavished on us. The program ("Optional," as was printed in small letters at its head) consisted of: 1. Concerto for two violins in D minor, by J. S. Bach; 2. Solos: Beethoven's "Romance" in G major; "Chorus of Dervishes from the 'Ruins of Athens,'" Beethoven-Auer (Auer); 3. Suite for two violins by Christian Sinding; 4. "Gipsy Dances," by Sarasate (Seidel).

This was in December, 1917. It was in February that I decided to go to America, casting into the discard my entire past—except

its memories. I embarked for New York in Christiania on February 7, 1918, and arrived there ten days later, seventy-three years of age, with two trunks and my Stradivarius violin. On the same boat with me sailed Mme. Stein, Mrs. Given and her daughter, Thelma Given, as well as Mrs. Seidel with her two boys, Toscha and Vladimir. The cordial reception my numerous pupils gave me upon my arrival in the United States—among them Eddy Brown, Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist, Jascha Heifetz, Max Rosen, Alexander Bloch, David Hochstein (already in uniform, since he was leaving for France with his regiment in the course of a few days, alas, never to return) —as well as that tendered by my colleagues and by the American public in general, will remain graven in my memory for the remainder of my days. When I had played in New York, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, a number of young Americans came to me to study and—before I knew it I was hard at work again.

CHAPTER XIX

MUSICAL LIFE IN AMERICA

The Old World and the New World—I Arrive in New York—The Large Number of Concerts—The Great Orchestras of the East—Ossip Gabrilowitch—The Private Musicale—The Metropolitan Opera House—Enrico Caruso—Mme. Farrar—Wagner at the Metropolitan—Musical Institutions—Anton Rubinstein—The Source of Musical Culture—The American Artist.

THE fame of America as a land of many wonders and gigantic endeavors had been known to me even before this country achieved, as it has in the past few decades, a musical life scarcely equaled in its wide scope by any of the lands in Europe. The New World roused my curiosity a long time ago, back in the peaceful days of the eighties; long before America became the foremost haven in the world for all musicians, irrespective of nationality, I had entertained hopes of visiting the rapidly growing United States. Unfortunately, my duties in Russia made such demands on my time that it was impossible for me to carry out my plans. We older Europeans recalled the glorious heart-felt welcome

America had extended to Jenny Lind and the other artists of the Old World and naturally looked forward with enthusiasm to a tour in the comparatively new land where there were no few lovers of music. The prospect of venturing into so novel a musical life was always an incentive to us. Everything about it would have seemed enchanting enough but for one serious deterrent—the great number of concerts exacted of the artist in a brief period of three or four months. My friends, Anton Rubinstein, Hans von Bülow, and Henri Wieniawski told that, although their American tours had been most interesting, they were reluctant to accept new engagements because of the severe strain America had put on their art and health; and these discouraging reports from three of the greatest artists of their age somewhat chilled my desire to accept a concert tour in America.

But in 1918—after a lapse of thirty-odd years since I had originally planned to visit the New World—when work in Russia became impossible because of the Bolshevik régime, I decided to make my long-postponed voyage to this country. From time to time during this intervening period, almost a generation in its duration, many of my artist friends and a few of my American and Russian pupils who had

given concerts here would tell me of the great changes that were taking place in the musical life of America. Interest in the tonal art was rapidly developing in the Middle West and the Far West. Every important city in those sections of the country now had a musical season whose significance grew almost from year to year. And as for traveling conditions, they were reported as having improved to such a degree that any artist could undertake a cross-country tour without endangering either his art or his well-being. I was too old to undertake a concert tour, but nevertheless I decided to visit the New World.

When I arrived in New York I was warmly greeted by the musicians, the public, and the press. Along with my former pupils, the first to call on me and bid me welcome to this country was Mr. Franz Kneisel, my eminent colleague, who brought with him two other distinguished musicians, Mr. Artur Bodanzky and Mr. Alexander Lambert. Naturally, we discussed the unfortunate condition of war-torn Europe and the sorrowful plight of some of the great Russian musicians. I told them about my recent experiences in Russia and Scandinavia, and had to predict that not a few years will pass by before the life of Europe can return to its normal state.

The sense of being in the city which represents the acme of present-day civilization exhilarated my spirits, so that I was eager to drink in every beauty my eyes could perceive. The famous skyscrapers made a deep impression upon me; I for one was not repelled by their grandiose and almost supernatural aspect. The gigantic structures of lower Manhattan appeared to me like towering cities in whose bosoms now lay the destiny of the world. Wherever I went I was struck by the pulsating life led by the inhabitants of New York, an intensity of life to which my temperament is by no means averse. But the infernal noise of the bewildering traffic on the principal thoroughfares—the combined commotion of the overhead railroads, the street-cars, the trucks, and, last but not least, the grinding and tooting of the numberless automobiles—soon began to react on my nerves. Compared with New York, Petrograd and the Scandinavian cities where I had lately lived seemed peaceful hamlets. However, I gradually got accustomed to this new kind of human torture; and now when I am exposed to these apparently indispensable noises of modern civilization the effect on my nerves is not so disastrous.

As I became acquainted with the musical life of New York I was, first of all, amazed

at the great number of concerts—orchestral, instrumental, and vocal—that are offered to the general public every season, though my amazement subsided somewhat when I learned that the population of greater New York numbers almost seven milions and that a considerable percentage of this population is interested in one or another province of the tonal art. Still, a city that provides four or five concerts in one day, to say nothing of its operatic performances, has me thoroughly convinced that music at least is one art that is not neglected in America.

The brilliant playing of the Boston Symphony Orchestra had been by no means unknown among musicians in Europe, and for some years before the war I had heard excellent reports from my countrymen regarding the New York Philharmonic organization. It was, therefore, with no little interest that I attended several of the symphonic concerts in Carnegie Hall. The Philharmonic I found to be a splendid body of men with a masterly technique which their leader, Mr. Stransky, frequently drew out most effectively; Mr. Damrosch's orchestra displayed some good material; and the virtuosity and splendid tone quality of the Philadelphia Orchestra, brilliantly led by the fascinating Mr. Stokowski,

persuaded me that America is second to no country in interpreting symphonic music. Unfortunately, I could not hear the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra under Muck, because shortly after my arrival in New York Dr. Muck was arrested for political reasons. Later on I heard this band under M. Monteux, who had engaged as concertmaster Richard Burgin, a former pupil of mine at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire; but by that time the famous organization was no longer what it had been.

When Ossip Gabrilowitch made his début as conductor in Carnegie Hall, I went to the concert expecting to hear musicianly interpretations of the compositions on the program. I was not disappointed. As a mere boy of twelve or thirteen, some twenty-five years ago, Ossip had manifested at the St. Petersburg Conservatoire an extraordinary rhythmic sense. His piano teacher, at my request, used to lend him to me to accompany my pupils in the classroom; and so marked was the boy's feeling for rhythm that I called him *"Kapellmeister,"* the German word for conductor. I was therefore glad to remark on this night in Carnegie Hall that little Ossip had not only become a great pianist but was also one of the best conductors in America.

The private musicale is another province in the musical life of America, as of other lands, which indirectly exerts no little influence on the progress of the art. The best music is frequently to be heard at friendly gatherings: I shall long remember an exquisite *soirée musicale* in a beautiful home on Fifth Avenue where the great art of Mme. Elena Gerhardt and of Fritz Kreisler was warmly appreciated. I wonder whether some of the most generous patrons of music have not been won through hearing admirable artists in the homes of friends. Until the general public learns to understand and appreciate the higher forms of the art we must of necessity depend on the munificence of patrons; and I learned long ago that the private musicale is an excellent means of recruiting them.

Like all newcomers, I looked forward to visiting the far-famed Metropolitan Opera House. I was curious to see the house itself, the famous "Golden Horseshoe," and was naturally eager to hear the two great attractions—Enrico Caruso and Mme. Farrar. About twelve years before, I had heard Mme. Farrar in Paris at the *Opéra comique,* where she created quite a sensation with her unusual histrionic talent as well as with her musicianly vocal art; and now, at the Metropolitan, this

gifted American singer captivated me once more. As for Caruso, whose untimely death bereaved the world of a marvelous voice and a sterling artist, I heard him twice at the Metropolitan, in "Le Prophète" and in "Lodoletta." Unfortunately, on neither occasion did I hear him to advantage; he must have been indisposed, for he seemed to force his beautiful voice, especially in the upper register.

After the ban on Wagner had been raised, I went to hear "Lohengrin" and "Tristan und Isolde" at the Metropolitan. The singing of Mme. Matzenauer and of Mme. Easton was excellent; and the orchestra, led in masterly fashion by Artur Bodanzky, did full justice to Wagner's stirring music. I had not previously heard Signor Toscanini conduct the Wagnerian scores, and was unable to share the enthusiasm he roused here when he arrived with his Milan orchestra. He impressed me as rather pretentious, and his organization seemed to be inferior to the New York orchestras. His exaggerated conception of nuances was particularly distressing, inasmuch as he continually swayed from raging fortissimos to almost inaudible pianissimos. And although his reading of the "Vorspiel und Liebestod" was excellent, his accelerated tempos in the prelude to the "Meister-

singer" completely destroyed its solemn and pompous character. It was not in such fashion that I had heard Wagner's works conducted by Hans Richter, Felix Mottl, Gustav Mahler, and Arthur Nikisch.

Having devoted many years to teaching, I was of course more than a little interested in the musical institutions, elementary and advanced, where American students receive their training. We know that institutions do not make geniuses, that just as universities cannot create great poets and great prose writers so musical institutions cannot create great composers and great artists. And yet who would deny that the literature of a country is in large measure the product of the national culture? Or that the foundation of national culture rests in the schools? This idea Anton Rubinstein, for example, grasped thoroughly; and so he set his mind and heart to building in Russia conservatories that should be second to none. It was only thus, he felt, that the foundation for a Russian musical culture could be laid. And but for the fact that Rubinstein, by dint of ceaseless toil, had sown the seeds when he organized important music schools the national movement could never have yielded so great a harvest.

Shortly after my arrival in this country I

was asked: Why is it that most of the famous virtuosos now before the public are foreign born? Is it because America lacks talented material? I do not think so. Several years of teaching experience here, as well as my contact with American pupils abroad, has confirmed my opinion that there is as much talent in this country as anywhere else. What is imperative, however, for the proper cultivation of any native talent is that it should be given more serious consideration than it receives here, and, more particularly, that it should have adequate opportunities for its most thorough development. There can be no question but that a love of music is deep-rooted in present-day America. We are just now in the midst of an industrial depression; almost every field of activity has suffered. Yet in spite of this fact, an unprecedented number of concerts have been well attended. This would seem to indicate that to many music is not a luxury but a necessity—almost as much so as sunshine and food. Yet America persists in treating the tonal art as a luxury. And just here is the crux of the trouble.

Most European countries maintain excellent conservatories even in the smaller centers. These institutions are subsidized by the local or national governments in order that talented

youngsters may be given an opportunity to study with competent teachers, either free of charge or for a nominal sum. Accordingly, no one with any talent is deprived of an opportunity to develop it. The exceptional students move to the larger centers of art, where the opportunities are still richer, and some of these become world-famous artists.

Compare with this the situation in America. The average talent in a small community either has no chance to study at all, because he cannot afford to do so, or he must study with the best the town can offer—frequently a very mediocre teacher. Finally, if the urge toward music is so strong in him that he surmounts local prejudices and economic barriers, he may go to a big city to study with an established authority. The "established authority" because of the demands upon his limited time, charges big fees, and here is another stumbling-block. If the student succeeds in overcoming even this obstacle, he usually discovers that his late and faulty start prevented his reaching the pinnacle.

Music requires years of patient study unharassed by financial and other worries. To learn to play the violin or the piano well, for example, requires four or five hours of thoughtful work every day, under circum-

stances that protect leisure. Yet many students are driven to play in orchestras, give lessons, or otherwise distract their minds when they should be quietly working and developing. Or, again, the unavoidable financial sacrifice is so great that before the end of a mere year or two the pupil wants to know when he can make his début. In St. Petersburg I was never asked this question. It was *I* who fixed the time for the début. But in St. Petersburg there was no hurry, for the pupils studied free of charge (or paid a nominal fee) in a Government conservatoire. When the pupil was finally, in *my* opinion, ready to make his bow, he did not step from the studio to Carnegie Hall (as he expects to do in this country), but acquired experience playing with orchestras in the provinces until he had achieved a considerable amount of poise. Premature débuts, made under economic pressure, account for many failures.

All this points to but one conclusion. If we want to see American artists come to the front, we must give the younger generation an opportunity to study with good teachers at a minimum cost or free of charge. There must be subsidized music schools not only in all the large centers, but wherever possible in the smaller towns as well. These schools must

no more be expected to pay in dollars and cents than our public schools or state colleges. Furthermore, teachers must be guaranteed salaries that will attract those of the first rank, whether they reside in this country or abroad. (In due time America will develop a sufficient number of her own masters.) The appointment of these teachers should under no circumstances be left to influential laymen; candidates should be passed on by the important men of their profession. And entrance to the higher classes should be competitive, so that the best teachers will not be required to waste their time on unworthy material. It is in this manner that the famous conservatoires abroad are conducted.

One other matter of importance is frequently overlooked. If it is to influence the musical life of the country a conservatory must not limit its work, as so usually the American conservatory does, to courses and scholarships in composition, piano playing, singing, violin playing, and, possibly, in 'cello playing. The director must seek to create scholarships for all the indispensable instruments of the orchestra. Every effort should be made to induce students to study the double bass, the oboe, the horn, the bassoon, and other instruments which young men are not inclined to specialize in. As a rule they prefer the flute, the trum-

pet, or the trombone. In addition to learning to play a brass or a wood wind instrument the student should be required to take the supplementary courses in composition (harmony, counterpoint, musical form) and in piano playing. Thus he may considerably enlarge his opportunities and, should he disclose the necessary ability, he may ultimately attain the position of conductor.

Let the Mæcenases of this great country give more thought to the source of musical culture by generously endowing institutions where young Americans can receive a thorough and complete course of instruction in every branch of music, and where young talents can find a haven until they are strong enough to hold their own. The large orchestras and opera companies are privately subsidized; in spite of a full attendance there is usually a yearly deficit which is guaranteed by the wealthy of the community. If, then, music is so highly esteemed, why not subsidize it at the source and provide gifted Americans adequate opportunities to develop their talents?

Under present conditions we have no way of estimating how many fine musicians are lost, neglected, wasted. What a pity! How is it that America, so free-handed and so generous, cannot afford her young men and women the

same golden opportunities in music that she grants them in general education? It is no longer fashionable to look askance at American artists; they no longer need to plead with their countrymen for an unprejudiced hearing; and those American artists who have succeeded in spite of everything compare favorably with no few of the Europeans who come here for an easy conquest. There is no real necessity for apprehension about the future of music in America. Give Americans the opportunity, and they will soon develop a generation of artists second to none in the world.

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